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THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO,  
SON OF MASTER GIOVANNI CELLINI,  
THE FLORENTINE, WRITTEN (BY  
HIMSELF) IN FLORENCE



*Portrait of Benvenuto Cellini.*  
*on a tablet of porphyry*  
*Collection of M. Eugene Piot.*





# THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

A NEW VERSION BY  
ROBERT H. HOBART CUST

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AUTHOR OF "THE PAVEMENT MASTERS OF SIENA"  
"GIOVANNI ANTONIO BAZZI"

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TO THAT VENERABLE MONUMENT,  
JUSTLY BELOVED BY ALL WHO LOVE FLORENCE,  
"THE PONTE VECCHIO,"

AND

TO THE ART AND QUARTER  
GLORIFIED  
BY THE WRITER OF THIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY  
A NEW EDITION THEREOF  
IS HUMBLY AND AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED.

R. H. H. C.





## PREFACE

IT is with some misgivings that, after the fine scholarship and language displayed by the late Mr. John Addington Symonds, in his well-known translation of Benvenuto Cellini's *Autobiography*,<sup>1</sup> together with the more recent essay in the same field by Miss Anne Macdonell,<sup>2</sup> any less accomplished hand must approach another version. Nevertheless, it has seemed desirable that a new and unexpurgated translation should be given of this brilliant and world-renowned classic, and in its preparation the text of Professor Orazio Bacci,<sup>3</sup> as that most generally accepted by Italian students, has been selected by the present Translator and carefully followed. This Italian text, issued since the publication of the third edition of Mr. Symonds' fascinating work, includes a most careful collation of the various existing manuscripts, and is provided with a scholarly preface and excellent notes, abounding with illustrative references. Side by side with it another Italian text, edited by Signori Arturo Jahn Rusconi and Valeri,<sup>4</sup> which

<sup>1</sup> London, J. C. Nimmo, 1889, 3rd edition.

<sup>2</sup> London, J. M. Dent; New York, E. P. Dutton, 1903.

<sup>3</sup> Firenze, G. S. Sansoni, 1901.

<sup>4</sup> Roma, Società Editrice Nazionale, 1901.

appeared in 1901 in connection with the Cellini centenary celebrations, has also been extensively drawn upon for additional illustration. A more ambitious work than that of Professor Bacci, it includes all of Cellini's *Treatises* and many of his miscellaneous writings; and though not quite so *intentionally* scholarly, is furnished with additional and more elaborately detailed notes, being furthermore profusely (rather too profusely) illustrated. The present Translator has failed to discover upon what principle his various predecessors have divided up their texts into sections or chapters. Professor Bacci alone appears to have preserved the method of the original manuscript by avoiding all divisions whatsoever, and by running his narrative straight on without other breaks than the paragraphs shown in the original MS.

For English readers it has been necessary, however, to break up the text into chapters of some kind, and the Translator has therefore adopted the principle of the Italian version of Signori Rusconi and Valeri, which appears to him to be, on the whole, the best; whilst he has retained the paragraphing of the original. Cellini's extraordinary inaccuracies in spelling have more than once proved a matter of serious perplexity, but the Translator has endeavoured to keep alive the spirit of the composition by following the varieties of spelling to some extent, though, to avoid confusion, well-known names appear in the notes in their modern and generally accepted form.

Mr. Symonds has pointed out that to reproduce Cellini fairly taxes all the resources of the English language. Since the writer's regard for grammar is as picturesquely reckless as are his deeds of valour, it is well-nigh impossible to give the delicate force, even by an entire sentence, that the writer conveys in a single word: harder still is it to translate into another tongue the rapid transition of thought, pictured by sudden changes in grammatical construction, which frequently occurs several times in the same sentence. Mr. Symonds, therefore, took the liberty to paraphrase, in his own inimitable style, where and how he thought fit: with magnificent results as a piece of fine English writing.

To attempt therefore another version of Cellini's Memoirs in the form of an essay in elegant, or even *correctly grammatical*, English would seem mere waste of time. Hence the object principally aimed at has been to make the English text reproduce as far as possible the Italian *spirit*. Nevertheless, as it would be manifestly impossible to reproduce the worse-than-slipshod grammar, the mis-spelling and the peculiar jargon characteristic of—shall we say?—a half-educated cockney—one of those brilliantly witty geniuses, whose rapid translation of ideas into picturesque and weirdly expressive phrase is totally untrammelled by any tyrannical laws of orthography—into any language other than his own, so it frequently baffles all one's ingenuity to reproduce Cellini's style and mode of expression in another tongue with anything but a very distant sem-

blance of its original charm. No doubt this present version does in places read awkwardly, confusedly, and even absurdly; but the thoughtful student is requested to approach it as a serious attempt to demonstrate the theory that the force and vividness of the original narrative are heightened rather than diminished by the wild confusion of detailed thought in the thread of it; by the very inconsequence of the sentences as regards one another; and by the utterly unstudied "rattle" of the narrator, as he pours out his reminiscences *pêle-mêle*, with the speed and spontaneity of the genuine *improvisatore*. One can picture the elderly and somewhat embittered—perhaps even dyspeptic—craftsman: once the favourite of popes, cardinals, kings, and princes: who had lived in courts and camps, and swaggered about the world with boon companions of the best and of the worst alike: setting himself down to dictate to his humble little fourteen-year-old scribe all the wonderful events of his past life; made the more incredible by the glamour of distance. One can fancy the rate at which his thoughts must have travelled: too fast even for his tongue; and much too fast for the unhappy young amanuensis, who must have often paused breathless, awe-struck and bewildered at some adventure of more than ordinarily striking character. No wonder that grammar halted, spelling collapsed, and orthography became more and more involved. But Varchi saw what posterity appreciates most in these headlong pages; namely, that to correct or try to confine the flood of Cellini's recollections

into any reservoir of elegant phrase or grammatical diction would have seriously imperilled, if it did not entirely destroy, the marvellous vividness with which his pictures are drawn. It might, of course, be proposed that Cellini's slang would best be counterbalanced by English vernacular slang. But, to begin with, where is suitable and corresponding slang to be found? A moment's reflection will remind the thoughtful student how countless are the variations of slang used among different sections of society in any one country at any one period of months or years. The very essence of that branch of the "vulgar tongue" lies in its ephemeral nature; its very force arises from its constant mutability to fit the needs of those who habitually use it. If this be true in all the centuries, how is it conceivable to think of Cellini's sixteenth-century Tuscan masquerading in the lingo of Stratford-atte-Bow or Whitechapel; still less in the ordinary but milder incorrectnesses of common middle-class English "as she is spoke," or the jargon current among any particular class or community?

One cannot but feel, therefore, some regret for those to whom the original is a sealed book; upon whom the delicate inflections due to the mistakes in grammar are lost; to whom the less savoury portions of the narrative must ever remain merely coarse and disagreeable stories, and not what they in point of fact really are: Tenieresque or Hogarthian touches completing the realism of the whole. To omit these touches of reality would argue an ignorance of history, especially of the history of the

sixteenth century. But one is bound to confess that it is not so easy to reproduce them without appearing to give them an undue prominence as regards the rest of the work: to balance Britannic modes of thought so as to let these passages pass along as part of the whole, and not obtrude themselves as isolated pictures.

In supplying a large number of notes to this edition the present Translator has thought it better to omit the insertion of lives-in-brief of such well-known historical characters as Raphael, Michelangelo, and Leonardo da Vinci, and to give instead references for the use of the student to the works of the best authorities dealing with the history of those giants. For the most part also he has avoided the petty fictions and merely frivolous stories current in the world of would-be connoisseurship of the past century, as trivial and irrelevant. In fact, the revised notes may be said to be based upon those included in the two Italian editions of the *Vita*, referred to above, supplemented by some additions taken from Mr. Symonds and from certain other more modern sources.

The principal object of the Translator has been, in the first instance, to replace the long-accepted English text of Mr. Thomas Roscoe,<sup>1</sup> and to bring forward, by way of

<sup>1</sup> Whilst preparing this new Edition my attention has been drawn to a letter by Mr. Paget Toynbee in the Literary Supplement of the *Times* for August 12th 1909, wherein he alludes to a fact, well known to students of *Celliniana*, but perhaps not so familiar to the general reader; namely, that the late Mr. Thomas Roscoe, whose "forceful style" provokes so much general admira-

annotation, as much illustrative material as can be obtained by the light of continued and continual research, wherewith to illuminate the personages and facts, referred to throughout the Autobiography. This text, however, composed in so delightful and vivid a style, provokes a feeling almost akin to sacrilege in the profane hand that should dare to tamper with it, but it has long been admitted by scholars and students that, however fine, the essay abounds in unfortunate and even grotesque mistakes; whilst in certain places it has been extensively mutilated, to suit the taste of the period at which it originally saw the light. An attempt was made at first to correct and adapt this version, upon which long familiar usage and British conservatism has conferred the stamp of a classic; but the task proved most

tion in the various editions of his almost *classical* translation, is to a very large extent basking in the glory rightly due to another. The first real English translator of Cellini's *Autobiography* was Thomas Nugent, whose version, dedicated to Sir Joshua Reynolds, appeared in 1771. In 1822 Mr. Thomas Roscoe produced a new "Edition" of these Memoirs, alluding to his predecessor in the Preface to the *first* edition only, but omitting all reference to him on his title-page. In subsequent editions even that small allusion was suppressed. Nevertheless a comparison between the two versions will reveal how unscrupulously Roscoe *assimilated* Nugent's version, and it is strange to find that later students of this remarkable work—notably the late Mr. John Addington Symonds—though well aware of the existence of Nugent's earlier version, seem to have never discovered that "the sound old-fashioned" style for which they admire Roscoe so much, is *not Roscoe* but *Nugent*—a fact that can be abundantly proved from even the passages selected by Mr. Symonds in his Introduction as samples of mistranslation (pp. xlix-lii).



ungrateful, and the result a hopeless piece of cacophonous patchwork. Hence an entirely new translation.

The Translator in conclusion feels bound to observe that the entire project of this new version of *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini*, owes its origin to Dr. George C. Williamson, of whose kindness and unfailingly helpful suggestion he is profoundly conscious. To Signora Gertrude Niccoli and to her son, Signor Alfredo Niccoli, he owes very special thanks for their patient and painstaking overhauling of the original draft translation, and for much valuable assistance thereon. Thanks are also owing to Professor Orazio Bacci, the learned editor of the most authoritative Italian Text of this renowned work, for explanatory information upon some of the more abstruse passages. A very sincere debt of gratitude is due to Mr. Sidney J. A. Churchill (H.B.M. Consul-General at Naples) for permission to embody in this edition his extremely important and exhaustive Bibliography; for expert advice on questions of attribution; for suggestions and information as to lost and overlooked specimens of the Art of Cellini; and, above all, for constant personal encouragement most liberally bestowed. The Translator finds himself also deeply indebted to his Excellency M. le Baron A. d'Eperjesy de Szászváros et Toti (late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from His Imperial and Apostolic Majesty the Emperor of Austria-Hungary to the Court of Sweden) and to Mr. E. Govett, for many acts of courtesy, and for permission to reproduce works of art in their possession.

Finally thanks are due to Prof. Cav. Dr. Guido Biagi (Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana) and to Dr. Salomone Morpurgo (Biblioteca Nazionale, Florence) for kindly allowing new photographs to be made of (1) a page from Benvenuto's original MS. (see illustration), and (2) the Coat of Arms of the Cellini Family (see illustration) for reproduction herein; to the Rev. Father Ehrle, S.J., for special investigations instituted in the Vatican Library; to Mr. Herbert Horne and Baron de Cosson for expert advice; to the Rev. Father Herbert Thurston, S.J., and Mr. C. J. Holmes, then editor of the *Burlington Magazine*, for the loan of certain blocks; and to M. Eugène Plon and his publishers for their generous loan of the illustrations belonging to his monumental work: *Benvenuto Cellini, Orfèvre, Médailleur*, etc. (Paris, 1883). Due recognition must also be proffered to Mr. Percy Pinkerton, whose graceful translations of the poems which occur in the Text are a pleasing addition to this new version of the *Autobiography*.

R. H. H. C.

MAY, 1910.



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## BOOK I

### CHAPTER I

(1500-1515)

Cellini commences at the age of fifty-nine to write his Auto-biography.—The origin of Florence and of Cellini's ancestors.—His Birth in Florence.—The circumstances whereby he received the name of *Benvenuto*.—In opposition to his natural inclination, his father insists on his studying music.—He finds favour with the Gonfalonier, Piero Soderini.—He is taught the Goldsmith's Craft by the father of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli.—He continues his labours in the shop of Marccone the Goldsmith . . . . .

I

### CHAPTER II

(1516-1518)

On account of a broil our hero is banished to Siena, and enters the workshop of the goldsmith Francesco Castoro.—At the end of six months he returns to Florence.—He then goes to Bologna where he studies music and the working of precious metals.—He returns once more to Florence, but leaves again for Pisa as a protest against his brother's conduct.—He remains a year in that city with the goldsmith Ulivieri della Chiostra.—Studies the antiquities there, and,

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REVERSE OF PORPHYRY TABLET

(SEE FRONTISPIECE)

Collection of M. Eugène Piot

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## INTRODUCTION

WE have dealt in our preface with the reasons for the issue of this new translation of Cellini's *Autobiography*, and it may perhaps seem idle to give anything like an elaborate dissertation respecting the character, qualities, or aims of the strongly versatile and forcible personage with whose career we have to deal. It is, however, desirable that some sort of introduction should refer to Cellini himself and to the manuscript, the subject of these pages. It would be indeed superfluous to attempt to offer any new portrait of a man who has painted his own likeness so unmistakably and so vigorously, as to have secured for all time the attention and imagination of successive generations of readers in every civilized land. Cellini, by his famous *Vita*, far more than by his own much-vaunted artistic qualities, has won for himself undying fame after a manner such as he himself little dreamed of; and has acquired a host of admirers to whom his artistic aims could have made no sort of appeal. Whatever be the opinion that each one of us may have formed regarding his personality from this self-revealing work, there can be no question as to the vivid display of force with which he has contrived to inspire a composition that carries the reader away into a realm of fancy, wherein the hero

himself is not merely the central figure, but appropriates the entire stage: all other persons of whatsoever quality and merit being but puppets, set up or swept aside as they assist or oppose the development of the hero's career. Mr. Arthur Symons, in a brilliant introductory essay to *The Confessions of St. Augustine*,<sup>1</sup> draws a striking parallel between those two celebrated Italian autobiographers, Cellini and Casanova, which is worth quoting in this connection. "Cellini," says Mr. Symons, "wrote his autobiography because he heard within him such trumpeting voices of praise, exultation, and the supreme satisfaction of a violent man who has conceived himself to be always in the right, that it shocked him to think of going down into the grave without having made the whole world hear those voices. He hurls at you this book of his own deeds that it may smite you into acquiescent admiration. Casanova, at the end of a long life, in which he had tasted all the forbidden fruits of the earth, with a simplicity of pleasure in which the sense of their being forbidden was only the least of their abounding flavours, looked back upon his past self with a slightly pathetic admiration, and set himself to go all over those successful adventures, in love and in other arts, firstly, in order that he might be amused by recalling them, and then because he thought that the record would do him credit. He neither intrudes himself as a model, nor acknowledges that he was very often in the wrong. Always passionate after sensations, and for their own sake, the writing of an autobiography was the last, almost active, sensation that was left to him,

<sup>1</sup> The Scott Library. The Walter Scott Publishing Company, Limited, London and New York.

and he accepted it energetically." This desire, as Mr. Symons puts it, "to hurl his *Autobiography* at one," seems exactly to describe the sensation given by a perusal of Cellini's daring and descriptive pages. To read them with completest satisfaction one should avoid all temptation to pause for thought or reason: and our sense of true enjoyment increases in proportion as we suppress all desire to verify by date or probability the facts related. One should approach it—at least for the first time—as one would an Heroic Chronicle or a Mediæval Romance: those for example of the *Seven Champions of Christendom*: of *Amadis de Gaul* or *Don Quixote*: of *Cyrano de Bergerac* or even *Baron Munchausen*.

But, alas, in the end we are presently bound to come down to earth, and to remember that Cellini was something very much more than a glorified paladin or a triumphant swash-buckler, adorned with semi-mythical attributes, woven together by lapse of time and oft-repeated oral legend. He was indeed a very well-defined historical personality. Nay! more than that, he was a craftsman of remarkable individual gifts. So that when we recall our wandering imagination we find ourselves transported at once to a battle-field whereon criticism, historical and æsthetic, rages hotly.

Brilliant critics, such as M. Dimier, cavil and pick at the historical statements with which his story abounds, especially as regards the events of his life in Paris; whilst scholars of equal ability, like M. Eugène Plon—after pointing out how large a number of Cellini's assertions thus contested may in fact be after all nearer the truth than at first sight appears proceed carefully and

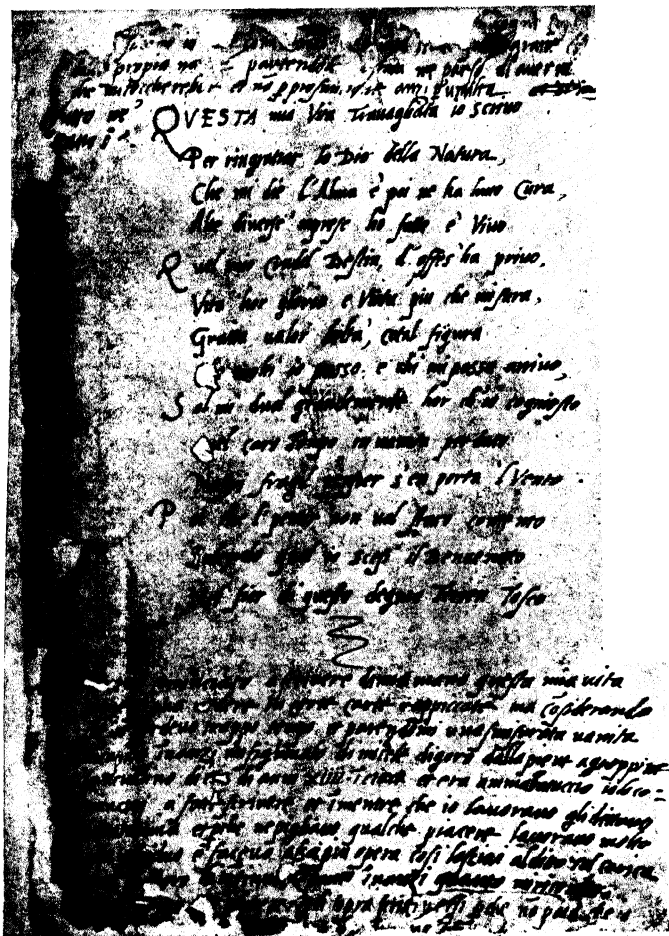


with much acumen to demolish the evidence upon which a very large proportion of the goldsmiths' work of the sixteenth century preserved in various collections all over the world has been so recklessly attributed to this famous craftsman.

Although Mr. Roscoe (quoting Signor Giuseppe Molini—upon whose then recently published edition of the *Vita* he professes to have made his latest revision) describes with some particularity the condition of the MS. of the *Autobiography*, and alludes to its re discovery by Signor Poirot he gives no account of its history between the time—somewhere in the seventeenth century—when it was in the hands of the Cavalcanti family, and its reappearance in the book-shop of Cecchino del Seminario at the beginning of the nineteenth.

The details of this omission may, however, be briefly summed up as follows: The MS., begun in 1558, and written partly in Cellini's own hand, and partly in that of his youthful amanuensis, the son of Michele di Goro Vestris, was submitted in the following year to the historian Benedetto Varchi, one of the author's most intimate friends, for purposes of revision and advice. That able critic very quickly appreciated the fact that the force and brilliance of the work itself far out-weighed all questions of style or grammar, and that to attempt to correct it, or to set it in anything like conventional form would not only be a superhuman task in itself, but would remove from the original its most salient and delightful characteristics. Varchi therefore returned the *Autobiography* to Cellini with merely a few marginal notes of comparatively minor importance. The writer then added further memoirs up to 1562, when—almost in the middle





[Photo H. Burton

## THE FIRST PAGE OF CELLINI'S MS. AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Biblioteca Mediceo Laurenziana, Florence

[To face page xxxiii, vol. I

of a sentence—the MS. abruptly ceases. To whom Cellini then entrusted it is unknown, nor—strange to relate—does any mention of it occur in the very elaborate inventory of his property (books and papers included) made at his death in 1571. No trace of its intermediate history can be discovered until (as the inscription that it still bears tells us) it formed one of the most jealously guarded treasures of the Cavalcanti family at some period in the seventeenth century. Although the then owner, Lorenzo Maria Cavalcanti, makes special allusion to the almost selfish importance that his father attached to the safe custody of this precious MS., we know that somewhere about 1691 he presented it to the learned Francesco Redi, who quoted from it, and employed it in preparing the last volume of the fourth edition of the *Vocabulario della Crusca* (Florence, 1729). From Redi the MS. seems to have passed into the hands of the Jesuit Fathers in Florence, and from them to their brethren of the Scolopian Confraternity, whence it vanished; removed it is supposed amongst a quantity of waste paper from their library and sold. It happily reappeared about 1805 in the well-known book-shop of Cecchino del Seminario, where by great good luck it was espied and secured by Signor Luigi Poirot. On his death, in 1825, it passed under his Will to the Biblioteca Mediceo-Laurenziana in Florence, where it now rests—safe, let us hope—from further vicissitudes. But though in material form it rests in that famous shrine of learning, no building or country can confine the dauntless and blustering, but withal, fascinating spirit. Cellini belongs to all the world.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> It is a source of much discussion to know how and when the various copies of this famous work were made; since no authoritative

There is, moreover, another point to which Mr. John Addington Symonds alludes in his Introduction (p. xlviii). He tells us that "although Mr. Roscoe in his preface declares that he has adhered closely to the original text published by Molini, he deals unscrupulously with some important passages." This, as the student of this new version will easily discover, is a most just stricture. Mr. Symonds, after referring to the most important of the "modified" passages, then proceeds to quote a number of sentences, taken at random wherein Mr. Roscoe has—either through inadvertence or ignorance—entirely missed the author's meaning and thus lost the whole point of what he wished to say. Some of these mistakes are really of so serious a nature that the present translator finds himself reluctantly compelled to contradict, with some emphasis, the statement made in the last paragraph of Mr. Roscoe's Preface. If Signor Molini adhered closely to the original text, this "rule" has certainly not been as strictly observed in the English version of Mr. Roscoe.

When we come to the discussion of Cellini's claim to stand among the great masters of Italian plastic art in the sixteenth century, we find ourselves confronted by grave difficulties. In the first place Italian taste had itself already passed its zenith, and its decline had begun to set in. There were, moreover, many goldsmiths working at that period in Florence and Rome, whose names have not come down to us, and whose achievements, if they

copy is known contemporary with or within the same century as the writer, and all those existing are more or less incomplete or faulty. A detailed discussion, however, of their importance would be too lengthy and digressive for insertion here.

still exist, are among the vast crowd of contemporary objects of extreme beauty assigned to a general class of "Author Unknown." Many of these craftsmen, very possibly, produced finer work than Cellini. But for him there happened two pieces of good fortune, which singled him from out the crowd of his contemporaries. The first of these was the warm friendship (prompted by a genuine and sincere admiration on Cellini's part), shown for him by the great Michelangelo; the second, his own unblushing conceit regarding his talents and abilities; a conceit which eventually took concrete form in what is after all his finest achievement, *i.e.*, the *Autobiography* now before us.

Judged by purely æsthetic stand-points, in no branch of the plastic arts does he quite arrive at perfection. But in spite of that he is far and away superior to almost all his known sculptor-contemporaries at the Courts of France and of the Grand Dukes. His animadversions on the jealousy with which his rivals pursued him is in the main scarcely unreasonable or exaggerated. Time has brought him a more complete and lasting revenge than even he hoped for. Nevertheless, as sculptor he was perhaps at best only among the finest of the decadents; for it is plain that he is not at his best in compositions of large proportions. Those works of his of any size that have come down to us, in spite of a certain boldness and power in execution, which impresses at first sight, are, upon close examination, either laboured or affected. His portrait-busts, indeed, convey a sense of force and truthfulness, but they are hardly agreeable likenesses.

On the other hand, in works of smaller proportions he compasses a far higher level of excellence. His

medals are brilliant performances; and his jewellery, though at times tending to the over-ornate, is unquestionably exquisite, both in design and workmanship. A similar conclusion may be drawn from a study of his smaller works in statuary. For example, the grace and restrained simplicity of the wax model for the *Perseus* is almost worthy of comparison with examples of the best periods in the history of sculpture. But when the craftsman repeats this exquisite model in colossal bronze he sacrifices grace and purity of line to the then prevailing fashion for the merely effectively large; and he further mars the composition by over-elaboration in purely decorative detail.

It is somewhat of an irony of fate that the *Autobiography*, which was to Cellini but an afterthought of his declining years, should, in the eyes of posterity, have acquired for him,—and in a secondary sense for his much-vaunted works,—a fame such as none of those works—not even his cherished *Perseus*, for which he endured so much—could ever have secured for themselves.

Since the two causes above-mentioned kept the name and fame of Cellini always before the minds and eyes of subsequent art-connoisseurs, and no one arose competent or bold enough to dispute attributions, a vast amount of contemporary work (much of it not even Italian at all) has been from time to time recklessly attributed to him. Of late years, however, M. Eugène Plon, Mr. Sidney Churchill, and other careful and conscientious students of the "Art of the Goldsmith," have carefully sifted these attributions, and it is in humble transcript of those eminent authorities that the lists at the end of this present work have been compiled. There is, however,

no assertion of finality about them, and if the information in the brief notes attached to them be perhaps considered too scanty, it is because it seems to the editor that a detailed account of Cellini's material achievements would be more appropriate to a commentary on his *Treatises* than to a new version of his *Life*.

Should, as the present Translator hopes, a new translation of Benvenuto Cellini's remarkable *Treatises* (referred to so often in the present text) hereafter be called for, the student will obtain thence much further light upon the artistic aims and conceptions of this remarkable man, a side of his character, which from the circumstances of the case have been barely touched upon in dealing with his *Life* only.

R. H. H. C.





LETTER OF BENVENUTO CELLINI TO  
BENEDETTO VARCHI.<sup>1</sup>

TO THE MOST EXCELLENT (AND) TALENTED M<sup>R</sup>  
BENEDETTO AND MY MOST GREATLY HONOURED  
(FRIEND).

SINCE your Lordship tells me that this simple discourse regarding my life satisfies you much more in this plain fashion than if it were repolished and retouched by another hand, the which thing would not seem so like the actual truth as what I have written: for I have taken care not to say anything about those things whereon my memory is uncertain; rather I have related the plain truth, leaving out a great portion of certain remarkable chances regarding which others who had done such things would have made much capital: but since I have had to relate so many great matters, and in order not to make too great a volume, I have left out a large portion of the small ones. I send my servant in order that you may give him my saddle-bag and the

\* This letter which guarantees the original integrity of the *Autobiography* as it has come down to us, is not wholly autograph—as it was once believed to be—but is in the handwriting of the earliest copyist, except the postscript and the address upon the back, which are in CELLINI'S own hand.

book, and since I think that you will not have been able to finish reading all of it, so as not to weary you with so insignificant a matter, and since I have received what I desired of you and am most satisfied by it, with all my heart I thank you. Now I pray you, that you do not trouble to read further, but to send it back to me, keeping my *Sonnet*, for that I particularly desire, that it may experience the polish of your wondrous file: and from now onwards I will come to visit you, and serve you gladly as much as I know how and can.

Keep yourself in good health, I beseech you, and preserve me in your good favour.

In Florence. This day 22nd May 1559.

When Your Lordship may fancy that you are able to give some small assistance to this little friar of mine,<sup>1</sup> together with those (members of the) Agnioli (family), I shall hold myself greatly obliged by it. (I am) always most ready to the commands of Your Lordship.

BENVENUTO CELLINI.

(*On the back.*)

To the most Magnificent and most Excellent M<sup>r</sup>  
Benedetto Varchi, my most honoured (friend).

<sup>1</sup> Antonio di Domenico Parigi, whom Cellini had adopted, and who had entered upon his noviciate in the Convent of the Nunziata under the name of *Fra Lattanzio*.

## SONNET AND DECLARATION

This my laborious life I here indite,  
Thanking the God of Nature, who my soul  
Gave unto me, and keeps in His Control;  
Strange deeds I wrought, and lofty, by His Might.  
Vainly with me did Fate relentless fight.  
Glory and Life and Beauty were the goal  
Of my desires; of these I gained the whole  
Abundance; and in Art had my delight.  
Yet now I greatly grieve, who understand  
What precious time in vanity I spent:  
Our frail thoughts flee, as chaff by breezes fanned;  
Vain, Benvenuto, is regret, and so, content  
I rise aloft, as erst I made descent  
Upon the flower of this fair Tuscan land.

I began to write this my life with mine own hand, as may be seen from certain appended papers, but thinking that I was losing too much time, and it seemed to me unreasonable waste, I fell in with a son of Michele di Goro of Pieve a Groppine, a little lad of about fourteen years of age, and somewhat delicate, (and) I began to set him to write, and whilst I worked I dictated to him my Life; and since I took some pleasure in it, I worked much more assiduously, and executed much more work, therefore I left to the said (lad) this under-

taking which I hope to continue as far as I shall remember.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> TASSI (Vol. I, lxvii) quotes incorrectly a Record, which BACCI has extracted afresh from the *Atti degli Offic. di Monte e Soprassindachi* dal 1556 al 1558 (Arch. di Stato di Firenze) which runs: *Copia di Partite di m. Benvenuto di Giovanni Cellini squlore, levate da Libri del Castello di Firenze per me Michele di Goro Vestri dalla Pieve a Groppine di Valdarno di Sopra, finite di levare questo di 13 di Dicembre 1555*. Professor BACCI then proceeds to point out that there is nothing in this entry to prove, as TASSI (and after him GUASTI) asserts, that the youngster also bore the name of *Michele*, and that he was about *eleven* years old when he made this *Copia di Partite*. And if CELLINI had employed him already in 1556, why should he use here the expression, "I fell in with" (*gli capito innanzi*)—it would appear for the first time—between 1558 and 1559? There exists, moreover, an autograph Record, dated July 29th 1557 (TASSI, Vol. III, 74), in which CELLINI states that he has covenanted to pay a certain salary and make certain terms with Michele di Goro Vestri, *to commence from the first of August next following 1557: and he has to keep for me those small entries which occur to me day by day*, etc. The same Michele di Goro is mentioned in connection with Cellini's affairs in the Cellini autograph Records for 1554, 1557, 1566 (TASSI, Vol. III, 59, 80, 144—Biblioteca Riccardiana, and Arch. de' Buonomini di S. Martino). It is to be observed that Sigg. A. J. RUSCONI and A. VALERI (in a note appended to their version of the above Sonnet and Declaration) vehemently contest the arguments of Professor BACCI here given; but the student is referred to the further remarks that that learned authority makes upon this question in n. 3, p. xxi of the *Introduction* to his scholarly edition of the *Autobiography*.

# THE LIFE OF BENVENUTO

## SON OF MASTER GIOVANNI CELLINI

### THE FLORENTINE, WRITTEN (BY HIMSELF) IN FLORENCE <sup>1</sup>

#### BOOK I

#### CHAPTER I

(1500-1515)

Cellini commences at the age of fifty-nine to write his Autobiography.—The origin of Florence and of Cellini's ancestors.—His Birth in Florence.—The circumstances whereby he received the name of *Benvenuto*.—In opposition to his natural inclination, his father insists on his studying music.—He finds favour with the Gonfalonier, Piero Soderini.—He is taught the Goldsmith's Craft by the father of the sculptor Baccio Bandinelli.—He continues his labours in the shop of Marcone the Goldsmith.

ALL men of every sort, who have done anything that is meritorious, or that indeed resembles merit, ought, if they be truthful persons and of good report,

<sup>1</sup> The copyist wrote at first: *Al nome d'Dio vivo et ò mortale | Vita di Benvenuto Cellini | oreficie et scultore scritta | di sua mano propria*. (In the name of the Living and Immortal God | the Life of Benvenuto Cellini | goldsmith and sculptor written | by his own hand.) CELLINI, however, crossed this out and wrote the words quoted above. To the word *scritta* was added—perhaps by VARCHI—*per lui medesimo*.

to set forth their lives with their own hand: but they should not commence so noble an undertaking before they have passed the age of forty years. Recognizing such a fact, now that I have travelled along my life's span for full fifty-eight years, and am in Florence, my native place, whilst recalling the many afflictions that befall those who live, and being troubled with these same afflictions less than I have ever been before up to this age: even it would seem to me that I am in greater content of mind and health of body than I have ever been in times past: and remembering certain agreeable blessings and certain incalculable calamities; looking back upon these I am struck with astonishment that I should have arrived at this age of 58 years, in which I am, by the grace of God, so happily proceeding onwards.

Although these men, inasmuch as they have laboured with the very smallest trace of merit, have made themselves known to the world, the fact alone ought to be sufficient for them, that they see themselves men of mark; but because they must live in the same manner as others live, we experience in this respect a certain amount of worldly curiosity (*boriosità*), which arises upon many different points. The first duty is to make known to others that the hero traces his descent from persons of merit and very ancient lineage. I am called Benvenuto Cellini, the son of M<sup>o</sup> Giovanni d'Andrea di Christofano Cellini; my mother was M<sup>a</sup> Elisabetta, daughter of Stefano Granacci: and both of them were Florentine citizens.<sup>1</sup> We find it set out in the chronicles made by our most ancient and reliable Floren-

<sup>1</sup> In LAPINI, *Diario* (MS.), under date 4th March 1569, Cellini is designated as *Pistoiese*. M. PLON opposes this qualification,



*[Photo H. Burton]*

BIRTHPLACE OF BENVENUTO CELLINI

6, VIA CHIARA, FLORENCE

*[To face page 2, vol. 1]*





tines, according to what Giovanni Villani writes,<sup>1</sup> that we may observe how the city of Florence (*Fiorenze*) is constructed in imitation of the beautiful city of Rome, and some traces may be discovered of the Collosseum and of the Baths.<sup>2</sup> These traces are near to Santa Croce; the Capitol was where the Mercato Vecchio stands to-day; the Rotonda<sup>3</sup> is entirely standing, which was made for a temple of Mars, and to-day is dedicated to our

pointing out that his grandfather certainly came from Fiesole, whilst he himself was born in Florence.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI tells us later on that when he was in prison in the Castel Sant' Angelo he had with him a copy of VILLANI'S *Cronaca*, which (I, 36), mentions the amphitheatre as being in the neighbourhood of Piazza Santa Croce. He records also (I, 38) the remains of aqueducts, states that the "Capitol was where to-day is the Piazza called the *Mercato vecchio*"; and adds (I, 42), how in "Florence was built the temple of Mars, which to-day is called the *Duomo di San Giovanni*." In the modern rebuilding of the central part of Florence many Roman streets and the foundations of buildings were brought to light.

<sup>2</sup> There were undoubtedly baths in various parts of the city, the principal ones being near the present Via delle Terme. The Colosseum would be the Amphitheatre (*Perilasio maggiore*) to distinguish it from the Theatre (*Perilasio piccolo*). A record of this still remains in the neighbouring *Via del Parlascio*. Cf. C. LUPI, *Sull orig. e signif. della voce Parlascio*, Extract from *Archivio stor. ital.* (1880). The recent excavations in the central parts of Florence have enabled us to fix more exactly the situation of the Capitol. See L. A. MILANI, *Reliquie di Firenze antica in Mon. Antichi*, Roma, Lincei, 1895.

<sup>3</sup> The use of this name here recalls the *Pantheon*, which was then called the *Rotonda*. The excavations around San Giovanni, and the discovery in 1897 of the foundations of a Roman house to the south of that edifice, prove the fallacy of the tradition that there was a temple of Mars on that spot, previous to the erection of that church. One of its octagonal sides in fact cuts at an angle across the end of the *tablinum* of this house. For further par-

patron, San Giovanni. That this was so can be very clearly seen and cannot be denied: but the said edifices are much smaller than those in Rome. They say that the man who caused them to be built was Julius Caesar, together with certain other Roman nobles, who having conquered and taken Fiesole, erected a city on that spot; and each of them undertook one of these remarkable structures.<sup>1</sup> Julius Caesar had a brave chief captain who was called Fiorino da Cellino (which is a fortress about two miles from Monte Fiasconi). This Fiorino<sup>2</sup> having taken up his abode below Fiesole, on the spot where

ticulars regarding the Baptistery and its building, the student may consult an able monograph by the architect, Sig. N. Nardini.

<sup>1</sup> There are many legends extant besides this as to the origin of Florence. These fables (*cf.* DANTE, *Inf.*, XIII, 149; *Par.*, VI, 54 *e seg.*; XV, 126; and the commentary upon these passages by CASINI), and many others regarding the foundation of other cities, form an important part of the scanty material available for the reconstruction of early Italian history: *cf.* VILLARI, *Le origini di Firenze*, Vol. I of *I primi due secoli della Storia di Firenze* (2nd edition); Firenze, Sansoni, 1898, Cap. I; *Le origini di Firenze*. DAVIDSOHN (*Geschichte von Florenz*, Vol. I, Berlin, Mittler, 1896), plans out the foundation of an Etruscan Florence, not upon the spot where later arose the Roman city built by Caesar, but in the direction of San Salvi. (See in this connection, L. A. MILANI, *Museo topografico dell' Etruria*, Firenze, 1898). As for the remarkable building operations undertaken by the various Roman nobles, Albinus (according to VILLANI), undertook to pave the city, Macrinus to engineer the water supply, Gneus Pompeius to direct the construction of brick walls, flanked by round towers, and finally, Martius to lay out the Capitol in imitation of that in Rome.

<sup>2</sup> The name *Fiorino* is certainly applied in the chronicles to one of the founders of Florence. He is, moreover, said to be a king, of whom Chiaro Davanzati speaks in the *Canzone* (*Antichi rime volgari*, III, 67), *Ahi dolze e gaia terra fiorentina*. The Cellini might very well have come from the fortified hamlet of Cellino; but it

Florence now is, in order to be near the river Arno for the convenience of his army, all his soldiers and such other persons as had dealings with this said captain used to say: "Let us go to Fiorenze," because the said captain bore the name of Fiorino, and because in that place where he had his said dwelling, from the natural features of the place, there grew a vast quantity of flowers. So in giving a commencement to the city, since this seemed to Julius Caesar a most beautiful name, and one appropriately given to it, and because flowers bring good omen, he gave this name of Fiorenze to the said city; and in order besides to confer a sort of favour upon his brave captain; since he liked him so much the more, because he had drawn him from a very humble condition, and because so brave a man had been created by himself. Learned romancers and investigators of such etymologies say that that name (was given to the city) because it was built beside the flowing Arno.<sup>1</sup> It does not seem that this (etymology) can stand, because Rome is is a distinct genealogical fiction to have designated the Fiorino of the legend *da Cellino*. VILLANI says that Fiorino was a Roman noble of the family of the Fracchi, or rather, Floracchi.

<sup>1</sup> The strangest etymologies have been suggested for the name of Florence. Some have had recourse for its origin to the Aramaic and Etruscan languages; others have invented a tribe called *Fluentini*; others have brought forward interpretations from the Books of *Chronicles* and *Exodus*; and others have found a *Florentia*, daughter of Lucius Troschius, and many other fables. The opinion here confuted by CELLINI is that of LEONARDO ARETINO, and still more strongly of POGGIO, who writes: "They built it in the plain near the flowing Arno, from which circumstance they called the city built by them *Fluentia*, since it was beside the flowing stream, as Pliny tells us" (*cf.* MACHIAVELLI, *Ist. Fior.*, ii, 2). CELLINI in his argument follows VILLANI (i, 38). Regarding this etymology of the name of *Florence*, which (accepted by many

upon the flowing Tiber, Ferrara upon the flowing Po, Lyons upon the flowing Saone, Paris upon the flowing Seine; they, however, have different names, and those arising in another way. We find it thus, and for this reason we believe it to have arisen from this brave man. Besides, we find that there are some of our Cellini in Ravenna,<sup>1</sup> the most ancient city in Italy, and there they are great nobles; they are also in Pisa, and I have found them in many places throughout Christendom; and in this very State there also remain some of the stock, addicted, moreover, to the profession of arms; for it is not so many years back that a youth named Luca Cellini, a beardless lad, entered into combat with a soldier, a skilled and very valiant man, who had fought on previous occasions in the lists, called Francesco da Vicorati. This Luca, by his own valour, sword in hand, conquered and slew him with so much bravery and skill, that he made every one marvel, since they had expected the opposite result. So that I boast of having my descent from brave men.

Now as regards such honour as I have acquired for

other writers also) is specially dear to popular tradition, and with reference to VILLANI'S account, see the learned "Columbarian Report" of CESARE GUASTI, *Opere*, III, 56 *e seg.*, and L. A. MILANI, *op. cit.*, col. 57, *e seg.* This latter writer, however, is of opinion (citing other similar examples), that the name *Florentia* is derived from the verb *florere*, wherefore it was called the *colonia florentia* = "the flourishing colony."

<sup>1</sup> This relationship with the Cellini of Ravenna may well be fabulous; and not less so the admission to noble rank (see PLON, p. 3, and TASSI, III, 54). It is true that our hero's father Giovanni was entered upon the Taxing Registers for 1505 (*Decima* 1505, p. 338, *Arch. di Stato di Firenze*), and that Benvenuto himself was also then reckoned among the citizens of Florence.

my house, under the known conditions of our life to-day and by means of my profession, which is not a matter of great consequence, I will speak of it in its own place,<sup>1</sup> glorying much more in that having been born in humble circumstances I have added some honourable foundation to my family, than if I had been sprung from high lineage and by base qualities had stained or extinguished it. I will therefore commence with how it pleased God that I should be born.

My ancestors lived in the Val d'Ambra,<sup>2</sup> and there they had great possessions; and like little lords they lived there in retirement, on account of the party strife of the period. They were all men addicted to the pursuit of arms and very brave. At that time one of their sons, the younger one, whom they called Christofano,<sup>3</sup> quarrelled violently with certain of their neighbours and friends; and because the heads of the houses on both

<sup>1</sup> This is a most difficult passage to translate. BIANCHI suggests that the meaning is probably as follows: "I will relate in its own place such honour as I have been able to bring my family under the conditions of the times in which we live, and by means of my art alone, which is a matter of small importance."

<sup>2</sup> This Val d'Ambra takes its name from the river Ambra, which waters the western portion of the province of Arezzo.

<sup>3</sup> This Cristofano commonly called *Tofano* is (30th July, 1427) entered in the registers of the district of the Badia of Fiesole. *Arch. detto. Portate S. Giovanni, Piv. di Fiesole*, 165 c. 259. GUASTI quotes an Income Tax Return for 1435 (*Quartiere di Santa Maria Novella, Piviere di San Giovanni, popolo di San Martino a Montughi*) in which he is stated to be forty-five years of age, and his wife Mona Lisa thirty-five. He records three sons, Andrea, aged eight, Simone, three, and Bartolomeo, one year. This return, however, PROFESSOR BACCI laments his inability to trace, but tells us that Cristofano in a similar Return for 1451 is entered as residing in the district of Montughi. *S. Maria Novella dal No 5 al No 11*.

sides joined in, and it was seen that a fire had been ignited of such magnitude, that it was bringing danger of total destruction to both families; the elder members having pondered upon this point, by agreement, my side removed Christofano; and so the other side took away the other originator of the feud. They sent their man to Siena; ours sent Christofano to Florence, and there they purchased for him a small house in the Via Chiara<sup>1</sup> from the monastery of Sant' Orsola; and they also bought him some very good lands at Ponte a

*Pivert di S. Giov. di Firenze e S. Stefano in Pane—747. pop. 8.* Benvenuto is probably wrong, however, in saying that his great-grandfather was the first of the family to come to Florence. Documentary evidence points to Andrea, his grandfather, as the earliest of their line resident within the city boundaries, and that subsequent to 1469. His name is to be found in the Income Tax Register for 1487 (*Quartiere di Santa Maria Novella, Piviere di San Giovanni di Firenze, popolo di Santo Lorenzo drento le mura di Faenza*).

<sup>1</sup> This house may still be seen in what was once the Via Chiara, and is still so styled, though it now forms one side of the new Market. It was formerly numbered 5078, but is now No. 6, and bears the following inscription: *In questa casa nacque Benvenuto Cellini il di primo di novembre del 1500 e vi passo i primi anni.* PROF. BACCI further quotes references to a variety of documents concerning this property. In the Income Tax Return for 1471, for the Quarter of San Lorenzo "*within the Faenza Wall*," Andrea Cellini is stated to be forty-four years of age and his wife Cosa (*Niccolosa*) likewise forty-four. Andrea's mother was also then still living, aged seventy-five. In the Return for 1487 (referred to in the last note) Andrea's age is given at sixty-six, and mention is made of the following sons: Bartolomeo, aged forty-nine (who ten years earlier had gone to Hungary with) a younger brother, Francesco, aged twenty-four, and Giovanni, aged thirty-six. No allusion is made, however, to Girolamo (the third, *not the eldest* brother) who is recorded in the Return for 1471 as being then thirteen; so perhaps he was dead. Andrea's first wife, Niccolosa, must also have been dead, for the document records a certain Lisabetta, aged

Rifredi. The said Christofano took a wife in Florence, and had sons and daughters, and having provided for all his daughters, his sons divided the rest of his substance, after the death of their father. The house in the Via Chiara with certain other small matters fell to one of the said sons, who bore the name of Andrea. He also took a wife and had four male children. The first had the name of Girolamo, the second Bartolomeo,<sup>1</sup> the third Giovanni (who was afterwards my father), the fourth Francesco. This Andrea Cellini understood thoroughly the method of the architecture of those times, and made his living by it as his profession. Giovanni, who was my father, gave himself more than any of the others to this kind of work. And because as Vitruvius<sup>2</sup> says, amongst other things, that for any one who wishes to do well in that art it is needful that he know something of music and good drawing; Giovanni, having become a fine draughtsman, began to give his attention to music, and learnt along with it to play exceedingly well upon the viol and the flute; and being a person of studious habits he seldom went out of the house. They had for their next-door neighbour a man named Stefano Granacci, who had several daughters, all very beautiful. As it pleased God, Giovanni saw one of

twenty-two, as his wife at that date. A residence in the Via Chiara is all the property that he claims to possess, and he describes himself as *muratore*, and not *architetto*; so that we may suppose the latter designation to be a euphemism on the part of his vain-glorious grandson.

<sup>1</sup> Commonly called Baccio Cellini. He was a clever carver in wood and ivory.

<sup>2</sup> Vitruvius or Vitruvius, author of ten celebrated volumes on *Architecture*. He published the complete series in 1522.



these said damsels, who bore the name of Elisabetta; and so much did she please him that he asked for her as his wife; and since both their fathers, from being such near neighbours, knew each other very well, it was easy to make up this match; and each of them thought that he had arranged his affairs extremely well. First of all these two good old souls agreed to the alliance; then they commenced to discuss the dowry; and there arose between them a certain amount of friendly dispute, for Andrea said to Stefano: "Giovanni my son is the most brilliant youth both in Florence and in all Italy, and if I had desired to find him a wife before this, I could have had one with a larger dowry than they give in Florence in our rank;" and Stefano said: "You have a thousand reasons, but I have my five girls with as many other children, so that when I reckon up my accounts, this is as much as I can afford." Giovanni was standing a little way off listening, hidden from them, and, coming upon them suddenly, he said: "My father, I have desired and loved that girl, and not the money. Woe to those who wish to repair their fortunes out of the dowries of their wives. Truly! how can you boast that I am so clever, if I do not know how to provide the expenses of my wife, and to satisfy her wants with some sum of money less than you desire? Now I want you to understand that the wife is my share, and that I wish the dowry to be yours." At this, though Andrea Cellini, who was somewhat passionate, was rather indignant, within a few days Giovanni took home his wife, and never asked for any other dowry. They enjoyed their youth and their holy love for eighteen years, with, however, a great desire to have children; since in eighteen

years his said wife miscarried of two male children, through want of skill on the part of the doctors; then she conceived again, and brought forth a girl, to whom they gave the name of Cosa,<sup>1</sup> after my father's mother. Then two years later she conceived again; and because those desires which come to pregnant women, upon which they set so much faith, were exactly similar to those at her previous confinement; to such an extent, that they were convinced that she would bring forth another girl like the first; they had agreed to give her the name of Reparata to recall my mother's mother. It happened that the birth took place on the night of All Hallows, at the end of All Saints' Day, at half-past four of the clock<sup>2</sup> in the year 1500 precisely.<sup>3</sup> The midwife, who knew that they expected a girl, when she had washed the infant, swathed it in very fine white cloths, and went softly to my father Giovanni, and said: "I bring you a fine gift such as you do not expect." My FATHER, who was a true philosopher, was walking up and down, and he said: "Whatever God gives me that will always be acceptable to me"; and having lifted the cloths he saw

<sup>1</sup> Cosa is Florentine for *Niccolosa*. She was born in 1499 and died in 1538, having entered the Ursuline Convent in Florence.

<sup>2</sup> In mediaeval Italy the hours were reckoned from the sunset of one day to the sunset of the next. Twenty-two o'clock would therefore mean "two hours before sunset." This method of reckoning, which is fixed by the ringing of the Angelus, is still in common use among the Tuscan peasantry.

<sup>3</sup> The entry of Cellini's birth runs as follows: "*Archivio dell' Opera del Duomo (Reg. Orig. di Battizzati dal 1488 al 1500)*. 1500. *Benvenuto Cristofano e Romulo di Giovanni d'Andrea di Cristofano Cellini p<sup>o</sup> di S<sup>o</sup> Lorenzo nacque a dì 3 di (Novembre) hore quattro e 1<sup>o</sup> quarto.*" The 3rd of November was a Tuesday. He was baptized the same day.

with his own eyes the unexpected male child. Clasp- ing his aged hands together, he raised them and his eyes to Heaven, and said: "Lord, I thank Thee with all my heart. This is very acceptable to me, and may he be Wel- come (*Benvenuto*)."<sup>1</sup> All those persons who were present joyfully asked him how he would like to name the child. Giovanni never answered them aught but "May he be Welcome (*Benvenuto*)"; and having resolved upon it, such name was given me in Holy Baptism, and so designated I desire by the Grace of God to live.

My grandfather Andrea Cellini was still alive, when I had already reached the age of about three; and he was past one hundred years.<sup>1</sup> One day they had been altering a certain pipe of a cistern, and from the same there issued a great scorpion, which they had not noticed, and it had dropped down from the cistern to the ground, and went away under a bench. I saw it, and running after it laid my hands upon its back. The said (animal) was so large that, holding it in my little hand, from one side there issued the tail and from the other both the mouths.<sup>2</sup> They say that I ran to my grand- father in great glee, crying out: "Look, grandpapa, at my fine little crab." When he realized that it was a scorpion, out of great fear and anxiety on my behalf, he was like to have fallen down dead; and he begged it of me with many endearments. I clung to it so much the more, sobbing out that I would not give it up to any one. My father, who was also at home, ran up at so

<sup>1</sup> This must have been a family tradition, and, strange to say, the same statement is made in the Income Tax Return for 1503; but Andrea Cellini at this date could not have been more than eighty-two.

<sup>2</sup> By *bocche* (lit. *mouths*) Cellini probably means "claws."

much noise, and horrified knew not how to find a means that this poisonous animal should not kill me. At that moment he happened to see a pair of small scissors. Caressing me, therefore, he cut off the tail and the mouths. Then, when that danger had been averted, he took it for a good omen.

When I was about five years old, my father being in our small cellar, in the which they had been washing the clothes, and where there was still a good fire of oak boughs, Giovanni, with his viol in his arms, played and sang to himself beside that fire. It was very cold; and as he gazed into the fire, by chance he saw in the midst of the hottest flames a little animal like a lizard, which was sporting about amidst that most scorching blaze. Having immediately perceived what it was he caused my sister and me to be summoned, and pointing it out to us children, he gave me a violent box on the ear, at which I began to cry most excessively. He comforting me kindly, spake to me thus: "My dear little son, I did not give you that blow on account of anything wrong that you have done, but only that you may remember that that lizard which you saw in the fire is a salamander, a creature that has never been seen by any one else of whom we have reliable information." So he kissed me and gave me some coppers.

My father began to teach me to play upon the flute and to sing from note,<sup>1</sup> and although I was of very

<sup>1</sup> The words from this point up to "wonderful organs" are written in the margin by the copyist, in lieu of the following passage which has been cancelled, "and so he apprenticed me in the house of Francesco dell' Aiolle, who was a great performer on the organ and a very fine musician and composer. Thus the said Aiolle

tender age, when little children are accustomed to take pleasure in a whistle and such-like diversions, I had the greatest dislike to it, and played and sang only to obey him. My father in those days manufactured wonderful organs with wooden pipes, well-tuned cymbals,<sup>1</sup> the best and the most beautiful to be seen at that period: viols, lutes, most beautiful and most excellent harps. He was also an engineer, and laboured marvellously in the construction of machinery, such as contrivances for lowering bridges, building mills, and other kinds of engines, and he was the first to excel in ivory carving.<sup>2</sup>

taught me to sing and to compose: and since it seemed to my father and to the master that I was very promising in that line, they prophesied great things for me. I did this thing with the worst possible will in the world. Willingly I only drew and made clay models and things of that nature: and for this I had many conveniences, because my father had been a most excellent draughtsman, and was a very brilliant man in many and very fine arts. Furthermore in those times the said man made," etc.

Francesco d'Agnolo di Piero Aiolli, or dell' Aiolle—born 4th March 1491 (1492 Common Style)—published some madrigals that BALDINUCCI says were very beautiful. About 1530 he went to France, where he lived in great honour and repute until his death. Andrea del Sarto introduces his portrait into the scene of *The Adoration of the Magi*, painted in one of the lunettes in the cloister of the Church of the SS. Annunziata in Florence. According to VASARI, and after him BALDINUCCI, the head in profile behind Sansovino represents this talented musician.

<sup>1</sup> *Cenbalo*, *lit.* "cymbal": but it is possible, as Mr. J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS translates the word, that CELLINI *may* have meant some kind of "spinet" or "virginals," *i.e.*, "*a claircembalo*."

<sup>2</sup> This is not strictly true, as CELLINI himself must have been well aware. Andrea Pisano executed sculpture in gold and ivory, as we learn from his epitaph published by VASARI. In the Cathedral at Prato there is a charming little ivory urn or coffer adorned with dancing *putti*, which was till recently attributed to Donatello; and



SHEET OF GROTESQUES

His de la Salle Collection, Louvre, Paris



But because he was in love with her by whom he became my father and she my mother—thanks perhaps to that little flute—since he paid more attention to it than he ought, he was invited by the Fifers in the service of the State to play along with them. Thus continuing at this employment for a time for his own pleasure, they persuaded him so much that they caused him to become one of their regular company. Lorenzo de' Medici<sup>1</sup> and Piero his son, who liked him very much, subsequently perceived that he devoted himself wholly to his fife, and left in desuetude his fine talent and his fine profession. They therefore caused him to be removed from that post. My father took this very ill, and it appeared to him that

there exist a number of ancient jewel caskets of exquisite delicacy which are probably his work.

<sup>1</sup> Commonly called "Lorenzo the Magnificent" (or with more historical correctness, "the *magnificent* Lorenzo"): born 1448, died 1492. Piero, his son, on the coming of Charles VIII, lost the sovereignty of Florence (as we shall hear presently) on 9th November, 1494, and was drowned in 1504 crossing the river Garigliano.

The following patent of appointment—apparently the *second*—is to be found in the *Archivio di Stato* in Florence.

"Il Maggio 1495. *Elegerunt in pifferum et sonitorem dicte Dominationis in locum primi vacantis Joannem Andree Christofori Cellini, ossarium, cum salario et aliis consuetis, et hoc permittentibus legibus et statutis de materia disponentibus. Et interim, et dum serviet dicte Dominationi, habeat tantummodo expensas et victus.*" (*Deliberazioni e Partiti dei Signori e Collegi*, Vol. 84, dal 1477 al. 1478, a c. 50.) It is to be observed that Giovanni's trade of worker in ivory or bone (*ossarius*) is here alluded to specifically.

Giovanni Cellini appears to have been originally appointed in 1478, and he was still in the employ of the State (as we learn later) when Soderini was elected Gonfalonier: so that this removal by Lorenzo and Piero de' Medici, and his re-appointment as above could have been but for a very brief period, between 1492-1494.

Later on we shall find reference to his final dismissal (p. 21, note 1).



they had done him a very great injury. Immediately he returned to his profession and made a mirror, about a *braccio* in diameter, of bone and ivory, adorned with figures and foliage, with careful finish and fine design. The mirror was in the form of a wheel; in the midst was the mirror itself; around it were seven circles, in which were carved and inlaid the Seven Virtues in ivory and blackened bone; and the whole mirror, and likewise the said Virtues, were balanced in such a way, that in turning the said wheel all the Virtues revolved; and they had each a weight at their feet which kept them upright. And since he had some knowledge of the Latin language he inscribed around the said mirror a Latin inscription which ran: "Through all the turns that the Wheel of Fortune makes, Virtue remains upright."

*"Rota sum; semper, quo quo me verto  
Stat virtus."*<sup>1</sup>

A little while after this his post of fifer was restored to him. Although some of these events happened before I was born, I record them because I do not wish to omit anything. At that time all the fifers were most honourable artisans, and some of them belonged to the Greater Arts<sup>2</sup> of Silk and Wool; for the which reason

<sup>1</sup> The Latin student will note the "freedom" of CELLINI'S translation of these lines.

<sup>2</sup> The Florentine *Arts* or Guilds were definitely constituted in 1266, and were twenty-one in number, of whom originally there were twelve *Greater Arts* and nine *Lesser*. Subsequently, however, the numbers were altered to seven *Greater* and fourteen *Lesser*. Each Guild had its own Rector, styled its *Consul* or *Master*, and to the *Greater* ones belonged the Judges, the Lawyers, the Wool-staplers (*Mercanti di Calimala*), the Money-Changers, the Bankers, the Physicians, the Druggists, the Merchants of Wool and Silk, and, last of all, the Furriers. These Arts in course of time went through

my father did not disdain to practise such a profession. The greatest desire that he had in the world regarding my prospects was that I should become a great musician: the greatest annoyance that I could have in the world was when he argued with me, telling me that, if I liked, he saw so much promise in me in that respect, that I might be the first performer in the world. As I have said, my father was a great adherent and most friendly towards the house of Medici; and when Piero was expelled,<sup>1</sup> he entrusted to my father a great many matters of serious import. Later on, at the coming into power of the magnificent Piero Soderini,<sup>2</sup> my father being still in his post of musician, Soderini, being aware of my father's remarkable genius, began to employ him as engineer<sup>3</sup> in many and varied vicissitudes, as may be learnt from CAPPONI, *St. d. republ.*, Lib. III, C. 6, and Lib. IV, C. 6, and *passim*; PERRENS, *Hist. de Flor.*, VI, 307, and *passim*; and DEL LUNGO, *Dino*, I, pp. 11, 1056; II, 50.

<sup>1</sup> This was the second expulsion of the Medici and occurred on November 9th 1494.

<sup>2</sup> He was the only perpetual *Gonfaloniere* ever chosen by the Florentine people, and was elected by them in September 1502. He only remained in office until 1512, in which year he was deposed and banished. AMMIRATO, *Storia*, Lib. XXVIII; and RAZZI, *Vita del Soderini*.

<sup>3</sup> Giovanni Cellini's real profession, it should be remembered, was that of an *engineer*. GUASTI records how on February 28th 1505 a commission was given him for the construction of a scaffolding for Leonardo da Vinci, for use in painting the great fresco of the *Battle of Anghiari* (1440), in the Sala del Consiglio of the Palazzo Vecchio, (*cf.* GAYE, *Carteggio*, ecc. II, p. 89); and it is thought possible that another scaffolding may also have been made by him, described by VASARI as *edifizio artificiosissimo, che stringendolo s'alzava, ed allargandolo s'abbassava* ("a most clever contrivance, which by contracting could be raised and by broadening lowered"), used also by Leonardo in designing the said cartoon;

many most important undertakings, and whilst Soderini remained in Florence his goodwill towards my father was as great as it is possible to imagine in the world. And at this time, because I was of tender age, my father had me carried in arms, and made me play upon the flute, and I executed the soprano part in concert with the palace musicians before the Signoria; and I played from score whilst a tabard<sup>1</sup> held me in his arms. Then the Gonfalo-

which scaffolding the Aretine biographer attributes to the artist's own design. It is said to have been made by Benedetto Buchi, a joiner, who on December 31st 1503 was paid "for making the scaffold with the ladder, and with all the necessary machinery and appurtenances, made for Lionardo da Vinci in the Sala del Papa in order to draw his cartoon" (*Deliberazioni e stanziamenti degli Operai di Palazzo*, Vol. 104, a c. 75, nell' *Archivio di Stato di Firenze*).

<sup>1</sup> *Tavolaccino*, one of the servants of the Commune, who on State occasions carried the shield bearing the arms of the Republic; i.e., a *Tabard*. Our hero must indeed have been small, if he had to be carried in some-one's arms. The following extract from the State Archives of Florence, dated May 27th 1513 (Common Style), is, however, of interest in this connection, proving as it does that before that date the young Benvenuto had been accustomed to play before the Signoria, and that it was intended to appoint him to a permanent post in the Palace orchestra. *Actenta indigentia Tibicinum ex quo pauci succedunt boni sonitores ob indigentiam et paupertatem, et constito eis qualiter Benvenutus filius Johannis de Cellinis tibicinis, maximam pollicetur . . . spem sonandi tale instrumentum et continue addiscit talem sonandi artem, et actento qualiter est pauper; quamobrem difficulter, propter paupertatem predictam, tali arti vacare et incumbere potest, et ad hoc ut ad talem virtutem capessendam animetur, ob honorem dicte Dominationis in posterum in pifferum eligatur, Ideo concesserunt dicto Benvenuto Johannis de Cellinis provisionem librarum trium et sol. X Flor. parv. pro quolibet mense, incipiendi die prima mensis Junii proxime futuri.* (*Deliberazioni dei Signori e Collegi*, Vol. 104, dal. 1511 al. 1512, a c. 46.—*Archivio di Stato Firenze*.)

nier, who was the said Soderini, took great pleasure in making me prattle, and gave me sweet-meats, and said to my father: "M<sup>o</sup> Giovanni! Teach him along with music those two other most beautiful arts of yours." To which my father answered: "I do not want him to exercise any other art but that of music and composition; because in this profession I hope to make him the greatest man in the world, if God shall spare his life." At these words one of those old councillors<sup>1</sup> answered, saying to M<sup>o</sup> Giovanni: "Do what the Gonfalonier tells you. Can he ever be other than a fine musician?" Thus passed a certain period until the Medici returned.<sup>2</sup> Directly the Medici were restored, the cardinal, who was subsequently POPE Leone, showed many favours to my father. From the escutcheon that was on the palace of the Medici,<sup>3</sup> whilst they were in exile, the balls had been removed, and there had been painted thereon a great red cross, which was the arms and

<sup>1</sup> The nine Priors of the Guilds, who at that time formed the Council of the Gonfalonier, a form of government instituted in 1282 instead of that of the *Buonuomini*.

<sup>2</sup> Cardinal Giovanni and Giulio, Duc de Nemours returned with the assistance of the Spaniards, after the Sack of Prato and the Deposition of Soderini, on September 4th 1512.

<sup>3</sup> This palace is at the corner of the present Via Cavour. It was built by Michelozzo Michelozzi for Cosimo de' Medici the Elder, and beneath its roof Kings, Emperors, and Popes have lodged; amongst others Charles VII, who in one of the halls received Pier Capponi's celebrated retort and saw his "Terms" torn up before his face. It subsequently came into the possession of, and was greatly enlarged by, the Riccardi family, from whom it acquired the name it bears to-day, although in 1814 it passed into the hands of the Government, and is now the property of the Province.

insignia of the Commune:<sup>1</sup> so that directly after their return the red cross was erased, and upon the said shield was replaced their red balls, set moreover in a golden field, with very fine adornments. My father, who had a certain amount of genuine natural poetic instinct,<sup>2</sup> together with something of the prophetic (which was certainly a divine attribute in him), beneath the said scutcheon, as soon as it was uncovered, wrote these four lines. They ran as follows:

These noble arms that, buried out of sight  
Beneath the Holy Cross so long have lain,  
With a new joy and glory shine again,  
Awaiting Peter's sacred mantle bright.

This epigram was read by all Florence. A few days later Pope Julio the Second died. Cardinal de' Medici having gone to Rome, was, contrary to the expectation of everyone, made Pope Leone X, the liberal and magnanimous.<sup>3</sup> My father sent to him his four prophetic

<sup>1</sup> The Medici arms were "or, six pellets (*palle*) *gules*, three, two and one." Those of the Florentine Commune, "*argent*, a cross *gules*"; which blazon, it is supposed, was adopted in 1292 at the time when the office of Gonfalonier of Justice was created.

<sup>2</sup> Besides this four-line fragment, C. MILANESI (*I Trattati dell' Oreficeria e della Scultura*, Firenze, Le Monnier, 1857, pp. lvii, lviii), quotes a sonnet by Giovanni Cellini upon "*Medicine*." Cf. also A. MABELLINI, *Le Rime di B. Cellini pubbl. e annot.* 1891, pp. 12-13. Later on Benvenuto puts into his father's mouth a well-known proverbial distich, which is, however, no proof of his poetic abilities.

<sup>3</sup> Giovanni de' Medici was elected Pope under the name of Leo X on March 14th 1513. He had been created a cardinal at fourteen and was at this time thirty-seven years of age. Like his father, Lorenzo the Magnificent, he was a distinguished patron of Art and Letters. He died in 1521 at the early age of forty-four.

lines. The Pope then sent to tell him to come thither, for it would be to his advantage. He did not want to go; therefore, instead of a reward, his post at the palace was taken from him by Jacopo Salviati, as soon as ever he was appointed Gonfalonier.<sup>1</sup> This was the reason for my setting myself to work at a goldsmith's; and I partly studied that profession and partly continued my music, much against my will. When he (my father) spoke to me upon this point, I besought him to let me draw so many hours a day, and all the rest I would give myself up to music, merely to content him. To this he replied: "Then you take no pleasure in music?" To which I answered, "No," because it seemed to me an art too inferior to that which I had in my soul. My excellent father, in despair at such a circum-

<sup>1</sup> Jacopo married Lucrezia, eldest daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent, and attaching himself to the party of the Medici, obtained great influence in Florence. Ninth in succession, he became Gonfalonier for the first two months of the year 1514, and it was he who on March 30th 1514 removed Giovanni Cellini (now old and feeble) after thirty-six years of faithful service, from his post among the State musicians. Here is the document: *Actento qualiter Johannes de Cellinis unus ex tibicinibus, sive pifferis, dicte Dominationis, est senex et inhabilis ad sonandum, et propterea eius senectutem difficulter potest venire et accedere quotidie ad sonandum et serviendum dicte Dominationi prout opus est, ideo deliberaverunt et deliberando capsaverunt et penitus removerunt prefatum Johannem de Cellinis, a dicto eius officio tibicinis, sive pifferi dictorum Magnificorum excelsorum Dominorum; et ex quo dictus Johannes est pauper et senex, et servivit in dicto eorum Palatio pro XXXVI annos bene et fideliter, volentes igitur eum in aliquo remunerare et sue senectuti consulere et providere de aliquo subsidio; ideo statuerunt eidem Johanni elymosinam consuetam dari sonitoribus dicti eorum Palatii; videlicet lib. viij flor. par. pro quolibet mense durante vita dicti Johannis.* (*Delib. dei Signori e Collegi, Vol. 104, dal 1511 al 1514, a c. 64.*—*Archivio di Stato di Firenze.*)

stance, set me in the workshop of the father of Cavaliere Bandinello, who was named Michelagnuolo, a goldsmith from Pinzi di Monte, and who was very skilled in such arts. He had no glory of family origin, but was the son of a charcoal merchant.<sup>1</sup> This remark is not made by

<sup>1</sup> His family name was Brandini, a name that his son Baccio (born on October 7th 1488) subsequently changed, wishing it to be thought that he sprang from the noble Sienese house of Bandinelli. He came from Gaiole in the Chianti district, and *not* from the Pizzidimonte near Prato, where he merely owned some property. He was the son, not of a *charcoal merchant*, but of a *blacksmith*. His son Baccio caused him to be buried in the Pazzi Chapel in the church of the SS. Annunziata in Florence, in a tomb that he had secured by executing certain of the statues in it. He had a shop near Or San Michele, in the lane that leads to the Mercato Nuovo: and he is praised by Raffaello di Montelupo in his Autobiographical Fragment, and by VASARI in the Life of Baccio. (Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.* IV, 551; VI, 133, n. 2, 188 *e seg.*; and IV, 553.) CELLINI in the *Introduction* to his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (edition cited above), p. 8, speaks thus of him: "Michelangelo the Goldsmith, of Pinzidimonte, was a clever man and laboured in a very great variety of ways, and set jewels very well. He worked in engraving, in enamel, and with the chisel, after very fine designs; and although he was not among men of supreme excellence, he was such as to deserve commendation. This man was the father of Baccino, who was created by Pope Clement a knight of St. James, and gave himself a place in the family of Bandinelli. And because he had neither family nor coat of arms, he took for his cognizance the badge that is borne by the knights. Of him we will speak sufficiently in his proper place." (Cf. CESARE GUASTI, *Opere*, IV, 6 *e seg.*, *La Villa Bandinelli a Pizzidimonte*). Bandinelli was also knighted by Charles V. He died at the age of seventy-two. CELLINI speaks of him continually, and, disliking his avarice as well as his envious and overbearing temper, he invariably attacks and ridicules his works. In the opinion of Michelangelo, who was by no means Bandinelli's friend, they are finely designed, and would have been as finely executed had not the sculptor's grasping nature led him to adopt too hasty and loose a style. Posterity,

way of condemning Bandinello, who has founded his own house—if it were come about from a worthy stock. However that may be, I have no occasion to speak about him here. When I had been there some days, my father took me away from the said Michelagnuolo, because he could not live without seeing me constantly. Thus with a bad grace I continued to play until I was fifteen years of age. If I wished to describe the great events that happened to me up to that age, and in what great danger was my very life, it would make whoever read of such things marvel indeed; but in order not to be too lengthy, and because I have much to say, I will leave them out.

When I had reached the age of fifteen years, against the wish of my father, I apprenticed myself as a goldsmith with a man who was called Antonio di Sandro,<sup>1</sup>

however, is more inclined to endorse CELLINI'S opinion on the work of this craftsman.

<sup>1</sup> Antonio di Sandro di Paolo Giamberti, who matriculated into the Goldsmith's Guild on August 3rd 1500. CARLO MILANESI in the *Tavola Alfabetica dei nomi* appended to his edition of the *Treatises* (quoted above), under the heading *Benvenuto Cellini*, makes the following statement: "At the age of fifteen he went to learn the Goldsmith's Art from *Master Salvestro del Lavacchi*:" but in the text of that same work, p. 46, CELLINI himself merely says: "In my time when I was a youth,—for at the age of fifteen I went to learn the Art of the Goldsmith,—in that said art there was a master, who was called *Salvestro del Lavacchio*. This excellent man," etc. In our hero's own *Life* this personage is never mentioned: but in the *Treatises* (p. 9) allusion is again made to a certain *Zanobi di Meo Del Lavacchio*, a goldsmith, who died at the age of twenty; and in certain documents (*Pesi dell' opera del Perseo*, TASSI II, pp. 42, 43; *Lodo dato del Filippo dell' Antella nella Questione dei bronzi*, GUASTI, p. 699), mention is made of a certain *Raffaello del Lavacchia* or *Lavacchio*, perhaps a member of the same family.



the goldsmith, nicknamed Marcone the goldsmith. He was a very good artificer, and a man of much worth, high principled and liberal in all his affairs. My father did not wish him to give me a salary, as he was accustomed to do to his other workmen, in order that, since I had taken upon myself to practise that trade of my own free will, I could satisfy my desire to draw as much as I pleased. And I did so very willingly, and that excellent master of mine took mighty pleasure thereat. He had an only (natural) son, to whom he very frequently gave his orders, so as to spare me. So great was my desire, or in truth my inclination, or both combined, that in a few months I overtook some of the able, and even some of the more advanced, young men in the trade, and began to draw some profit from my labours. During this time I did not omit sometimes to give pleasure to my excellent Father, playing now upon the flute, and now upon the cornet; and I always caused his tears to fall, mingled with deep sighs, whenever he heard me; and I, out of filial duty, contented him very often, to show him that I still drew sufficient pleasure therefrom.

## CHAPTER II

(1516-1518)

On account of a broil our hero is banished to Siena, and enters the workshop of the goldsmith Francesco Castoro.—At the end of six months he returns to Florence.—He then goes to Bologna where he studies music and the working of precious metals.—He returns once more to Florence, but leaves again for Pisa as a protest against his brother's conduct.—He remains a year in that city with the goldsmith Ulivieri della Chiostra.—Studies the antiquities there, and, falling ill, returns to Florence.—Being restored to health he goes back to the workshop of Marcone the goldsmith.—The sculptor Pietro Torrigiani arrives in Florence.

AT that period I had a very bold and very hot-headed brother of mine, younger than myself by two years,<sup>1</sup> who became, subsequently, one of those fine

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI tells us here that "this youth was fourteen years of age, and he himself two years older." Still later in the *Autobiography*, in quoting the Latin inscription recording his brother's death, which, he says, was composed by certain celebrated scholars (*Obiit die xxvii Maii mdxxix*), he adds: "He was twenty-five years of age; . . . was called by his fellow soldiers *Cecchino del Piffero*, whereas his proper name was Giovanfrancesco Cellini. . . . It would appear from this that "*Cecchino*" was born in 1504; but the Register already quoted (p. 6, note 1) for 1504-5 states that at that date he was then one year old. To settle all doubts, however, and to prove the correctness of CELLINI'S assertion, we quote here in full his Baptismal Certificate: "*Opera di S. M. del Fiore in Firenze Registri de' battezzati. Giovanfrancesco et Romolo di*

soldiers who enjoyed the training of that glorious lord Giovannino de' Medici, father of Duke Cosimo.<sup>1</sup> This youth was about fourteen, and I two years older. One Sunday, at about twenty-two of the clock, he was between the Porta San Gallo and the Porta Pinti, and there entered into conflict with a youth of about twenty, with swords in their hands; so stoutly did he press upon him, that having sorely wounded him, he followed up his success still more. There were a great many persons present, among whom were many of the man's relatives; and when they saw that the matter was faring badly for him, they armed themselves with many slings, and one of them struck that poor youth, my brother, on the head; immediately he fell to the ground, insensible as one dead. I, for it happened by chance that I was there, both without friends and unarmed, cried out as loud as I could to my brother that he should retire, for what he had done was sufficient; in the meanwhile the chance occurred that he in that fashion fell down as if dead. I immediately ran to him, and seizing his sword

*Giovanni d'Andrea Cellini p. o. di S. Lor. n. a di 5 Gennaio (giovedì) 1502 a ore 7. Battezzato il Sabato 7."*

<sup>1</sup> Commonly known as Giovanni *delle Bande Nere*, from the black ensigns carried by his troops (it is said) in sign of mourning for the death of his cousin, Pope Leo X. His baptismal name was Lodovico, and he was the son of Giovanni di Pier Francesco de' Medici (son of Lorenzo, a brother of Cosimo "*Pater Patriae*") and the celebrated Caterina Sforza, natural daughter of Gian Galeazzo, Duke of Milan, widow of Girolamo Riario, and in her own right Ruler of Imola and Forli. He was one of the most famous *condottiere* of his time and was born at Forli in 1498. He died in November 1526, near Governo or Governolo, in the principality of Mantua, from wounds received in battle. He married Maria, daughter of Jacopo Salviati, by whom he was the father of Cosimo I, Duke of Tuscany.

set myself in front of him and in opposition to a number of swords and many stones. I never left my brother, until there came from the Porta di San Gallo some valiant soldiers who delivered me from that violent onset, marvelling much that there should be so great valour combined with such youth. So I bore my brother as far as our home as one dead, and when he reached his home he was resuscitated with great difficulty. When he was cured, the Eight,<sup>1</sup> who had already condemned our adversaries, and banished them for a term of years, banished us also for six months to a distance of ten miles from the city. I said to my brother, "Come with me"; and so we left our poor father, and he, instead of giving us a sum of money, because he had none to give, gave us his blessing. I went to Siena to find a certain honest man who was called M<sup>o</sup> Francesco Castoro;<sup>2</sup> since on a previous occasion, when

<sup>1</sup> The *Otto di Guardia e Balìa* were the eight criminal judges, who resided in the Palazzo di Podestà.

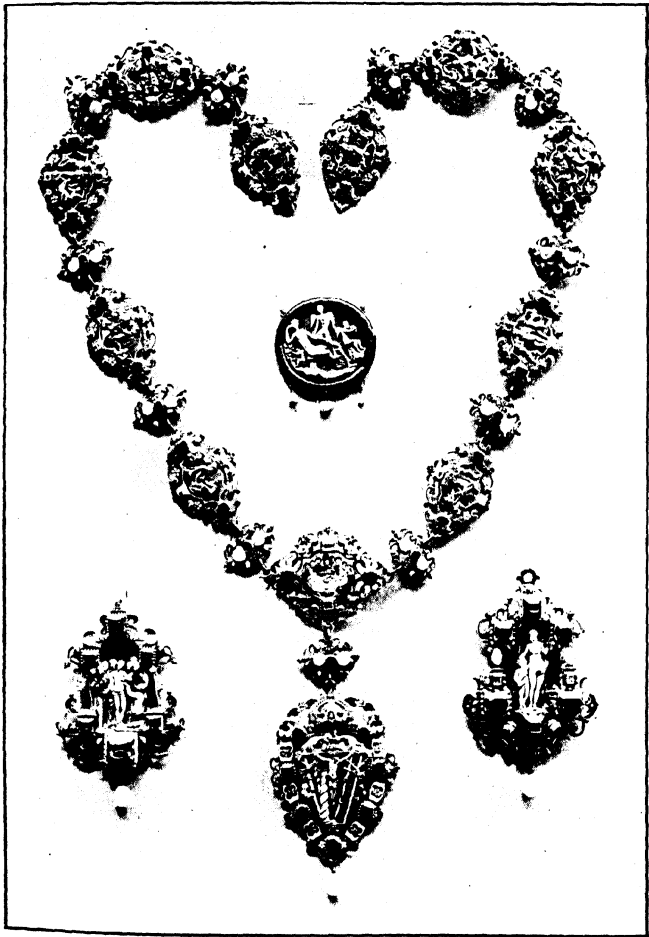
<sup>2</sup> In spite of GUASTI'S assertion to that effect, no trace can be found of the name of this craftsman in the Sienese Income Tax Returns for 1465. MILANESI in his *Docum. per la storia dell' arte senese*, gives one notice only of him in Vol. III, and that of but small importance. In a Letter-Book of the Balìa, No. 347, there are copies (on pp. 166 and 177) of two letters, dated August 13th and September 6th respectively, that passed between the Sienese and the Florentine authorities respecting certain rings taken from the Castori in Florence, and handed over to a certain Francesco Dellavachio, which it seems the Florentine Custom House had sequestered as contraband. And because they made some difficulty as to the restoration of these rings to the Castori, the Republic of Siena was obliged to have recourse to letters on the subject to the Florentine Government. How the matter ended we do not know, because the letters in reply are no longer extant. TIZIO, in his MS. *History of Siena* (Vol. VIII. 1515), records an

I had run away from my father, I had betaken myself to this excellent man, and stayed with him some days, until my father sent for me back again, working always in the goldsmith's trade. The said Francesco, when I came to him, immediately recognized me, and put me to a job. When I had thus set myself to work, the said Francesco gave me a home as long as I stayed in Siena; and thither I took my brother and myself, and I applied myself to work for many months. My brother had begun Latin literature, but he was so much of a lad that he had not yet acquired a taste for virtue, but went about in dissipation.

At that time Cardinal de' Medici, who was afterwards Pope Clemente,<sup>1</sup> at the prayers of my father enabled us to return to Florence. A certain pupil of my Father's, prompted by natural mischievousness, told the said Car-

arrest and prosecution instituted against Castoro and his accomplices for false coinage. He was of Lucchese origin, but in 1506 he was appointed one of the tutors and guardians of Master Turino di Giovanni Turini. In the year 1518 we find in the *Libro verde di due angeli*, amongst the Archives of the Opera del Duomo at Siena, the following entry: "*M<sup>o</sup> Francesco di Castoro e compagni orafi fanno un turibile per il Duomo.*" Francesco had a son named Bernardo, and both father and son seem to have been frequently employed by both the Sienese Republic,—as goldsmiths and makers of the coinage,—and by the Cathedral authorities of that same city.

<sup>1</sup> Natural son of Giuliano de' Medici, the victim of the Pazzi Conspiracy (April 26th 1478). He was Archbishop of Florence and Governor of the City for Leo X. In November 1523 he succeeded Adrian VI as Pope, under the name of Clement VII, and died on September 25th 1534. We hear of him frequently, of his qualities, of the work executed for him, etc., in CELLINI'S *Autobiography* and in the *Treatises*. His death is described with much vividness in the former: see Chap. X, p. 192 *e segg.*



NECKLACE AND PENDANTS IN GOLD AND ENAMEL

Collection of Baron Adolphe de Rothschild, Paris

[To face page 28, vol. 1



dinal that he ought to send me to Bologna to learn music thoroughly from a master who was there,<sup>1</sup> who was called Antonio, a really brilliant man in that profession of music. The Cardinal told my father that if he would send me thither, he would give me letters of recommendation and of assistance. My father, who was dying of desire for that very thing, sent me: whereupon I, being desirous of seeing the world, went willingly. When I reached Bologna, I set myself to work with one whom they called M<sup>o</sup> Ercole, the son of the Fifer (*del Piffero*), and I began to earn some money; and meanwhile I went every day for lessons in music, and in a few weeks I made very great progress in that accursed art; but I made much greater profit out of the goldsmith's trade, for, having received no help from the said Cardinal, I put myself in the house of a Bolognese miniature painter who was called Scipione Cavalletti<sup>2</sup> (he lived in the street of our Lady *del Baraccan*), and there I applied myself to designing and working for an individual whom they called Gratia Dio (*Thank God*) the Jew, with whom I earned a great deal. At the end of six months I returned to Florence, whereat that Pierino the fifer, who had formerly been my father's pupil, took it very ill. And I, to oblige my father, went to see him at his home, and I played the cornet and flute in concert with a brother of his, who bore the name of

<sup>1</sup> From these words, "who was called" down to "to oblige my father," the MS. is in CELLINI'S own handwriting.

<sup>2</sup> Scipio Cavalletti was the son of a certain Giovanni. He is known to have illuminated the missals for San Petronio from 1517 to 1523. Cf. L. FRATI, *I Corali della Basilica di S. Petronio ecc.* Bologna, Zanichelli, 1896, pp. 29-31, 105.



Girolamo,<sup>1</sup> was several years younger than the said Piero, and was a very excellent and good young man; quite the contrary to his brother. Upon one of these occasions my father came to the house of this Piero to hear us play; and, taking the greatest satisfaction out of that performance of mine, said: "I shall indeed make a wonderful musician out of him against the will of those who have desired to hinder me." To this Piero replied (and he spake the truth): "Your Benvenuto will derive much more profit and honour if he attends to the goldsmith's art than to this fising (*epipherata*)." My father took very much umbrage at these words, having seen that I too had the same opinion as Piero, so that in great wrath he said: "I knew well that it was you who hindered this my so greatly desired object, and that it was you who caused me to be removed from my post at the Palace, paying me with that great ingratitude with which men are accustomed to recompense important benefits. I caused them to give you a post, and you have got mine taken from me; I taught you to play with all the skill that you know, and you hinder my son from doing my will; but bear in mind these prophetic words: there will not pass, I do not say years or months, but a few weeks, before, for this so dishonourable an ingratitude of yours you will come to grief." To these words Pierino replied and said: "Master Giovanni, the greater part of mankind, when they grow old, along with that same advancing age, become crazy, as you have done, and at this I do not wonder, because you have given away most liberally all your possessions, without considering that your children would have need of them, whereas I con-

<sup>1</sup> This youth is referred to later on. See Chap. III, p. 51, n. 1.

template doing exactly the opposite, namely, to leave so much to my children that they may be able to assist yours." To this my father replied: "No bad tree ever bore good fruit; indeed the contrary; and I tell you further, that you are a bad man, and that your children will be insane and poor, and will come for alms to my virtuous and wealthy offspring." So he departed to his own home, both of them muttering wild words at one another. Whereupon I, who took the part of my good father, quitting that house in his company, told him that I would like to go and take my vengeance upon that rascal for the injuries that he had done him, on condition "that you let me apply myself to the art of drawing."<sup>1</sup> My father said: "My dear son, I have also been a fine draughtsman. Both for a relief from those wonderful labours of yours, and out of love for me, who am your father, who begot you, brought you up and laid the foundation of so many honourable talents, as a recreation from them, will you not promise me that you will sometimes take that flute and that most tuneful (*lasciavissimo*) cornet, and with some pleasurable delight to yourself play upon them with enjoyment?" I said "Yes! and most willingly, for love of him." Then my good father said that these very gifts would provide the greatest revenge that I could inflict for the injuries that he had received from his enemies. A whole month had not passed from these words, when the said Pierino, having caused a vaulted cellar to be made in one of the houses that he owned in Via dello Studio, was one day in the ground-floor chamber of it, above the vault that

<sup>1</sup> Here is one of CELLINI'S abrupt changes of grammatical construction.

he had caused to be made, with a large company, and it happened by chance that he was talking about my father, who had been his master. Just as he was repeating the words that he had said regarding his downfall, and had scarcely uttered them, when the chamber where he was, from the vault being insecurely pitched, or indeed through the true power of God, who does not pay on Saturday,<sup>1</sup>—collapsed; and since the stones of the vault and the bricks fell in with him they broke both his legs; whilst those who were with him, remaining above upon the edges of the vault, suffered no injury, but stood dumb-founded and astonished; especially at the remark that he had a short time before repeated in mockery. When he knew of this, my father, arming himself, went to see him, and in the presence of his own father, who was called Niccolao da Volterra, trumpeter to the Signoria, he said: "Oh! Piero, my dear pupil, I am very much grieved at your misfortune; but if you remember well, it is but a little while ago that I warned you of it; and just as much will happen regarding your children and mine as I have told you." A little time after the ungrateful Piero died of that same ailment. He left a wanton wife and a son, who some years later came to me for alms in Rome. I gave it to him, because it is my nature to give alms; and almost with tears I recalled that happy condition in which Pierino was when my father pronounced to him those words, namely, that the sons of the said Pierino would hereafter turn for alms to his virtuous children. And enough has perhaps been said upon this point, and let no one ever make jest of

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression in common use, allusive to the uncertainty of human affairs.

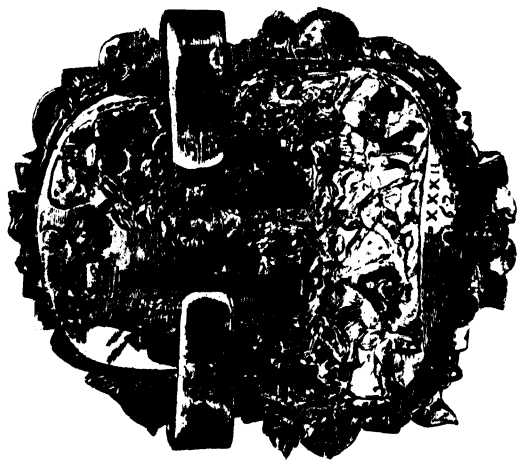
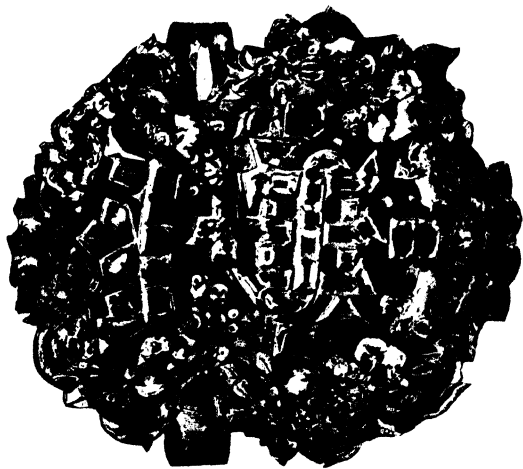
the prophecies of a worthy man, whom they have unjustly reviled, because it is not he who speaks, but rather the voice of God Himself.

Attending, however, to the goldsmith's trade, I assisted by means of it my good father. His other son and my brother, by name Cecchino, as I have said above, although he had caused him to commence Latin literature,—because he desired to make me, the elder, a great performer and musician, and him, the younger, a fine learned lawyer,—he was unable to force that which nature had inclined us to: nature, which made me prone to the art of design, and my brother (who was of fine and graceful proportions) entirely devoted to the pursuit of arms; and, although he was still very young, he was on his way from his first lesson in the school of that most glorious lord Giovannino de' Medici. Having reached home when I was not there, he was badly off for clothes; and finding our sisters, they, unknown to my father, gave him my fine new cloak and frock, handsome garments which, over and above the assistance that I gave to my father and to my good and honest sisters, I had had made with the savings from my labours. Finding myself deceived, and the said garments taken from me, and not finding my brother, from whom I wished to recover them, I asked my father why he had permitted me to suffer so great a wrong, since he saw that I laboured so willingly to assist him. To this he replied that I was his good son, but that he had regained the other one whom he thought that he had lost: and that it was a necessity, or rather a precept of God Himself, that he who had any good thing should give to him that had not: and that out of love for him I ought to bear this injury: God would

give me the increase of every good thing. I, like a youth without common sense, turned upon my poor unhappy father; and having collected the meagre remains of my clothing and money, directed my course towards one of the city gates; and not knowing which of the gates it might be that would lead me to Rome, I found myself at Lucca, and, by way of Lucca, at Pisa. And at the time that I arrived at Pisa I was about the age of sixteen years;<sup>1</sup> and, as I paused beside the central bridge, at a spot which they call the "Fish Stone,"<sup>2</sup> beside a goldsmith's shop, I stood watching attentively what the

<sup>1</sup> As will be shown later Cellini passed the whole of the year 1517 in Pisa. GAETANO MILANESI (MS. in the Bibl. Comun. at Siena, III, 41, c. 12) sums up from the original documents in a body of archives (namely, that of the Florentine Board of the "Buonomini di S. Martino"; part of which passed into the Palatine Section of the Archivio Nazionale of Florence) all the notices referring to this sojourn of Cellini at Pisa in these words: "(1513-1517) Memorandum written by Benvenuto Cellini in his own hand, in which he states that he has seen the Will of his Mother Maddalena, witnessed by Ser Bartolommeo Braccini, wherein she directs that her brothers and their children respectively should not demand from him account of what his father had expended on his behalf for sustenance and books whilst studying at Pisa; she left him besides, as a legacy, whatever was due from him for such expenditure over and above the cost of his sustenance, making him then co-heir with her brothers, Pier Francesco, Gio. Batista, and Jacopo; and he adds that his said mother made another Will in 1517, bequeathing 30 per cent. of her estate (*gli Trentesimi*) for her funeral rites in the Church of S. Domenico di Fiesole."

<sup>2</sup> The *Pietra del Pesce* at Pisa was the name given to the flight of steps upon which they sold the fish brought from the River Arno. The central bridge (*Ponte di mezzo*) was originally of wood, but was improved and constructed of stone in 1382. It collapsed in 1637, but after various vicissitudes was rebuilt some years later in its present form.



# MORSE

Collection of the Chapter of Sta. Barbara, Mantua

*[To face page 34, vol. I*



master of the shop was doing, when the said master asked of me who I was and what was my profession ; upon which I said that I laboured a little at the same trade that he did. This worthy man told me to come into his shop, and immediately set before me the materials for work, and uttered these words: " Your open countenance makes me believe that you are both worthy and good." So he set before me gold, silver, and precious stones ; and when that first day's work was completed, he took me in the evening to his own house, where he lived honestly with his handsome wife and children. Recalling the grief that my good father might have on my account, I wrote to him that I was in the house of a very good and worthy man, who was called Master Ulivieri della Chiostra,<sup>1</sup> and that with him I was executing many beautiful and splendid works ; and that he must be of good courage, for I was endeavouring to learn, and that I hoped with that same skill to bring to him soon something both of profit and honour. My good father immediately replied to my letter saying thus: " My son, the affection that I bear for you is so great, that were it not for a high sense of

<sup>1</sup> This Ulivieri di Filippo della Chiostra and his brother Tommaso were Pisan goldsmiths, who executed a considerable amount of work for the Duomo Sacristy (Cf. TANFANI CENTOFANTI, *Notizie di Artisti tratte dai documenti pisani*. Pisa, 1897, pp. 253-5, 481-2). We learn that on March 30th 1513 (1514) the Cathedral Chapter bought of Ulivieri a pair of fine silver-gilt ewers, weighing 16 oz. 11 den. at a price of 16 ducats, 3 lire, 10 soldi ; on May 25th 1514 (1513) a fine chased silver-gilt basin, weighing 2 lb., for 24 ducats ; on July 30th in the same year a fine gilded enamel of the *Assumption*, weighing 8½ oz., which he set on the cover of a choir book for a further sum of 9 ducats ; on August 15th 1515 (1514), a walnut wood handle, gilded and enamelled at the ends, for 54 ducats ; on June 19th 1516 (1515), a silver-gilt



honour,<sup>1</sup> which I observe above all other things, I should have at once made arrangements to come to you, because I indeed seem to be without the light of my eyes if I do not see you every day, as I was accustomed to do. I shall devote my attention to finishing (my task) of leading my family in the path of virtue and honour, and do you attend to the study of virtue: and I only desire you to remember these few (*quattro*) simple words, and observe and never to forget them: 'In that house wherein you wish to stay, live in honesty and steal nothing.'"

This letter fell into the hands of my master Ulivieri, and, unknown to me, he read it. Afterwards he told me that he had read the letter, and pronounced these words to me: "Truly, Benvenuto mine, your open countenance did not play me false, as is proved to me by a letter from your father, which has come into my hands; according to which he must be a good and worthy man; therefore consider that you are now in your own home and as in your father's house." Whilst I remained in Pisa I went to see the Campo Santo,<sup>2</sup> and there I found many

chalice, weighing 3 lb.  $\frac{1}{2}$  an oz., and a paten to match for 54 ducats, 6 lire, 8 soldi (pp. 253-5); and in the same year a head of San Bartolommeo (p. 482).

<sup>1</sup> The elder Cellini means to say that he is in honour bound to stay in Florence to take care of his wife and his other children still residing there.

<sup>2</sup> There exists a tradition that in 1189 the Pisans went with a large fleet to the Holy Land and transported thence a quantity of earth for the formation of their Campo Santo, of which in 1278 Giovanni Pisano was the architect. For a full description of the Works of Art—pictures, sculptures, and tombs—that it contains, the student should consult ROSINI, *Pisa*, Capurro, 1837, R. GRASSI, *Descriz. stor. ed artist. di Pisa*, Pisa, 1836-7, Vol. II, pp. 110-255, and J. B. SUPINO, *Il Campo Santo di Pisa*, Firenze, Alinari, 1898.

fine antiquities, that is to say, marble coffers; and in many other spots in Pisa I saw a number of other ancient objects, regarding which, every day that I could spare from my work at the shop, I made a diligent study; and when my master, out of his great affection for me, came to see me in the little chamber that he had allotted to me, and saw that I spent all my time thus honestly, he conceived for me a love as if he had actually been my father. I made a great profit during the one year that I stayed there, and executed some fine and important works in gold and in silver, which gave me the greatest courage to proceed further. My father at this juncture wrote to me most piteously that I should return to him, and in every letter reminded me that I ought not to lose that art of music which with so much labour he had taught to me. Upon this there departed immediately from me all desire ever to return to the place where he was, so much did I hold in abhorrence that accursed art of music; and it seemed to me that I had truly been in Paradise for the whole year that I had passed in Pisa, where I had never practised once. At the end of the year my master Ulivieri had occasion to go to Florence to sell certain gold and silver filings (*spazzature*) that he had; and because in that very bad climate I had been assailed by a slight attack of fever, with it upon me, and in my Master's company, I returned to Florence; where my father showed the greatest courtesies to my master, imploring him civilly, unknown to me, that he would be pleased not to take me back to Pisa. Continuing sick, I remained thus about two months, and my father with great devotion caused me to be doctored and cured, continually saying that it seemed to him a thousand

years ere I should be cured, that he might hear me play a little. And whilst he argued with me regarding this music, keeping his finger on my pulse, for he had some knowledge of medicine and of Latin literature, he felt in that same pulse, directly he began to talk about music, so great a change, that he was frequently terrified and departed from my side in tears; in such measure that when I perceived his great unhappiness on this score, I told one of my sisters to bring me a flute; for although I still continued to have fever, since that instrument involved but very little strain, it did me no harm to play with so fine an execution in fingers and tongue, that my father, bursting in upon me unexpectedly, blessed me a thousand times, saying that during the time that I had been away from him I seemed to have made a vast improvement; and he besought me that I would persevere in it so that I should not lose so fine an accomplishment. When I was cured I returned to my worthy friend, Marchone the goldsmith, who provided me with the means of earning something, with which earnings I assisted my father and my family.

At that time there came to Florence a sculptor who was named Piero Torrigiani.<sup>1</sup> He came from England,

<sup>1</sup> Pietro di Antonio Torrigiani, the sculptor, was born in Florence November 24th 1472, and died between July and August 1528. He was of humble origin, his family being vintners. He studied under the sculptor Bertoldo and eventually acquired great renown and wealth, being highly favoured by the Medici family and finally receiving the title of Marchese from the Pope. After his quarrel with Michelangelo (to which CELLINI alludes) he went to Rome and did some work in stucco for the Pope (Alexander VI). He then became a soldier of fortune under Cesar Borgia and others, and was present at the battle of Garigliano, in which the worthless Piero de' Medici lost his life; but being tired of

where he had resided many years, and, since he was a great friend of my master's, he came every day to (see) him. And when he saw my drawings and my work, he said: "I have come to Florence to engage as many young men as I can: for having a great work to execute for my king I want the aid of my Florentine fellow-citizens; and since your style of execution and your designs are more those of a sculptor than of a goldsmith, and as I have vast works in bronze to carry out, I will

military affairs he returned to his art and went to England about 1513. His residence in England is marked by the fine tombs of King Henry VII, and of his mother, the Lady Margaret, Countess of Richmond, in Westminster Abbey, and of Dr. John Young (Master of the Rolls) now preserved in the Record Office. See LEWIS EINSTEIN, *The Italian Renaissance in England* (New York: The Columbia University Press. London: Macmillan and Co., 1902); C. C. PERKINS, *Historical Handbook of Italian Sculpture* (New York, 1883).

CELLINI alludes again later on to his refusal of Torrigiani's offer; but on the 23rd and 28th of September and the 26th of October in the same year the sculptor did make contracts with Antonio di Piergiovanni di Lorenzo, sculptor, of Settignano; with Antonio, nicknamed *Toto del Nunziata*, painter; and with Giovanni Luigi di Bernardino di Maestro Iacopo da Verona, residing in Florence, by which these artists bound themselves to stay with him for four years and a half, and to work at the trade in Italy, France, Flanders, England, Germany, or in any other part of the world whatsoever: Torrigiani undertaking to give the first a salary of three gold florins per month, and the two others forty ducats per annum, over and above their food, lodging and means of transport. (*Cf. the Life of Torrigiani* in VASARI, *ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. IV; especially the additions to note 1, p. 251.) VASARI makes no mention of this temporary return of Torrigiani to his native land, but states "that he was by nature very proud and choleric, being moreover a person of robust appearance, of bold and courageous spirit, so that all other people were very frequently overpowered by his deeds and his words."

make you at one and the same time both skilful and wealthy." This man was of the most handsome presence, and most bold-looking; he had more the air of a great soldier than of a sculptor, especially in his magnificent gestures and his sonorous voice, together with a trick of contracting his brows enough to terrify most men. And every day he talked of his bold doings among those beasts of Englishmen. In this connection he chanced to speak of Michelagnuolo Buonarroti,<sup>1</sup> which was caused by a drawing that I had made, a copy of a cartoon by that most divine Michelagnuolo. This cartoon was the first fine work wherein Michelagnuolo displayed his marvellous talents, and he executed it in competition with one made by another artist, namely, Lionardo da Vinci,<sup>2</sup> which were to adorn the Sala del Consiglio in the Palace of the Signoria.<sup>3</sup> They

<sup>1</sup> Michelangelo Buonarroti was born at Caprese in the Casentino on March 16th 1475, and died in Rome on February 18th 1564. Cf. VASARI, *ed. MILANESI cit.*, Florence, Sansoni, 1881, Vol. VII; J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS, *The Life of Michel Angelo Buonarroti*, London, Nimmo, 1893; A. GOTTI, *Vita di Michelangelo Buonarroti*, Firenze, 1875; H. GRIMM, *Michelangelo's Leben*, Berlin, Heltz, 1890; and a great variety of others.

<sup>2</sup> Leonardo da Vinci was born at Anchiano (Vinci) near Empoli in 1452, and died at Amboise on May 2nd 1519. For further particulars concerning him see MILANESI'S *Commentary on Vasari's Lives cit. supra*; J. P. RICHTER, *Leonardo da Vinci* (London, 1880); EDWARD MCCURDY, *Leonardo da Vinci* (London, 1904), and many others.

<sup>3</sup> These two celebrated cartoons were commissioned by the Gonfalonier Piero Soderini in 1504-5, but neither was ever completed. Leonardo executed his cartoon in the Sala del Papa at the Convent of Santa Maria Novella; Michelangelo his in a room in the Convent of San Onofrio. This latter cartoon is by some said to have been intended for an episode in the Pisan war (1406), by

represented events when Pisa was taken by the Florentines: and the admirable Lionardo da Vinci had chosen to illustrate a battle of cavalry, together with the capture of certain standards; as divinely composed as it is possible to imagine. Michelagnuolo Buonarroti in his painting depicted a number of foot soldiers who, since it was summer-time, were in the act of bathing in the Arno; and in that instant he shows that an alarm has been given, and those naked infantry are rushing to arms with such fine gestures that there has never among ancient or other modern artists been seen a work that attained to so high a pitch of greatness; and as I have said, the work of the great Lionardo was most beautiful and wonderful. These two cartoons stood, one in the Palace of the Medici, and the other in the Sala del Papa. Whilst they continued in existence they formed a school of Art for the world. Although the divine Michelagnuolo subsequently painted the Great Chapel<sup>1</sup> for Pope Julio, he never by half reached this point; his talents never again arrived at the power of these early efforts.

others in the Battle of Cascina (1364), but it is to be observed that CELLINI has made a mistake in stating that Leonardo's composition was ever intended to be a scene in that war. He represented *an episode in the battle fought near Anghiari in 1440*, on which occasion the Florentines won a great victory over the *condottiere* Niccolò Piccinino. Both these paintings are now lost; but that by Michelangelo was engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi. Parts only of Leonardo's design—in all probability all that he ever completed—survive in sketches and copies by subsequent artists.

<sup>1</sup> The Sixtine Chapel in the Vatican, wherein Michelangelo, between the years 1508 and 1513, painted *The Creation of the World* and a number of *Scenes from the Old Testament* upon the ceiling, and between 1534 and 1541 executed the fresco of *The Last Judgement*. This last work was, however, painted for Pope Paul III (Cf. VASARI, *ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, pp. 174 *e segg.*, 204-5, 209 *e segg.*).

## CHAPTER III

(1518-1523)

Cellini refuses to accompany Torrigiani to England.—He strives to imitate the style of Michelangelo, and copies Filippo Lippi's drawings of ancient Roman works of art.—In the shop of Francesco Salimbene he makes a clasp for a girdle.—He goes to Rome in the company of the wood-carver, Tasso.—He makes a salt-cellar in the shop of Firenzuola the Lombard, who takes great offence at his deserting him to work with Paolo Arsago the Milanese. He thus earns large sums of money, and therefrom sends assistance to his father.—At the end of two years he returns to Florence to the workshop of Salimbene, where he makes a much-admired "Heart's-Key" (*chiavacuore*) in silver.—Insulted by some of his fellow-tradesmen, he promptly revenges himself, for which violence he is somewhat heavily fined, and in consequence makes a furious attack upon his enemies.—Disguised as a monk he escapes from Florence and returns to Rome.

WE now return to Piero Torrigiani, who with my drawing in his hand, spake thus: "This Buon-aaroti (*sic*) and I from boyhood used to go to study in Masaccio's chapel<sup>1</sup> in the Church of the Carmine; and

<sup>1</sup> The frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine in Florence for many years served as a school of painting for all the most celebrated Florentine artists of the Quattrocento: and from their wonderful state of preservation are still among the most beautiful remains of Tuscan art. Criticism is by no means agreed as to the attributions of the various subjects: but it is known that they were commenced

because Buonaaroti was accustomed to make fun of all those who were drawing there, one day when the said youth was annoying me among the rest, he aroused in me more anger than usual,<sup>1</sup> and clenching my fist I gave him so violent a blow upon the nose, that I felt the bone and the cartilage of the nose break under the stroke, as if it had been a wafer;<sup>2</sup> and thus marked by me he will remain as long as he lives." These words

by Masolino da Panicale, and to him is unanimously attributed *The Sin of our First Parents*. Masaccio (Tommaso di Ser Giovanni Guidi: born at S. Giovanni Valdarno, December 21st 1401: died in 1428) then continued his master's work up to 1428, when he went to Rome. To him may now be assigned without doubt *The Expulsion from Eden*, *St. Peter discharging the Tribute*, and *St. Paul healing the Sick*. Some of the other scenes are allotted as much to the master as to the pupil. Some years later Filippino Lippi completed the undertaking, and to him are attributed the greater part of the *Scenes from the Life of St. Peter*.

<sup>1</sup> VASARI does not admit the provocation given by Michelangelo to which allusion is made here; but Torrigiani's violent temper seems to have been well known to his contemporaries, and the Aretine biographer, on account of this very onslaught upon Michelangelo, would probably be as much prejudiced against him as Cellini was. From England he went to Spain, but the story of his destruction of his own statue of our Lady and consequent imprisonment by the Inquisition seems, in the light of modern research, to be apocryphal; as also the legend of his suicide in prison in 1522 (?), (Cf. VASARI *ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 255-64. On this point see also PLON *op. cit.*, pp. 6-7.) CONDIVI, in his *Life of Michelangelo Buonarroti*, records this story, but calls the offender "Torrighiano," instead of "Piero." He describes him as *uomo bestiale e superbo*, and says he was for this reason "banished from Florence" (*sbandito per questo di Firenze*), and "came to a bad end" (*fece mala morte*).

<sup>2</sup> *Cialdone* = a sort of wafer rolled up in the form of a horn, such as is served to-day in Italy to accompany whipped cream (*panna montata*).



begat in me so great a hatred, since I saw continually the works of the divine Michelagnuolo, that, notwithstanding that I had conceived a desire to go with him to England, I could not bear even to see him.

I applied myself continually in Florence to study after the fine style of Michelagnuolo, and from that I have never deviated. At that period I commenced an intercourse and a very close friendship with a charming youth of my own age, who was also working in the goldsmith's trade. He bore the name of Francesco,<sup>1</sup> son of Filippo, the son of that most excellent painter, Fra Filippo. In our relations with one another there arose so great an affection that we never passed either day or night apart; and, moreover, since his home was full of those beautiful studies that his brilliant father had made, which consisted of a number of books of drawings by his own hand, representations of the fine antiquities of Rome: the which when I saw them enchanted me very much, and for about two years we kept company together. At this time I executed a work in silver in low relief as large as the hand of a small boy. This article served for the clasp of a man's girdle, for they then wore them so big. There was carved upon it a group of leaves, arranged after the ancient manner, together with many small cherubs and other very fine masks. This work I executed in the

<sup>1</sup> Filippo Lippi, commonly known as *Filippino*, the celebrated Florentine painter (1457-1504) by his wife Maddalena di Pietro di Paolo Monti had three sons: Giovan Francesco, the goldsmith (*Cf. VASARI ed. cit.*, Vol. III, 476, note 1), Roberto, and Luigi (subsequently, after his father's death, styled Filippo). In the *Libro dei Battezzati*, 1500-1507 (*Archivio del Opera del Duomo di Firenze*) is to be found the entry of the birth of Giovanni Francesco on May 15th 1501.

workshop of a man named Francescho Salinbene.<sup>1</sup> When this work was seen by the Goldsmiths' Guild, I acquired the reputation of being the most promising young man in that trade. And perchance a certain youth, Giovanbatista, surnamed Tasso,<sup>2</sup> a wood-carver, a youth of precisely my own age, began saying that if I would like to go to Rome, he would willingly accompany me (this conversation that we had together took place immediately after dinner): and since I was enraged with my father over the usual subject of music, I said to Tasso, "You are a man of words and not of deeds." Tasso then replied to me: "I also am in a rage with my mother, and if I had money enough to take me to Rome I would not turn back even to close up that wretched little shop that I possess (at present)." To these words I replied that if it was on that account that he remained I was possessed of sufficient funds to take us both to Rome. Conversing thus together, as we walked along we found

<sup>1</sup> Francesco d'Antonio di Salimbene matriculated in the Arte della Seta (the *Silk Trade*), of which the Goldsmiths' Guild was one of the principal branches, on February 1st 1507.

Regarding Cellini's waist-buckles, see PLON *op. cit.*, p. 139.

<sup>2</sup> Battista di Marco Tasso was a most able wood-carver and a clever architect. The Loggia del Mercato Nuovo in Florence was built after his designs. He appears in the group of artists surrounding the Grand Duke Cosimo in Vasari's fresco in the Palazzo Vecchio. See PLON *op. cit.*, p. 122 *e segg.* He seems to have been one of Cellini's most constant friends. He is alluded to both by VASARI and by PIETRO ARETINO. He died in 1555. Cf. VASARI *ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. VI, p. 95 and *passim*. C. MILANESI in his edition of the *Treatises* on p. 261 publishes from the Cod. 'Riccard. 2788 a memorandum made by CELLINI himself, dated August 1st 1555: *Chome oggi questo di detto Filippo di Giovanni Battista detto 'l Tasso ene venuto a stare con esso mecho per fattore per imparare l'arte.*

ourselves at the Gate at Sanpiero Gattolini<sup>1</sup> without noticing it. Upon which I said to him: "Tasso mine, we are at this gate where neither you nor I expected to be; now since I am here it seems to me as though I had completed half the journey." Being thus in agreement, he and I said as we continued our journey, "What will our old folks say this evening?" Having said this we entered into a compact together not to think of them any more until we should have arrived in Rome. So we bound our aprons upon our backs, and proceeded almost in silence as far as Siena. When we were in Siena, Tasso said that he was footsore, so that he did not want to come any further, and he begged me to lend him the money to return home. To which I replied that there would not be enough left for me to go forward: "you should have thought of this ere leaving Florence; and if it be only on account of your feet that you do not want to come further we will find a horse returning to Rome, and then you will have no excuse for not coming." Having therefore hired a horse, when I saw that he did not answer me, I took the road towards the gate that leads to Rome. He, when he saw that I was determined, not ceasing to grumble, limping along to the best of his ability, came slowly at a good distance behind me. When I reached the gate, pitying my poor companion, I waited for him and took him up behind me, saying to him, "What would our friends say of us tomorrow, if when we had set out to go to Rome, we had not sufficient courage to go beyond Siena?" Whereupon

<sup>1</sup> This gate received its name from a church dedicated thus which once stood near it. It was subsequently—and is still—called *Porta Romana*, because it debouched upon the road to Rome.

the excellent Tasso admitted that I spoke the truth, and being a lively creature, he began to laugh and sing: and thus continuing to sing and laugh we took our way to Rome. My age was then exactly nineteen, in correspondence with the century. When we had arrived in Rome I immediately engaged myself with a master-craftsman, whom they called Firenzuola.<sup>1</sup> This man bore the name of Giovanni, and was from Firenzuo! in Lombardy; and he was a most skilful workman in the fashioning of plate and articles of large size. When I showed him a small idea of the model of that buckle which I had executed in Florence with Salinbene, he was wondrously pleased and spake these words to me, turning to a youth whom he employed, who was a Florentine, and was called Giannotto Giannotti,<sup>2</sup>—who had, moreover, been with him some years—he spake as follows: “This is one of those Florentines who know their business, but you are one of those who know it not.” Thereupon recognizing Giannotto I turned to accost him. For before he went to Rome, we

<sup>1</sup> A document dated August 21st 1521 (now lost), mentions a shop occupied by this craftsman in company with Giovanni da Caravaggio and Giannotto Giannotti (mentioned presently). From another document, dated October 1528 (*Archivio di Stato di Roma. Notari Capitolini*, n. 139, c. 29, 30), we learn that he was Consul of the Goldsmiths' Guild for that year and that his surname was *De Giorgis*. Cf. A. BERTELOTTI, *Artisti Lombardi a Roma nei secoli XV. XVI. e XVII.* Vol. I, pp. 241-242 (Milan, Hoepli, 1881).

<sup>2</sup> This Giannotto di Leonardo Giannotti was the brother of Donato Giannotti, the learned friend of Michelangelo and Ferruccio. On June 1st 1546 he sold a house in the Via Giulia in Rome to Pier Luigi Farnese, Duke of Parma and Piacenza, and among the witnesses to the execution of the deed were Antonio da San Gallo and Giulio de Amerighis da Caravaggio. Cf. BERTELOTTI, *op. cit.*, p. 142.

often set to work together to draw, and had been very intimate comrades. But taking great offence at the words which his master had spoken, he said that he did not recognize me, nor did he know who I was. Upon which I being indignant at such statements, said to him: "Oh! Giannotto, once my intimate friend, for we were often to be found in such and such places, and used to draw, eat, drink and sleep at your country-house, I do not need you to go bail for me to this worthy man your master, because I hope that my own hands may suffice to testify without your aid what sort of workman I am." When I had finished these words, Firenzuola, who was very excitable and violent, turned to the said Giannotto and said to him: "Oh! you vile rascal! Are you not ashamed to use such treatment and conduct towards one who has been so intimate a companion of yours?" And turning to me in the same excited manner he said: "Come into the shop and do as you have said; so that your hands may prove of what you are capable;" and he set me to carry out a most beautiful commission in silver for a cardinal. It was a casket copied from that in porphyry which stands before the door of the *Rotonda*.<sup>1</sup> Besides copying it I enriched it with so many beautiful grotesques that my master went about eulo-

<sup>1</sup> The Pantheon of Agrippa, converted into a church by Pope Boniface IV, under the name of *Sta Maria ad Martires*, or, as it is usually styled now, *della Rotonda*. The porphyry urn alluded to above was subsequently placed by Alexander VII within the portico of the Pantheon, in a niche to the right of the entrance. There it remained until 1733, when it was removed to the Lateran, and is still to be seen upon the tomb of Clement XII in the Corsini family chapel (*Cf. VASARI ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. I, 109, n. 2, 111, 95, n. 1).



DESIGN FOR A SALT-CELLAR

Uffizi Collection, Florence

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gizing it and exhibiting it throughout the trade, because so well-executed an object should have issued from his workshop. It was about half a *braccio* in size; and was arranged to serve as a salt-cellar, to be kept upon the table. This was the first-fruits of the earnings that I tasted in Rome: and one portion of these same earnings I forwarded to the assistance of my good father. The other portion I reserved to live upon myself: and with it I went about studying the remains of antiquity until my funds came to an end when it suited me to return to the shop to work. My comrade, Battista del Tasso, did not stay long in Rome, but returned to Florence. Having taken up again fresh work, the desire came upon me, when I had completed what I had on hand, to change my employer, being seduced thereto by a certain Milanese, who was called Master Pagholo Arsago.<sup>1</sup> My former master Firenzuola raised a great disturbance with this Arsago, uttering in my presence certain in-

<sup>1</sup> From BERTOLOTTI (*op. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 242, and *Artisti Subalpini in Roma*, Mantova 1884, p. 114) we learn a few facts concerning this craftsman. His shop was situated close to the little church of Sant' Eligio (the patron of goldsmiths). He is recorded as a member of the Goldsmiths' Guild on June 25th 1516, and he was involved in a lawsuit in 1521 with one Federigo Musta. From his Will, dated October 15th 1522, we learn that he lived at Pellegrino; that he was the brother of Girolamo Arsago; that his wife's name was Elisabetta de Vinciis; and that he desired to be buried in the church of San Lorenzo in Damaso. He appears to have died before 1563. For further information regarding the Guild of Goldsmiths in Rome, and specially in reference to Cellini's dealings with Firenzuola, Arsago and others, cf. SIDNEY CHURCHILL, *Benvenuto Cellini, the Caradosos, and other Master Craftsmen of the Guild of the Goldsmiths of Rome* in *Monatsheften für Kunstwissenschaft*, 1908. Klinkhardt und Biermann, Leipzig.



sulting expressions: whereat I took up my parable in defence of my new master. I told him that I had been born a free man, and thus free I meant to live; and that he had no reason to complain of his conduct, still less of me, for there remained in his hands a few *scudi* due upon our contract: and that as a free journeyman I wished to go where I liked: knowing that I did wrong to no man. My new master also made a few remarks, stating that he had not summoned me, and that I should oblige him by returning with Firenzuola. To this I rejoined that I was not aware that I had done wrong in any way, and since I had finished the work that I had begun, I wished to be at my own disposal and not at that of anyone else, and whoever wanted my services might ask me for them. To this Firenzuola replied: "I have no wish to ask anything further of you, and never upon any account do you come into my presence." I reminded him of the money due to me. He began to jeer at me; upon which I replied, that just as I could manipulate my tools upon the jobs that he had seen, was I not less skilful with my sword for the recovery of my dues. At these words there stopped by chance an elderly man, who was called Master Antonio da Sanmarino.<sup>1</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> This Antonio di Paolo de' Fabbri da San Marino was not only a most brilliant craftsman, but also very expert in public matters. He held various appointments from his native Republic at the Court of Rome; and he was one of the heirs of Raphael to the building-land in the Via Giulia, bought by that painter on March 20th 1520 from Leonardo Bartolini. For further information regarding him *cf.* BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti Lombardi cit.*, Vol. I, p. 271; *Artisti Subalpini cit.*, p. 235; GIROLAMO AMATI, *Lettere romane di Momo*, Roma, 1872; M. DELFICO, *Memorie Sto. della rep. di S. Marino*, 4th ed. Napoli, Nobile, 1865, p. 19. In the *Giornale di*

man was by far the most able goldsmith in Rome and had been Firenzuola's master. Having listened to my argument, which I uttered in such a manner that he could very easily understand it, he immediately undertook my cause, and said that Firenzuola should pay me. The disputes were violent, because this Firenzuola was marvellously skilled in arms, very much more indeed than in the art of the goldsmith. But reason turned the situation, and I assisted it with the same spirit, to such purpose that I was paid; and in course of time the said Firenzuola and I were reconciled, and I stood godfather at his request to one of his sons.

Continuing to work with Master Pagholo Arsago I earned a great deal, always sending the greater part to my good father. At the end of two years, at the prayers of my good father, I returned to Florence and set myself to work once more with Francesco Salinbene, with whom I made very good earnings and took great pains to learn. Having renewed my relations with Francesco di Filippo, although I was much given up to certain diversions on account of that accursed music, I never omitted to devote certain hours of the day or of the night to my studies.<sup>1</sup> I made at that time a silver Heart's-

*Erudizione* (Perugia), Vol. I, p. 360, is published the Will of the celebrated Perugian goldsmith, Lautizio di Bartolommeo de' Rotelli, executed on November 20th 1523, and therein mention is made of Antonio da San Marino and his heirs, to whom Lautizio owed 90 ducats for the making of certain silver beakers.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. the following passage occurs here which has apparently been cancelled by the amanuensis under the author's directions:

"There were in Florence that Girolamino, brother of Pierino the fifer, and another fellow who was called Giovannino di Danello a

Key (*chiavaquore*); for so they were called in those days. It was a girdle the width of three fingers, which they were accustomed to make for newly-wedded brides; and it was made in low relief with some small figures besides upon it in full relief. I made it for a man named Raffaello Lapaccini.<sup>1</sup> Although I was very badly paid for it, I acquired from it such reputation as was of more advantage to me than the price that I ought justly to have received. Having at this period worked for many divers employers in Florence, where I was acquainted with some men of worth among the goldsmiths, such as was Marchone, my first master, there were others who bore the name of very good men, but who, by overreaching me in my work, robbed me shamefully as far as they were able. Upon seeing this I avoided them, and reckoned them as evil fellows and thieves. One

fifer, and another named Giovan Francesco Porri, and myself. We made up a quartette (*conserto*) of four cornets, the most harmonious and best that had ever been heard at that period; and this I really did because of the fine melody and charm of the music and also from my desire to please my poor old father; for by this means I kept life in his body, who several years previously I had deserted. Blessed is he who can have and feel this (sentiment). One evening, amongst others, we four being together, went to play certain serenades to Filippo Strozi. Departing hurriedly (*fuggitici*) thence we all went together along the Via Larga, and there we played again; where there came up to us a tiresome de Benci, who with a servant of the Signoria and a State official (*comandatore*)" . . .

Why this passage ends thus abruptly and was cancelled we have no means of ascertaining. It is omitted in all other MSS and printed texts.

<sup>1</sup> Records of this family are to be found in the chronicles of NARDI, AMMIRATO and others. Some of them held high public appointments. Benedetto was one of "*Dieci di Balìa*" in 1409, and Alesso was Chancellor to the Signoria in 1529.



DESIGN FOR A SALT-CELLAR

Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington

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goldsmith amongst the rest, named Giovanbatista Sogliani,<sup>1</sup> courteously accommodated me with a part of his shop, which was in a corner of the Merchato Nuovo, beside the bank kept by the Landi. Here I executed many beautiful little works and earned a good deal: I was able to assist my family very much. I aroused the envy of those evil masters whom I had formerly served, who were called Salvatore and Michele Guasconti<sup>2</sup> (they owned three large shops for the carrying on

<sup>1</sup> Nothing further is known of this amiable but apparently undistinguished craftsman than this record of his shop.

<sup>2</sup> Salvatore di Niccolò di Giuliano Guasconti, goldsmith, is mentioned with some commendation by CELLINI in his *Treatise on the Art of the Goldsmith*. He matriculated into the Goldsmiths' Guild on July 20th 1486, and learnt the trade in the shop of Giovanni di Stefano Salterelli. His cousin Michele di Lodovico di Giuliano Guasconti matriculated on January 19th 1506. This encounter with the Guasconti happened on November 13th 1523. Further particulars regarding it, slurred over or omitted by CELLINI himself, may be gathered from the records of the *Otto*. For the *blow* or *slap* given to Gherardo, Cellini was condemned to pay *twelve*, not *four*, bushels of flour "*when he shall find security*." After he escaped from the *Otto* it was to the *shop*, not to the *house*, of the Guasconti that he repaired; and he wounded in the arms and back both Gherardo and a certain Bartolommeo Benvenuti. So that his statement that neither party, in spite of their furious onslaught, injured the other is not in accordance with fact. For this latter offence, on the same day, the *Otto* condemned Cellini to undergo the extreme penalty; but we find among the records of Ser Marcantonio Mangani, under date February 20th 1527, an act, to which Michele di Niccolò Guasconti, goldsmith, and Gherardo, his son, and Giovanni d' Andrea di Christoforo Cellini, fifer (in his own name and in the name and on behalf of his son Benvenuto), were parties, by which a reconciliation was made for all insults, blows, and other past disagreements. That Cellini was leading a very wild and irregular life at this period is evidenced by another sentence passed upon him on January 14th 1523, fining

of the goldsmith's trade, and executed many commissions): to such an extent, that when I saw that they were injuring me, I complained to a certain worthy man, saying that those knaveries ought to have sufficed, which they exhibited towards me under the cloak of the treacherous good will displayed by them. When this remark reached their ears they boasted that they would make me greatly repent such a speech; to which I who knew not the colour of fear paid little or no attention. One day it chanced that as I was leaning against the shop of one of them, he called out to me, partly rebuking, and partly defying me. To which I replied that if they had done their duty by me I should have spoken those things of them that one says of good and worthy persons: but since they had done the opposite the fault lay with them and not with me. Whilst I stood arguing, one of them, who was called Gherardo Guasconti, their cousin, instigated perhaps by their common consent, spied a beast of burden that was passing. (It was a beast laden with bricks.) When the said load came up to me, Gherardo pushed it on to me in such a way that it hurt me very much. Turning myself round suddenly and seeing him laughing, I struck him such a blow on one of his temples that he fell down insensible as though dead. Then I turned to his cousins and said: "Thus do they treat cowardly thieves like you." And upon their wishing to make some attack upon me, because there were many of

him another twelve bushels of flour for having, in company with Giovanni di Ser Matteo Rigoli, committed certain acts of indecency to the injury of one Domenico di Ser Giuliano da Ripa. This Giovanni Rigoli is perhaps the same person whom CELLINI designates later on as "*my dearest*" and "*my greatest friend*." Cf. Chap. V, p. 101, and Chap. VIII, p. 159.

them, I being infuriated, drew a little knife that I carried, saying thus: "If any one of you issues from your shop, another had better run for a confessor, for the doctor will have naught to do." My words struck such terror into them that no one ventured to the assistance of their cousin. As soon as I had departed, the fathers and the sons hurried to the Eight, and there stated that I had with force of arms assaulted them in their shops; an event that had never before occurred in Florence. The Eight (Judges) caused me to be summoned; whereupon I appeared: and administering to me a severe reprimand they rebuked me because they saw me in my cloak only whilst the others were in civil dress of mantle and hood;<sup>1</sup> and moreover, because my adversaries had been to speak with all the judges at home in private, whilst I having no personal acquaintance with any of those judges, had not spoken with them, trusting to the great justification that I had: and I told them that on account of the great injury and insult that Gherardo had shown me, provoked to very great anger, I had given him nothing more than a *buffet*, which did not seem to me sufficient to deserve so severe a censure. Scarcely would Prinzivalle della Stufa,<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A civilian who went about the city by day in his cloak only, was regarded at this period of Florentine history as a suspicious, and even dangerous, character. Cf. VARCHI. The citizens of this period still wore their ancient costumes of long gown and hood called a *lucco*.

<sup>2</sup> An ardent partisan of the Medici, and instigator in 1510 of a conspiracy against the Gonfalonier, Soderini. He was one of the Priors, and was Commissary to Arezzo, Pistoia, and Pisa. In 1532 he was nominated by Duke Alessandro among the forty-eight Senators, and he died on May 19th 1561 at the age of seventy-seven.



who was one of the Eight, allow me to finish the word *buffet*, before he said: "You gave him a violent blow and not a buffet." When the bell had been rung and we all had been put outside, Prinzivalle spoke to his colleagues in my defence: "Consider, sirs, the simple-mindedness of this poor young man, who accuses himself of having struck a buffet only, thinking that to be a minor fault than to give a violent blow: whereas the penalty for a buffet administered in the Mercato Nuovo is twenty-five *scudi*, whilst that for a violent blow is little or nothing. He is a very virtuous youth, and supports his indigent family by his very strenuous exertions; and would to God our city had an abundance of his kind, for there is a great need of them. There were among them some of those twisted-hooded fellows (*arronzinati cappuccetti*),<sup>1</sup> who, influenced by the prayers and false witness of my adversaries (because they were of the faction of Fra Girolamo),<sup>2</sup> would have had me put in prison and con-

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, "the followers of Savonarola." They formed the Democratic and anti-Medicean party in Florence, and appear to have worn the long tails of their hoods twisted up around their heads. CELLINI shows his affection for the Medici by the bitter way in which he speaks of these people, and the contrast that he draws between them and his patron Prinzivalle della Stufa.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated reforming friar Girolamo Savonarola was born at Ferrara on September 21st 1452 and was burnt in Florence on May 23rd 1498. A Dominican friar of great eloquence and rigid austerity, he was a powerful advocate of reform in every branch of life (political, civil, social, and religious) and a constant opponent of Medicean rule and methods of government. His influence in Florence—during a brief period—was immense, and his immediate followers—amongst whom was the painter Alessandro Filipepi (*Botticelli*)—called themselves *Piagnoni* or *Arrabbiati*, in opposition to the Medicean *Palleschi*. For further information see PAS-

demned to (a fine of) a measure of charcoal: but in this matter the excellent Prinzivalle wholly prevailed. So they condemned me to a small fine of four bushels of flour, to be bestowed in alms upon the convent of the Murate.<sup>1</sup> Calling us back they immediately commanded me not to say another word under pain of their displeasure and to obey that punishment to which I had been condemned. So administering to me a severe reprimand they sent us to the chancellor. But I kept on murmuring: "It was a buffet and not a violent blow": in such a way that the Eight burst out laughing. The chancellor in the name of the judges ordered us both to give securities; and they condemned me only to pay those four bushels of flour. It seemed to me that I had been shamefully treated,<sup>2</sup> nevertheless I sent for one of my cousins, who was called Master Anniballe, the surgeon, the father of messer Librodro Librodori,<sup>3</sup> de-

QUALE VILLARI, *The Life and Times of Girolamo Savonarola*. Translated by LINDA VILLARI, London, 1888; and *Girolamo Savonarola e la critica tedesca*, Firenze, 1900.

<sup>1</sup> The Murate was a convent of strictly cloistered nuns (now the chief civil prison of Florence). Caterina de' Medici, wife of Henri II of France, lived there in her girlhood, and Caterina Sforza died and was buried within its walls. Cf. LASTRI, *Osservatore Fiorentino*, Vol. V, p. 43, and PASOLINI, *Caterina Sforza*, Roma, Loescher, 1893, Vol. III, pp. 548, 586-587.

<sup>2</sup> The word used by Cellini is *assassinato*=massacred. It betokens in the Italian of this period, "*a grievous wrong*."

<sup>3</sup> Regarding these cousins of Cellini's, we have further records in legal documents and in the testamentary dispositions of Benvenuto himself. Librodro Librodori acted as proctor for the artist in his contract with Bindo Altoviti on April 9th 1552. See *Nuovi Documenti per la Storia dell' Arte Senese ecc. Appendice alla raccolta pubblicata da G. Milanese*, Siena, Torrini, 1898, p. 527,

siring that he would go surety for me. This man, however, did not choose to come, at which I was very indignant: fuming I became like an adder, and took a desperate resolution. [It is well known how much the planets do not only guide, but even coerce us.]<sup>1</sup> Recollecting what great obligation this Anniballe owed to my family, my fury so much the more increased that it turned everything to evil, and being besides by nature somewhat hot-tempered, I composed myself to wait in that office until the Eight had adjourned for dinner. And whilst I remained there alone, observing that none of the attendants of the Eight were watching me any longer, bursting with rage, I issued from the palace, ran to my workshop, where, having found a small poniard, I sprang into the dwelling of my adversaries, who were both in their shop and their house.<sup>2</sup> I found them at table, and the young Gherardo, who had been the original cause of the trouble, threw himself upon me: to whom I struck a blow with my poniard in the breast, so that it passed right through his frock (*saio*) and jerkin (*colletto*) to his shirt, without touching his flesh or doing him any sort of harm. Since it appeared to me from the disappearance of my hand and the sound made by his clothes that I had wounded him very seriously, and he fell terrified to the ground, I cried out: "Traitors! To-day is the opportunity for me to kill you all." The father, mother and sisters believing that it was the Day of Judgement, immediately flung them-

and the editions of CELLINI'S literary works by CARPANI, TASSI, and GUASTI.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XXIV, *postea*.

<sup>2</sup> This probably means that the house *adjoined* the shop.

selves on their knees upon the ground, and with a loud voice and in no measured terms<sup>1</sup> begged for mercy. And when I saw that they offered no defence to me, and that he lay extended upon the ground as one dead, it seemed to me too vile a thing to touch them; but I ran madly down the stairs; and when I reached the street, I found all the rest of the tribe, who were more than twelve in number. One of them had an iron shovel, another a big piece of iron piping, some hammers and anvils, and others sticks. When I came among them like a mad-dened bull,<sup>2</sup> I threw four or five of them to the ground, and I fell with them, always plying my poniard now on this one, now on that. Those who had kept their feet joined in as far as they were able, showering blows upon me with both hands, with hammers, sticks and anvils. But because God sometimes mercifully intervenes they did me not the least injury in the world, nor I them. My cap only was left, which my adversaries secured, and though they kept themselves at a distance from it, every one of them struck at it with his weapon. Then looking round among themselves for the dead and wounded there was no one who had received any hurt. I departed towards Santa Maria Novella,<sup>3</sup> and immediately met Brother Alesso Strozi,<sup>4</sup> with whom I was unacquainted. To this good friar I commended my-

<sup>1</sup> *Con le bigoncie*, lit. "in buckets, or tubs, full," an expression used for torrents of rain, etc. *I.e.*, "without measure."

<sup>2</sup> Lit. *a poisoned bull*.

<sup>3</sup> The Church of Sta Maria Novella is one of the finest and most celebrated buildings in Florence. Its façade was built by Leon Battista Alberti at the expense of Giovanni Rucellai.

<sup>4</sup> This friar is alluded to by VARCHI in his *History* (Book XII, p. 386, *edis.* LE MONNIER).

self for the Love of God, that he would save my life, for I had committed a great fault. The good friar told me that I need fear nothing; for though I had committed all the crimes in the world, I should be most safe in his little cell. In the space of about an hour the Eight, having summoned an extraordinary meeting, directed the publication of one of the most terrifying of bans that was ever heard against me, placing under the severest penalties whoever should harbour or know me, regarding neither the place nor the quality of any one who should protect me. My poor afflicted and excellent father going in to the Eight, threw himself upon his knees on the ground, imploring mercy for his poor young son: whereupon one of those democrats<sup>1</sup> tossing back the crest of his twisted-up hood, and rising to his feet, with some insulting words said to my poor father: "Get up and go away instantly, lest we send you to-morrow to the gallows."<sup>2</sup> My poor father, nevertheless, boldly answered them, saying, "What God shall have ordained such will be done and no more." Upon which the same man replied, that for certain God had ordained it thus. And my father said to him: "I take comfort to myself that you certainly don't know that;" and having gone out of their presence, he came to see me in company with a certain youth of my own age, who was called Piero di Giovanni Landi:<sup>3</sup> (we loved each other more than if we had been brothers).

<sup>1</sup> *Arrovellati* was another nickname applied to the party of Reform in Florence. See above p. 56.

<sup>2</sup> *In villa con i lanciotti* is a proverbial expression common in Florence at that date, signifying *to be sent to execution*.

<sup>3</sup> This youth is spoken of more than once by Cellini in terms of affection. Cf. Chap. VIII, p. 161. Chap. XVIII, p. 329.

This young man carried under his mantle a splendid sword and a very handsome coat of mail. And when they came to me my brave father told me what had occurred and what the Eight Judges had said. Then he kissed me on the forehead and both eyes; blessed me heartily and spake thus: "May the Grace of God assist you." And taking up the sword and the armour, with his own hands he helped me to put them on. Then he said: "My good son! With these in your possession you must either live or die." Pier Landi, who was there present, never ceased weeping: and when he handed me ten gold *scudi*, I asked him to remove for me a few hairs of my beard, which were the first down. Friar Alesso robed me after the fashion of a monk and provided me with a lay-brother to accompany me. Leaving the convent and issuing by the Porta al Prato, I went along the town-wall as far as the Piazza di San Gallo; and mounting the slope of Montui, at one of the first houses I found a man who was called Grassuccio,<sup>1</sup> own brother to Misser Benedecto da Montevarchi. I immediately unfrocked, and becoming a layman again we mounted two horses which were there for us, and under cover of night proceeded to Siena. The said Grassuccio, being sent back to Florence, visited my father and told him that I had reached safety. My father was greatly overjoyed and

<sup>1</sup> "Fatty." His real name was Giovan Battista, and he was a priest. This family, of whom the most celebrated was the Benedetto mentioned in the text (better known as *Varchi*, the celebrated poet, scholar, and historian), sprang from the hamlet of Monte Varchi in the Val d'Arno. Benedetto was born in Florence on March 19th 1503 and died there December 18th 1565. Another of his brothers was a physician of high repute in Florence. They all lived on friendly terms with Cellini throughout his life.

it seemed a thousand years ere he met again that member of the Eight who had insulted him. And when he found him he spake thus to him: "Do you see, Antonio, that it was God who knew what should happen to my son, and not you?" To which he replied: "Let us but catch him another time." My father said: "I shall give my attention to thanking God that he has escaped this time."

## CHAPTER IV

(1523-1524)

Clement VII ascends the Chair of St. Peter.—Cellini receives the news on his way from Siena to Rome.—In Rome he enters the workshop of Lucagnolo of Jesi, where he makes some candlesticks for the Bishop of Salamanca.—He makes the acquaintance of Gian Francesco Penni, "*il Fattore*": and studies the works of Raphael and Michelangelo.—He undertakes to make a lily of brilliants for Madonna Portia Chigi.—This work on being presented to her is much praised.—The result of a competition with Lucagnolo.—Cellini makes a large vase for the same Bishop of Salamanca.—He shares a workshop with Giovanpietro della Tacca, a goldsmith from Milan; and continuing his musical accomplishments, becomes one of the members of the Papal orchestra.—Has difficulties with the Bishop of Salamanca as to payment for work done.—He works for the Pope and various Cardinals.—He takes a shop of his own, where he makes amongst other things a medal of *Leda and the Swan* for Gabriello Cesarini.

ARRIVING at Siena, I awaited the post to Rome and joined company with him. When we had crossed the Paglia<sup>1</sup> we met the courier who was bringing news of the newly-elected pope, who was Pope Clemente.<sup>2</sup> Having reached Rome I set myself to work in the shop of master Santi the goldsmith.<sup>3</sup> For although he himself

<sup>1</sup> A tributary of the Tiber, which flows past Orvieto.

<sup>2</sup> Giulio de' Medici, elected Pope under the name of Clement VII, November 1523.

<sup>3</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti Lombardi cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 241 and 272), identifies this "Master Santi" with Santo di Cola, a Roman citizen, who was goldsmith to the Pope; and also a mace-bearer



was dead, his son still carried on the business. He, however, did no work himself, but committed all the shop orders to a young man who was called Luca Agniolo da Jesi.<sup>1</sup> This man was a peasant, who as a very small boy had come to work with master Santi. He was small of stature but well-proportioned. This youth did his work better than any man that I had ever seen up to that time, with greatest dexterity and much beauty of design; and he laboured solely upon large pieces of plate (*grosseria*), that is to say, very handsome vases, bowls, and such-like articles. Setting myself to work in that shop, I undertook to make certain candlesticks for the Spanish Bishop (of) Salamanca.<sup>2</sup> These same candlesticks were richly ornamented, as far as is suitable to such work. A pupil of Raffaello da Urbino, named Gianfranco, surnamed *il Fattore* (i.e. *the Artisan*);<sup>3</sup> he was a very brilliant painter; and since he was a friend of the (*serviens armorum*). He adds further (Vol. II, p. 312) that *Sanctus Cole Sabbe* belonged to the Guild of Roman goldsmiths.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI alludes to this man further on (Chap. IV, p. 72, Chap. V, p. 88, Chap. VI, p. 104 *e segg.*) as an able craftsman, and one whose work he was very keen to emulate.

<sup>2</sup> Don Francesco, son of Andrea di Cabrera and Donna Beatrice di Bobadilla. He came to Rome in 1517 to attend the Lateran Council and was shut up during the siege of 1527 with Pope Clement VII in the Castel Sant' Angelo. Returning to Spain he died there in December 1529. Cf. PLON *op. cit.*, pp. 153-154, and Baron C. DAVILLIER, *Recherches sur l'Orfèvrerie en Espagne au Moyen-Age et à la Renaissance*, Paris, Quentin, 1879.

<sup>3</sup> Gianfrancesco Penni, surnamed "*il Fattore*," was the son of Michele di Luca, a Florentine cloth-weaver. He was born in 1496 and died at Naples in 1536 in his fortieth year. According to VASARI he imitated Raphael in his drawings, and had but little original power of his own. Raphael was extremely fond of him, and left him co-heir to his artistic treasures, etc. (Cf. *ed.* MILANESI *cit.* Vol. IX, p. 7, and IV, pp. 643-652).

said bishop, he set me high in his favour, to such purpose that I received a great many commissions from this bishop, and earned a great deal of money.<sup>1</sup> At that period I went to draw sometimes in the Chapel of Michelagnuolo,<sup>2</sup> and sometimes at the house of Agostino Chigi, the Sienese, in which house there were many very beautiful works of painting by the hand of the most excellent Raffaello da Urbino.<sup>3</sup> But this was on feast-days, because in the said house there was residing Misser Gismondo Chigi, brother of the said Misser Agostino. They (the family of Chigi) took much pride in seeing young men like myself going to study within their walls. The wife of the said Misser Gismondo<sup>4</sup> saw me

<sup>1</sup> This sentence is translated exactly as it runs in the original as an example of CELLINI'S jerky style, taken down by his amanuensis evidently as he rattled along.

<sup>2</sup> The Cappella Sistina in the Vatican.

<sup>3</sup> The Villa Farnesina in the Trastevere, built by the wealthy Sienese banker, Agostino Chigi (*il gran mercante della cristianità*) between 1508 and 1511. In accordance with a passage in VASARI it was long supposed to have been built after designs by Baldassare Peruzzi; but recently this statement has been much questioned and the probable author is now supposed to have been Raphael himself. It contained many wonderful works of art, notably Raphael's frescoes of *Galatea* and of the *Fable of Cupid and Psyche*, and Bazzi (Sodoma's) *Story of Alexander and Roxana*. It was called the Farnesina when it came into the possession of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese in 1580. It subsequently passed to the Kings of Naples. For details concerning this beautiful palace *cf.* BIGOT, *Raphaël et la Farnésine*, Paris, 1884; GEYMULLER, *Raffaello Architetto*, Milano, 1884; A. CUGNONI, *Agostino Chigi il Magnifico*, Roma, 1881; A. VENTURI, *La Farnesina*, Rome, 1890; R. FÖRSTER, *Farnesina Studien*, Rostock, 1880, and others.

<sup>4</sup> CELLINI is in error here. Sigismondo Chigi married on March 31st 1507 *Sulpicia*, the second daughter of Pandolfo Petrucci of Siena; and not *Portia*. Portia was Sulpicia's younger sister, who

often in this house of hers: this lady who was as charming as possible and unusually handsome, coming up to me one day and regarding my drawings, asked me if I was a sculptor or a painter. I replied to the lady that I was a goldsmith. Said she, that I drew too well for a goldsmith; and causing one of her maids to bring a lily of most beautiful diamonds set in gold, showing it to me she desired me to value it. I valued it at eight hundred *scudi*. Then she said that I had valued it very excellently. After that she asked me if I had sufficient spirit to reset it handsomely; I replied that I would do so very willingly, and in her presence I made a rough sketch; and I executed it so much the better, inasmuch as I took pleasure in dealing with this so very beautiful and agreeable a gentlewoman. When I had finished the sketch, there joined us another very beautiful Roman gentlewoman who was upstairs and who on coming down asked the said Madonna Portia what she was doing there. She answered smiling: "I take great pleasure in watching this honest youth draw, for he is clever and handsome." I, having acquired a little confidence, mingled nevertheless with a small amount of honest bashfulness, blushed and said: "Whatever I may be, Madonna, I shall always be most ready to serve you." The gentlewoman, also blushing a little, replied: "You know very well that I want you to serve me;" and handing me the lily, she told me to take it with me. And she gave me besides twenty gold *scudi* that she had in her pocket and said: "Set it after this fashion that you have designed for me, and preserve

in 1525, married Buoncompagno Agazzari, also a Sieneſe. Cf. VASARI *ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VI, pp. 340, 366-369.

for me the old gold in which it is set at present." The Roman gentlewoman then said: "If I were that young man, I would gladly run away (with what I'd got)."<sup>1</sup> Madonna Portia rejoined, that virtues rarely stand alongside vices, and that if I did such a thing, I should very greatly belie that open look of an honest man that I exhibited: and turning away, taking the hand of the Roman gentlewoman, with a most charming smile she said to me: "Adieu, Benvenuto." I stayed on a while longer, engaged upon the drawing that I was making, copying a certain figure of Jove<sup>2</sup> by the hand of the said Raffaello da Urbino. When I had finished I went away and set myself to the fashioning of a little model in wax, whereby to show how the finished work ought subsequently to turn out; and having carried this to the said Madonna Portia to see, that same Roman gentlewoman, of whom I spoke before, being also present, being greatly satisfied both of them with my labours, they paid me so many compliments that, impelled by some small amount of boldness, I promised them that the completed work should be half as good again as the model. So I set to it and in twelve days I finished the said jewel in the form of a lily, as I have said above, adorned with little masks, cupids, animals, etc., and very beautifully enamelled; in such a manner that the diamonds of which the lily was composed were improved in appearance by more than half. Whilst I was labouring upon this work,

<sup>1</sup> *Andare con dio*. An odd expression equivalent to "to run away", with the jewel and the cash.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Fable of Cupid and Psyche* by Raphael, the King of the Gods is represented a number of times and in a variety of attitudes.

that clever man Lucagnuolo, of whom I have spoken above, showed that he was much displeased, saying to me many times over that it would be far more useful and creditable to me to help him in his work on large silver vases, as I had begun to do. To which I replied that I should be able, whensoever I wished, to fashion large silver vases; but that those works upon which I was now engaged did not come my way to do every day; and that in these same commissions there was no less credit to be obtained than in large silver vases, but even much more profit. This Lucagnuolo laughed at me saying: "You will see, Benvenuto; for by the time that you have finished that work of yours, I shall hasten to get this vase finished, which I commenced when you (began) your jewel, and by experience I will demonstrate the profit that I shall derive from my vase, and that which you will gain from your jewel." To which I replied that I should willingly enjoy making such a trial with so able a man as he was, because at the completion of such works we should see which of us was in error. So both of us with a slightly scornful smile bent our heads somewhat fiercely, each of us desirous of bringing to a completion the works that we had begun; to such purpose that at the end of about ten days each of us had completed his work with much finish and skill. That of the said Lucagnuolo was a very large vase to be used at the table of Pope Clemente, wherein he threw whilst he was at table, meat-bones and the rinds of various fruits; an article made rather more for display than for necessity. This vase was adorned with two fine handles, with many masks, both large and small, with very beautiful foliage, of as fine a grace and design as it



ENGRAVED ROCK CRYSTAL VASE

MOUNTED IN GOLD AND ENAMEL

Kunst Gewerbe Museum, Berlin



is possible to imagine: wherefore I told him that it was the most beautiful vase that I had ever seen. Upon this, Lucagnuolo, fancying that he had proved his point, said to me: "Your work appears to me no less beautiful, but we shall soon see the difference between the two." So, taking up his vase, and carrying it to the Pope, the latter expressed himself very greatly satisfied, and immediately caused him to be paid according to the usual custom of the trade for such large works. Meanwhile I carried my work to the said gentlewoman Madonna Portia, who told me with profoundest surprise, that I had far and away exceeded the promise that I had made to her; and then she added, telling me that I must ask for my labours everything that might please me, because it seemed to her that I deserved so much that even in giving me a fortress it would seem scarcely sufficient satisfaction for me; but since she was unable to do this, she smilingly told me to ask whatever she was able to accomplish. To which I replied that the greatest reward desired for my exertions, was that I should have satisfied her ladyship. So smiling also and making a bow, I was withdrawing, saying that I desired no other recompense than that. Then the said Madonna Portia turned to that Roman gentlewoman, and said: "Do you see how great are the company of the virtues that we reckoned to be in him, and that they are not vices?" Whilst both stood surprised, Madonna Portia said: "Benvenuto mine, have you ever heard it said, that when the poor give to the rich, the Devil laughs?" Upon which I replied: "And since he has so many disappointments, this time I would like to see him laugh:" but as I was departing she said that she did not wish on



this occasion to do him such a favour. When I returned to my shop Lucagnuolo had the money which he had received for his vase in a paper packet; and when I appeared he said: "Let us make here a small comparison between the recompense paid for your jewel beside that given for my vase." To which I replied that he might keep the matter in that state until the following day; because I hoped that, inasmuch as my work in its kind was not less beautiful than his, so I expected to make him see the recompense for it. When the next day arrived Madonna Portia sent one of her stewards to my shop, who called me outside, and having placed in my hand a paper packet full of money on behalf of that lady, said to me, that she did not want the devil to laugh on any consideration; explaining that what she sent me was not the entire payment that my labours deserved, with many other courteous words, worthy of such a lady. Lucagnuolo, to whom it seemed a thousand years ere he could compare his packet with mine, immediately upon my return to his shop, in the presence of his twelve workmen and some other neighbours warned beforehand, who wished to see the result of such a contest, took his packet, and laughing mockingly and saying "Ho, ho" three or four times, he emptied the money on to the counter with a great noise. They were twenty-five<sup>1</sup> *scudi di giuli*, whereas he thought that mine might be four or five *scudi di moneta*.<sup>2</sup> Whereupon

<sup>1</sup> *Quaranta*—"forty"—was written here in the original MS.; but it has been cancelled and *venticinque*—"twenty-five"—inserted over it by the same hand.

<sup>2</sup> *Scudi di giuli* are here contrasted with *scudi di moneta*. The *giulio* was a silver coin worth 56 Italian centimes. The *scudo di moneta* was worth *ten giuli*. Cellini was paid in gold *scudi*, which

I,—overpowered by his clamour, and by the glances and smiles of the bystanders,—looking thus a little into my package, and perceiving that it was all gold, from one side of the counter, keeping my eyes lowered, and without the least noise, raised my package<sup>1</sup> high in the air firmly with both hands, which caused the contents to pour out after the fashion of a mill-hopper. My money amounted to half as much again as his; so that all those eyes, which were gazing upon me with some mockery, turning immediately towards him, said: “Lucagnuolo, this money of Benvenuto’s, inasmuch as it is gold and half as much again, produces a much finer effect than yours.” I would certainly have believed that out of envy together with the shame that that Lucagnuolo felt, he would have immediately dropped down dead: and that although a third part of that money of mine must come to him, since I was but a workman, for that is the custom;—the workman receives two-thirds, and the other third part goes to the masters of the shop—unbridled envy prevailed more than avarice within him, whereas it should have worked in exactly the opposite direction, since this Lucagnuolo had been born of a peasant from Jesi. He cursed his trade and those who had taught it to him, declaring that from thenceforward he had no more desire to practise that art of making plate, he only wished to devote his attention to making those little trumperies,<sup>2</sup>

had a much higher value still. The *scudo* and the *ducato* at this epoch were reckoned at 7 *lire* of 20 *soldi* to the *lire*.

<sup>1</sup> The packet (*cartoccio*) was cornet-shaped, so that the money rolled out of the wide end.

<sup>2</sup> The original words *bordellerie* and *coglionerie* are Tuscan slang words, of the very coarsest signification and quite untranslatable.

since they were so well paid for. Not less indignantly did I retort that every bird sang its own strain; that he was talking after the fashion of the hovels whence he had issued, but that I declared for certain that I could succeed most excellently in fashioning his monstrosities, but that he would never succeed in making that sort of trumperies. So leaving him in a rage, I told him that he would soon be made to see this. Those who were present vociferously declared him to be in the wrong, reckoning him in the character of the clown that he was, and me in that of a man of worth as I had shown myself to be.

The following day I went to thank Madonna Portia, and I told her that her ladyship had done the opposite of what she had said (she wished to do); for since I had wished to make the Devil laugh, she had made him deny God afresh. We both laughed heartily, and she gave me other fine and important commissions to execute. At this juncture I sought, through the medium of a pupil of the painter Raffaello da Urbino,<sup>1</sup> that the Bishop of Salamanca should employ me to make a large vase for water, called an "ewer,"<sup>2</sup> such as they are accustomed to keep upon sideboards for ornament. And the said bishop wishing to order two of equal size, commissioned the said Lucagnuolo to make one, and the other of them I had to fashion; and for the decoration of the said vases<sup>3</sup> the said Gioanfrancescho the painter gave us

<sup>1</sup> This was Gian Francesco Penni, *il Fattore*.

<sup>2</sup> *Acquareccia*. These great vases were common objects of ornament in the wealthy and luxurious houses of that date. CELLINI refers to them again in Chapter XXII of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*.

<sup>3</sup> *Modanatura*. A word used by architects to describe the

the design. So with extraordinary goodwill I set to work upon the said vase, and I was accommodated with a part of his shop by a Milanese, who was named master Giovanpiero della Tacca.<sup>1</sup> Setting my affairs in order, I reckoned up the money that I should require for certain needs of my own, and all the rest I sent to the assistance of my poor but excellent father: who, whilst the money was being paid to him in Florence, chanced to meet one of those "*Arrabbiati*"<sup>2</sup> who were members of the Eight at that time when I created that small disturbance, and who with gross abuse had told him that he would certainly send me to the gallows.<sup>3</sup> And since that *arrabbiato* had certain evil scoundrels of sons, my father said with reference to them: "Disasters may fall upon any one, especially upon hot-tempered men when they are in the right, as happened in the case of my son; but you observe from the rest of his life since, that I did know how to bring him up virtuously. May God grant on your behalf that your sons do neither worse nor better for you than that which mine has done for me; for as God has made

wealth of ornamental detail: flowers, leaves, masks, animals, etc., employed by them in decoration.

<sup>1</sup> Perhaps *De Carpanis*; cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti Lombardi cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 243, 271, 295-296. GNOLI (*Arch. Stor. dell' Arte*, 1891, p. 240) suggests, and with some show of reason, that he may be identified with the goldsmith Crivelli.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chap. III, pp. 56, n. 1, 60, n. 1. It is impossible to find a single English word that will adequately express the exact meaning of this word "*arrabbiato*." Perhaps "Reformer" might do best, but that word, although expressive of what these people actually were, is lacking in the force conveyed by a nickname of local and party significance.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Chap. III *cit.*, p. 60, n. 2.

me such an one as to understand how to bring him up, so where my power was unable to extend He has Himself removed him, contrary to your expectation, out of your violent hands." And departing he wrote the whole circumstance to me, praying me for the love of God to practise my music sometimes, so that I might not lose that fine accomplishment, which he had taught me with so much pains. The letter was full of the most affectionate paternal words that one could ever hear; to such an extent that they moved me to tears of piety, being wishful that ere he died I might content him to a great extent as regards the music, since God grants us all the lawful blessings that we ask of Him faithfully. Whilst I was busying myself over the fine vase for (the Bishop of) Salamanca I had for my assistant one small boy only, who at the very special prayers of my friends, half against my own wish, I had taken as a shop-lad. This boy was about fourteen years of age: he bore the name of Paulino, and was the son of a Roman citizen, who lived on his own private means. This Paulino was the best bred, the most honest, and the handsomest child that I ever saw in my life; and on account of his virtuous behaviour and habits; and for his extraordinary beauty, and on account of the great affection that he bore for me, it came about that, for these reasons, I reposed in him as much affection as it is possible for the breast of a man to contain. This excessive love was the reason that, in order to see that exquisite countenance lighten up more often, which, from its natural disposition appeared modest and melancholy;<sup>1</sup> nevertheless when I took up my cornet he

<sup>1</sup> There is a violent change in grammatical construction here.

immediately broke into a smile so sincere and so beautiful that I do not wonder at all at those fables which the Greeks write concerning their heavenly deities. Perhaps had this lad lived in those days he would perchance have turned their heads<sup>1</sup> yet more. This Paulino had a sister who bore the name of Faustina, than whom I think the Faustina about whom ancient writers rave so much was never so beautiful.<sup>2</sup> When he took me sometimes to their vineyard (*vigna*),<sup>3</sup> by what I could judge it seemed to me that the worthy man, the father of the said Paulino, would have liked to make me his son-in-law. This circumstance caused me to practise my music much more than I had done at first. It happened at this time that a certain Giania-

CELLINI'S narrative runs along easily enough until it comes to the passage: "which from its natural disposition appeared modest and melancholy" (*che per natura sua onesto e maninconico si dimostrava*), a statement which is clearly parenthetical only. But in his excitement he suddenly confuses this subordinate clause with the principal one, and instead of returning to the logical sequence which should follow the words "in order to see that exquisite countenance light up more often" (*che per vedere io più sovente rasserenare quel maraviglioso viso*), he proceeds to make the latter half of the sentence stand in apposition to the parenthesis, and not to the original first clause. The sense of the passage, however, practically runs thus: "So great was the love I bore to him that I tried by every means to see light up more often that exquisite countenance, which from natural disposition was serious and melancholy. And so it was that, notwithstanding this (*i.e.*, his melancholy seriousness), when I took up my cornet, etc."

<sup>1</sup> *Uscire de' gangheri*, lit., "to take off the hinges."

<sup>2</sup> Faustina, wife of the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, famous for her beauty and her unbridled passions.

<sup>3</sup> By this word is probably meant not merely the *vineyard* itself but also the *house*,—apparently in the suburbs of Rome,—where Paulino's father resided.

como, a fifer from Cesena,<sup>1</sup> who belonged to the Papal household, a very wonderful musician, caused me to be asked by Lorenzo, a trombone-player from Lucca (who is to-day in the service of our Duke), if I were willing to assist them on the occasion of the Pope's *Ferragosto*,<sup>2</sup> by playing on that day upon my cornet the soprano part in several motets, of which they had a very fine selection. Although I had the greatest desire to finish that handsome vase which I had begun—since music is a wondrous thing in itself and partly to give satisfaction to my old father—I was pleased to join such a company; and for eight days previous to the *Ferragosto*, every day for two hours we practised in concert, to such purpose that on that day in August we went to the Belvedere, and whilst Pope Clemente was dining we played those well-composed motets in such a manner that the Pope protested that he had never heard

<sup>1</sup> Cf. BERTOLOTI, *Artisti Lombardi cit.*, Vol. I, p. 243, who has discovered that his surname was *De Berardini*, and that he was by trade an inlayer of wood, since there appears in the records a payment made to him for an inlaid panel. He seems to have received a total sum for the whole band, since no entries appear of payments to Cellini or to any other musician individually. (*R. Tes. seg.*, 1523-1527).

<sup>2</sup> The name *Ferragosto* seems to have been derived from the ancient Roman Festival of the *Feriae Augusti*, held upon the first day of that month. But most of the earlier commentators seem to have gone astray as to the festival intended here; GUASTI confuses it with the festivities held by Cosimo de' Medici to celebrate the memory of his victory at Montemurlo on August 1st 1537 over Piero Strozzi and the Florentine exiles: but it would seem fairly obvious, as RUSCONI and VALERI point out, that the Pope should rather celebrate that most important of Roman Catholic Feasts, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, held on *August 15th*.

music more charmingly or more harmoniously performed. Calling to him that Gianiacomo he asked from what place and in what manner he managed to secure so good a cornet for the soprano part, and he inquired minutely who I was. The said Gianiacomo told him precisely my name. To this the Pope said: "Then this (fellow) is the son of master Giovanni?" So he replied that I was. The Pope said that he would like to have me in his service amongst the other musicians. Gianiacomo responded "Most Blessed Father, regarding this point I do not undertake that you can have him, for his own profession, to which he attends assiduously, is the trade of a goldsmith, and in that trade he works wonderfully, and draws thence far more profit than he would make by music." Upon this the Pope said: "So much the more do I want him, since there is in him a talent the more, which I did not expect. See to arranging for him the same allowance as the rest of you; and tell him on my behalf that he must serve me, and that I will besides give him plenty of daily employment in his other profession;" and extending his hand he gave him in a handkerchief one hundred gold *scudi* of the *Camera*,<sup>1</sup> and said: "Divide these in such a manner that he may have his share." The said Gianiacomo on leaving the Pope came to us and repeated exactly all that the Pope had said, and having divided the money among the eight persons who formed our company, on giving me my share, said to me, "I am going to get you enrolled amongst the number of our company." To which I replied: "Let to-day pass, and to-morrow I will give you an answer." Leaving them I went away thinking whether

<sup>1</sup> The *Camera Apostolica* was the Exchequer of the Holy See.



it was such a thing as I ought to accept, considering how much it might injure me by diverting me from the fine studies appertaining to my own trade. The following night my father appeared to me in a dream, and with tenderest tears besought me, for the love of God and of himself to be willing to take up such an engagement; to whom I seemed to reply, that by no manner of means did I wish to do so. Immediately he appeared to assume so dreadful an aspect as to terrify me, and he said: "If you do not do so you will receive a father's curse, and by doing it may you be blessed by me for ever." On awakening, I ran in terror to get myself enrolled. Then I wrote to my old father, who from excess of joy was seized with a fit, which nearly brought him to his grave; and he immediately wrote to me that he also had dreamed almost the same thing that I had done.

And it seemed to me, when I saw that I had given satisfaction to the honourable desires of my good father, that everything ought to advance for me to an honoured and glorious termination. I, therefore, set myself to work with the greatest assiduity to finish the vase that I had commenced for (the Bishop of) Salamanca. This bishop was a very remarkable man, very rich, but difficult to please. He sent every day to see what I was doing: and upon that occasion when his messenger did not find me, the said (Bishop of) Salamanca came in greatest fury, saying that he would take from me the said work and give it to others to finish. This was the result of my employment upon that accursed music. Never the less with the greatest diligence I was at work day and night until having brought it up to such a point that I could

exhibit it, I let the said bishop see it: whereby was increased so greatly his desire to see it completed, that I repented myself of having shown it to him. At the end of three months I had finished off the said work with as many beautiful little animals, foliage and masks as it is possible to imagine. I immediately sent it by that shop-boy of mine, Paulino, to be shown to that excellent craftsman Lucagnuolo mentioned above. Paulino, with that infinite grace and charm of his, spake thus: "Misser Lucagnuolo, Benvenuto says that he herewith sends to demonstrate to you the result of his promises and of your monstrosities, awaiting from you a sight of his trumperies." When he had said these words, Lucagnuolo took the vase in his hand, and examined it carefully. Then he said to Paulino: "My pretty boy, tell your master that he is a very brilliant craftsman, and that I beg him to allow me to be his friend, and not permit it to be otherwise." That honest and admirable lad most joyfully brought me the message. Having conveyed the said vase to (the Bishop of) Salamanca, he wished to have it valued. For that said valuation this Lucagnuolo was called in, who judged my work so much more highly and praised it at greater length, than I myself had expected of him. Taking the said vase (the Bishop of) Salamanca said roughly (*spagnoleschamente*<sup>1</sup>), "I swear by God that I will make him wait for payment as long as he has loitered in the making of it." Hearing this I remained most discontented, cursing all Spain and those who loved it. There was among the other handsome

<sup>1</sup> Literally: "after the Spanish fashion." Presumably, therefore, the Spaniards, at this period, bore a reputation for strong language.

decorations upon this vase a handle made all in one piece with it; most ingeniously contrived, so that by means of a certain spring it stood straight up over the mouth of the vase. When the said prelate (*monsignor*) was one day proudly displaying this vase of mine to certain of his Spanish nobles, it happened that one of these noblemen, after the said *prelate* had gone away, manipulating too roughly the beautiful handle of the vase, that delicate spring, unable to resist his uncouth violence, broke off in the hand of the said man. And as it seemed to him that he had done great mischief, he begged the butler,<sup>1</sup> who had charge of it, that he would quickly take it to the master-craftsman who had made it, who would immediately repair it, and he promised to pay him the whole price that he might ask, so long as it was mended quickly. The vase having thus come into my hands, I promised to repair it very quickly, and so I did. The said vase was brought to me before dinner time: at twenty-two of the clock<sup>2</sup> came he who had brought it to me, and he was all of a sweat, for he had run the whole way, since it had happened that my lord had once more asked for it again to show to certain other lords. Wherefore

<sup>1</sup> *Chredentiere* = lit. ; "A man who has charge of the *credenza* or 'sideboard'": perhaps corresponding to the *platemán* in large households of to-day.

<sup>2</sup> The Italians, at that date, reckoned time from sundown to sundown, counting twenty-four hours. Twenty-two o'clock was therefore two hours before nightfall; one hour of the night was one hour after nightfall, and so forth. By this system of reckoning, it is clear that the hours varied with the season of the year; and unless we know the exact month in which an event took place, we cannot translate any hour into terms of our own modern system.



THE LERCARO EWER  
Palazzo Coccapani, Modena



this butler would not permit me to say a single word, crying out: "Quick! quick! bring the vase." Where-upon I anxious to go gently and not to give it up to him, said that I would not act in haste. The said servant flew into such a rage, that with one hand he made as though he would draw his sword, and with the other made an attempt to enter my shop by force; which I immediately prevented his doing with my own weapon, accompanied by many angry words, saying: "I will not give it to you; and go, tell my lord your master, that I want the money for my labours before it goes out of this shop." The man seeing that he would not be able to obtain anything from me by means of threats, set to work to implore me, as one prays to the Rood, saying that if I would but give it to him he would do such and such for me so that I should be paid. These words in no way moved me from my resolution, always telling him the same thing. At last despairing of the matter, he swore that he would come with so many Spaniards, that he would have me cut in pieces; and he departed at a run, upon which I, since I believed to some extent in these assassinations of theirs, determined to defend myself courageously; and having got into order an admirable little fowling-piece of mine, which served me when I went out shooting, I said to myself: "Whoever takes my property along with the results of my labours, let him also take my life." During this debate, which I held with myself, there appeared many Spaniards together with their majordomo, who, after their haughty custom, ordered some of them to enter the shop, take possession of the vase, and beat me. At these words I displayed to them the muzzle of the fowling-piece, all in readiness to

fire, and I shouted in a loud voice: "Renegades,<sup>1</sup> traitors, is it in this way that you break into the houses and shops in a (city like) Rome? As many of you thieves as approach this wicket,<sup>2</sup> so many will I strike dead with this gun of mine." And turning the muzzle of the same gun in the direction of their majordomo, and making as though I would fire, I said: "And as for you, you thief, who have set them on, I want you to be the first to die." He immediately set spurs to a jennet,<sup>3</sup> upon which he was mounted, and took to flight at full speed (*a tutta briglia*). At this great noise out came all the neighbours; and besides some Roman nobles, who were passing by, said: "Kill these renegades, for we will help you." These words carried such force that greatly frightened they departed from me in such case that, compelled by the turn of events, they were obliged to relate the whole story to my lord (the bishop), who was most arrogant, and scolded all his followers and domestics, because they had ventured to commit such an excess, and because having thus begun they had not completed the business. There chanced to come in at this moment that painter who was concerned in this matter; to whom my lord said that he must come and tell me in his name, that if I did not

<sup>1</sup> *Marrani*. An insulting term which was given by the Spaniards to those Moors who had been compelled to become Christians; and so used to signify "*Infidel*" or "*Renegade*." At the present day it means a *lout* or a *clown*.

<sup>2</sup> Shop doors at this period had several panels, which on ordinary days were kept open during certain hours, and the shop was then said to *stare a sportello*—"be open." Perhaps Cellini kept it open thus in order to defend himself better at the approach of the Spaniards.

<sup>3</sup> A fine horse of Spanish breed.

bring the vase immediately the largest piece left of me would be my ears; and that if I brought it he would immediately give me the sum due for it. This threat did not cause me the least fear, and I let him know that I was going at once to tell the Pope. However his wrath passed away from him, and my fear from me, under the guarantee of certain great Roman nobles that the said (bishop) should not injure me, and, with good security for the payment of my labours, having provided myself with a large dagger<sup>1</sup> and my good coat of mail, I went to the house of the said prelate, who had caused his whole household to be drawn up in rank. As I entered I had my Paulino beside me with the silver vase. It was neither more nor less than like passing through the Zodiac, for this one resembled the Lion (*Leo*), that the Scorpion (*Scorpio*), others the Crab (*Cancer*), until we reached the presence of that rascal of a priest (*pretaccio*), who shouted out the most Spanish-priestly (*pretesche spagnolissime*) words that it is possible to imagine. Wherefore I never raised my head to look at him, nor ever answered him a word. At which his anger gave signs of increasing the more: and having directed them to bring me writing materials, he told me to write under my own hand, saying that I was well content and paid by him. At this I raised my head and said that I would very willingly do so, if first of all I had my money. The bishop's anger increased; and his threats and abuse were terrible. In the end I first received my money, then I wrote the receipt, and departed happy and content. Subsequently I

<sup>1</sup> The MS. reads here originally *pistolese* = "a pistol," but the same hand has cancelled that word and inserted *pugnale* = "a dagger," instead.



heard that Pope Clemente, who had seen the vase at first, though it had not been shown to him as my work, took the greatest pleasure in it, and praised me very much, and stated in public that he took the greatest interest in me; to such an extent that my lord of Salamanca greatly repented having uttered those threats of his to me: and to appease me he sent to me by the same painter to tell me that he desired to give me many fine commissions; to which I replied that I would willingly execute them, but that I wished for the payment for them before I began. These words also reached the ears of Pope Clemente, in whom they provoked the heartiest laughter. There was present Cardinal Cibo,<sup>1</sup> to whom the Pope recounted all the quarrel that I had had with this bishop; then he turned to one of his attendants, and commanded him to give me work to do continually for the palace. The said Cardinal Cibo sent for me, and after much agreeable conversation, told me to make him a large vase,<sup>2</sup> bigger than that of (the Bishop of) Salamanca. So did Cardinal Cornaro,<sup>3</sup> and many others of

<sup>1</sup> Innocenzo Cibo Malaspina, Archbishop of Genoa, was the son of Maddalena de' Medici, sister to Leo X. He was Minister to Duke Alessandro de' Medici, and being of vast wealth was an enthusiastic patron of Literature and of the Arts. Cf. L. STAFFETTI, *Il Cardinale Innocenzo Cibo* (Florence, Succ. Le Monnier, 1894).

<sup>2</sup> We read of this vase again in CELLINI, *Trattato dell' Oreficeria*, ed. cit., p. 130.

<sup>3</sup> Marco, son of Giorgio Cornaro, and brother of the celebrated Caterina, Queen of Cyprus, and of Cardinal Francesco Cornaro, mentioned by CELLINI later on (Chap. XV). He was created a cardinal in 1492, and was bishop successively of Padua, Verona, and other dioceses. TASSI points out that the work that Cellini undertook for this prelate must have been commenced before July



NO. 1  
Cabinet de France



NO. 2. LEDA AND THE SWAN



the then cardinals, especially Ridolfi<sup>1</sup> and Salviati.<sup>2</sup> I received commissions from them all, to such purpose that I earned a great deal. Madonna Portia above-mentioned told me that I ought to open a shop that should be entirely my own; and so I did, and I never ceased working for that charming and worthy lady, who gave me very high payments, and it was almost through her means alone that I was shown to the world to be a man of some merit. I entered into a close friendship with the lord Gabbriello Cesarino, who was Gonfalonier of Rome. For this nobleman I executed many commissions. One of these was conspicuous among the rest. This was a large gold medal to wear in a hat. The surface of this medal was sculptured, and the subject was *Leda with her Swan*:<sup>3</sup> and being very much satisfied with the result of my labours, he said that he wanted to have it valued so as to pay me its just price. But since the

1524, since the Cardinal had in that month retired to Venice to escape the plague, where he died somewhat suddenly. Cf. CIACCONIO e OLDOINI, *Vitae et res gestae*, etc., III, col. 200.

<sup>1</sup> Niccolò Ridolfi, Bishop of Florence, was another nephew of Leo X, being the son of his sister, Contessina. He shared many of the adversities of Pope Clement VII and died in 1550.

<sup>2</sup> Giovanni di Jacopo Salviati, another of Leo X's nephews (son of his sister Lucrezia). He and his cousin, Niccolò Ridolfi, were both created cardinals in the celebrated batch of 1517. He became afterwards Archbishop of Ferrara and Papal Legate. Cellini had considerable differences with him as we shall hear later on (Chap. XI). For him our hero commenced a salt-cellar which he afterwards completed for the Cardinal of Ravenna. Cf. *Trattato cit. ed. cit.* for the entry from Cod. Riccardi (2788), and PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 166-387. He died in 1553.

<sup>3</sup> On the possible identity of this medal with a cameo of a similar subject in the cabinet at Vienna cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 140-142.

medal was fashioned with great skill, the valuers in the trade reckoned it at much more than he had expected; wherefore retaining the medal in my own possession, I got nothing for my pains. The same circumstances occurred in the case of this medal as happened in connection with the vase of (the Bishop of) Salamanca. But since these things should not take space in my narrative from the relation of matters of greater importance I will pass them over briefly.

## CHAPTER V

1524

Cellini is involved in a duel, which, however, ends without bloodshed.—He strives in friendly rivalry with Lautizio, Caradosso and Amerighi in seal-cutting, engraving with the chisel and in enamelling.—He studies the antiquities of Rome and goes out shooting to avoid the plague.—He makes the acquaintance of the antiquity-hunters, and purchases from them some very fine objects of art.—He makes two vases for Jacopo Berengario da Carpi.—His relations with the servant-maid of a courtesan.—Falls ill of a carbuncle and with difficulty recovers.—He goes to Cervetri to visit the painter *il Rosso*, and is attacked upon the sea-shore by a band of Moors in disguise, but escapes.—The artistic society in Rome. Their pastimes and suppers.—Cellini escorts to one of these festivities a Spanish youth, named Diego, dressed as a girl.

**A**LTHOUGH it entails my departure from the subject of my profession, in my desire to describe my life as a whole I am obliged to detail, not altogether minutely, but at least to allude briefly to, certain events such as the following. Being once upon the morning of (the Feast of) our patron St. John<sup>1</sup> at dinner with many others of our nation,<sup>2</sup> of divers professions; painters,

<sup>1</sup> June 24th; St. John the Baptist being the Patron-Saint of the city of Florence. Cf. CESARE GUASTI, *Le Feste di San Giovanni Battista in Firenze, descritte in prosa e in rima* (Firenze, R. Società di S. Giovanni Battista, 1908).

<sup>2</sup> It is worth observing how the inhabitants of particular towns in Italy, when away from their own native place, clung to one

sculptors, goldsmiths; (among other remarkable persons present was one named *Il Rosso* the painter<sup>1</sup> and Gianfrancesco, the pupil of Raffaello da Urbino,<sup>2</sup> and many others). And since I had brought them all to that place informally, they all laughed and jested as is usual when a number of men get together, making merry at so admirable a festivity. By chance there passed by a giddy bullying youth, a soldier (in the service) of the lord Rienzo da Ceri<sup>3</sup> who upon hearing this noise (of merriment), scoffing said many insulting things about the Florentine people. I who was the host of all these excellent and worthy personages, considering that he had offended me, went quietly without anyone noticing me up to this man, who was with a trull of his;—to make whom laugh he was

another, invariably speaking of themselves as a separate "nation"; and of all other persons as foreigners (*forestieri*), even though in truth Italian-born like themselves. This feeling exists in Tuscany and elsewhere to a curious extent even at the present day.

<sup>1</sup> Giovanbattista di Jacopo, known as "*Il Rosso Fiorentino*," a Florentine of handsome manners and prepossessing appearance, and moreover a fine musician and a philosopher. Cellini met him again later in Paris, whither he went in 1534 and was known as *Maitre Roux*. Being entangled in a lawsuit and fearing punishment himself for having commenced it, he took poison in that city in 1541. Cf. VASARI, *Vite* (ed. MILANESI), Vol. VII, pp. 155-174; PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 206; L. DIMIER, *French Painting in the Sixteenth Century* (London, Duckworth and Co.; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1904, pp. 66-92).

<sup>2</sup> Penni, see above, Chap. IV, p. 72; Chap. V, p. 104 *postea*.

<sup>3</sup> Rienzo, Renzo, or Lorenzo da Ceri, was a celebrated captain of adventure or *condottiere*, who fought on various occasions in the pay of the Venetians (1514), of the Pope (1515), and of the King of France. This latter Monarch sent him against the Imperial troops, then threatening Rome; failing in which enterprise, he died of despair in the Abruzzi in 1528. We read of him again in CELLINI's account of the Siege of Rome in Chapter VII.

still continuing this ridicule of us. Coming up to him I asked if he was that bold man who was speaking evil of the Florentines. He immediately replied: "I am that man." At which words I raised my hand and striking him in the face said: "And I am this man." Instantly we both furiously laid hands on our weapons; but no sooner had we commenced that affair, than many persons came between us, more readily taking my part than the other side, having realized and seen that I was in the right. The day after there was brought to me a written challenge to fight him, which I accepted very gladly, saying that it seemed to me this undertaking proceeded much more rapidly than those pertaining to that other trade of mine; and I immediately went to consult an old man named Bevilacqua,<sup>1</sup> who had the reputation of having been the first swordsman in Italy, because he had found himself drawn more than twenty times into the field of honour (*campo franco*) and had always come out thence with credit. This worthy man was a great friend of mine, and knew me through my profession, and had also been concerned in certain ugly quarrels between me and others. For the which reason he immediately said cheerfully to me: "Benvenuto, if you had to do with Mars himself, I am sure that you would come out of it with honour, because during the many years that I have known you, I have never seen you take up any quarrel

<sup>1</sup> According to CARPANI, who produces a reference from Book I of the *History* of PAOLO GIOVIO (P. IOVII NOVOCOMENSIS, *Hist. sui temporis*, T. I., Venezia, Comino, 1553, p. 28), this is probably the same Bevilacqua, a native of Milan, who was one of the 400 *Pretoriani*, all splendid fighters (*gladiatori esimi*) and celebrated duellists who, fighting on behalf of the Republic of Genoa, defeated the Aragonese at the Battle of Rapallo in 1494.



wrongfully." He therefore took up my affair (as second), and when we repaired to the appointed spot, sword in hand, since my adversary settled the matter<sup>1</sup> without bloodshed, I came out of that business with great honour. I do not relate further details; for although stories of this kind are very agreeable to listen to, I want to reserve this relation to the matters which concern my profession, which is the object that has inspired me to this particular narrative; and on that head I shall have only too much to say. Although spurred on by an honest emulation, desirous of making some fresh work that would approach or even surpass those of that said brilliant craftsman Lucagnuolo, I never departed from my own beautiful art of jewel-fashioning; to such an extent that in both branches I procured great profit and greater honour, and in both I continually executed works differing from those of other people. There was in these days in Rome a most able craftsman from Perugia, by name Lautizio,<sup>2</sup> who laboured in one trade only, and in that trade was unique in the world. It happened that since in Rome every cardinal possesses a seal, upon which is impressed his coat of arms, these seals are made as large as the entire hand of a small child of about twelve years of age; and as I have said above, upon

<sup>1</sup> *Restando dal mio avversario*. This seems to mean that Cellini's adversary either apologized or stayed the duel at some point short of actual bloodshed.

<sup>2</sup> Lautizio di Meo (or Bartolommeo) Rotelli, in company with Cesare Rossetti (*Cesarino*), was superintendent of the mint at Perugia in 1516. He died in 1527. Cf. CELLINI'S *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*, Chap. XIII (*ed. cit.*, p. 99 *e segg.*); G. B. VERMIGLIOLI, *Trattato della Zecca e delle monete perugine* (p. 98 and Doc. XX); and *Giornale d'erud. artistica*, Vol. II, p. 113.

them are cut the arms of the cardinal, to which are added very many ornamental decorations; and for one of these seals well executed they are wont to pay one hundred or more than one hundred *scudi*. For this brilliant executant I also cherished an honourable rivalry; although this art appeared very much aloof from the other branches that appertain to the goldsmith's business; for this Lautizio, in practising this art of seal-engraving, knew not how to do anything else. Setting myself to study besides this self-same art, although it is found very difficult, I was never weary from the labour that it entailed, but I continually devoted myself to it for the purpose of earning money and learning. There was besides in Rome another very excellent and brilliant artist, who was a Milanese, and who was called by the name of Misser Caradosso.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Ambrogio (or, according to RUSCONI and VALERI, *op. cit.*, p. 63, n. 9, Cristoforo Foppa di Giovanni Maffeo) Foppa, better known by his surname of *Caradosso*, was a native of Pavia and could therefore be fairly styled a Milanese. He was not only a maker of coins, but also a modeller in clay, an inlayer of metals and a goldsmith of very considerable merit. Up to 1513-1514 he was employed in the Papal service, being in high favour with Popes Julius II, Leo X, and Clement VII. CELLINI, who, though he praises his work, was rather jealous of him, retails (perhaps even invents) in the *Treatise cit.* above (pp. 30-31) a ridiculous and somewhat scurrilous etymology for his surname. BERNARDO BELLINCIONI composed a sonnet upon him commencing, *Si ben non lega al ramo di natura*. Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lombardi cit.* I, pp. 241 and 272-281; VASARI, *Vita di Francesco Francia (ed. MILANESI cit.)*, III, 535; and also III, 28; IV, 161; CELLINI, *Trattati, ed. cit.*, pp. 72, 89, 94, 95; PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 156, 203, 274, 275; and *Nouvel Appendice*, p. 29. *De deux bijoux, ouvrages du Caradosso*. His Will, dated 1526, has been published by MUNTZ, and BERTOLOTTI, *op. cit.*, also gives us some further information regarding his nephew and heir, *Lutius Caradossus de Foppa*.

This man worked only on small medallions engraved with the chisel upon plates of metal, and many other similar things. He made some "Paxes"<sup>1</sup> in low relief and some figures of Christ of about a palm in length, executed upon very thin plates of gold, so beautifully engraved that I judged him to be the greatest artist that I had ever seen in such things, and for him I experienced more emulation than for any one else. There were besides other masters who made medals sculptured in steel, which are the origin (*madre*) and true guide to those who desire to know how to make coins properly. In all these different branches I set myself to learn with very great attention. There is besides the most exquisite art of enamelling, which I have never seen as well executed by anyone as by one of our Florentines named Amerigho<sup>2</sup>, with whom I had no personal acquaintance, but whose most superb works I knew well; such divine excellence as in no part of the world nor by any man have I ever seen approached even at a great distance. For besides in the carrying out it is most difficult, on account of the

<sup>1</sup> These were pieces of metal,—generally with a handle affixed at the back,—preserved in the treasuries of churches, and presented to the faithful to kiss. Many of them are exquisitely decorated with sculpture, engraving, and enamel; and some are even handsomely jewelled.

<sup>2</sup> Amerigo di Rigo Rigi (or Amerighi), was born in 1420, and died in 1491. Among the artists who took part in the competition for the façade of Sta Maria del Fiore in 1491 was an *Amerigus aurifex*. See the *Commentary* on VASARI'S *Life of Giuliano and Antonio da San Gallo* (ed. LE MONNIER), Vol. VII, p. 247. CELLINI alludes to him in the *Introduction* to his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (ed. cit., pp. 7, 8), and remarks there also upon his unsurpassed and unsurpassable skill in enamelling; work which he says was executed from designs by Antonio del Pollaiuolo.

fire that is applied at the last upon the work, finished with great labour, which many a time spoils them and plunges them into destruction. Upon this very different branch I also set myself to work with all my power; and although I found it very difficult, so much was the pleasure that I took in it that the said great difficulties seemed to me but a recreation: and this arose from a special gift bestowed upon me by the God of nature of a temperament so good and well-balanced, that I could freely assure myself of accomplishing everything that came into my mind to undertake. These said branches are many and very diverse one from another; so much so that any one who succeeds in one of them, wishing to try the others, hardly ever is as successful as in that branch in which he already excels; wherefore I exerted myself with all my power to practise all these branches equally; and, as I say, I will in its proper place demonstrate how I accomplished such an undertaking.

At this period, when I was still a youth of about twenty-three years of age, a pestilential disease broke out of such unparalleled virulence that there died in Rome many thousands per day.<sup>1</sup> Somewhat terrified by this, I began to take up certain amusements such as my fancy directed, caused moreover by a circumstance that I will relate. For I enjoyed on feast-days visiting the antiquities (of the city), copying them either in wax models or by drawing from them; and since these said

<sup>1</sup> The most destructive ravages of the plague had occurred in 1522, and in the month of August 1523, when a total of some 18,000 persons succumbed to it; but since Cellini did not come to Rome for his second visit until November in the latter year the worst was over. It reappeared again in the summer of 1524, but in a much less virulent form.

antiquities are all in ruins, and amid these same ruins build a great many pigeons, the desire came upon me to employ against them my fowling-piece: and in order to avoid intercourse with anyone, being afraid of the plague, I put my gun upon the shoulder of my boy Pagolino,<sup>1</sup> and he and I went alone to the said ruins. It resulted therefore that very many times I returned laden with very plump pigeons. I did not care to load my gun with more than a single ball, and it was therefore by real skill in that art that I made such large bags. I had a straight fowling-piece made by my own hands; and (so bright was it) both within and without there was never seen a mirror like it. I made besides with my own hands the finest gunpowder, in the composition of which I discovered the finest secrets that have ever up to to-day been discovered by anyone: but with regard to this I will not dilate much, but will give one example to cause surprise to all those who are skilled in such an accomplishment. This was that with powder amounting in weight to a fifth part of the ball, the said ball would carry two hundred paces point blank (*in punto bianco*). Although the great pleasure that I drew from this gun of mine tended to seduce me away from my profession and my studies, this fact is also true, that in another way it gave me back much more than it took from me: for the result was that every time that I went on my hunting expeditions, I greatly improved my health, because the open air did me so much good. Since I was naturally of a melancholy disposition, when I found myself at these amusements, my spirits immediately brightened, and I was able to work better, and

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. IV, pp. 74 *e seg.*

with more skill, than when I applied myself to my studies and experiments without intermission; to such purpose that my gun in the long run<sup>1</sup> proved for me more gain than loss. Besides, by means of this diversion of mine, I acquired the friendship of certain curiosity-hunters who watched out for<sup>2</sup> those Lombard peasants, who came to Rome at that season to till the vines. These latter in the course of their tilling the earth often found antique medals, agates, chrysoprases, cornelians, cameos: they found besides precious stones, that is to say, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, and rubies.<sup>3</sup> These same curio-hunters sometimes got from those peasants for very small sums some of these things; for which I—meeting these curio hunters occasionally, nay, very often—gave as many gold *scudi* for a thing which they had frequently just bought for scarcely as many pence (*giuli*).<sup>4</sup> This circumstance, exclusive of the great profit that I procured out of it, which was tenfold or more, set me besides in high favour with almost all the Roman cardinals. Of these objects I will only speak of the notable and rarest examples. There fell into my hands, among so many other things, a dolphin's head as large as a big balloting bean.<sup>5</sup> Amongst the other treasures, not only was this the most beautiful, but nature in this case had far surpassed art; for this emerald was of such

<sup>1</sup> *Fin del giuoco*, lit., "the end of the game."

<sup>2</sup> *Stavano alle velette*, lit., "lay in wait for."

<sup>3</sup> Presumably the first set of objects here mentioned were what are technically known as gems, *i.e.*, inlaid or engraved stones; the latter being stones valuable in themselves.

<sup>4</sup> The *giulio* was a papal coin introduced by Julius II and was worth fifty-six centimes.

<sup>5</sup> *Fava da partito*, lit., "a bean used for balloting."

a fine colour that the man who bought it of me for some tens of *scudi* had it set after the fashion of an ordinary stone to wear in a ring; set thus he sold it for some hundreds. I had besides another variety of stone: this was a head made of the most beautiful topaz that the world ever saw. In this object art had equalled nature. It was as big as a large filbert, and the head upon it was as well executed as it is possible to imagine: it represented *Minerva*. There was besides another stone differing from these. This was a cameo; upon it was cut a *Hercules binding the three-jawed Cerberus*. This was of such beauty and fashioned with such fine skill, that our great Michelagnuolo protested that he had never seen anything so wonderful. There were besides, among many bronze medals, one that fell into my hands, upon which was the head of *Jove*. This medal was much larger than any that I had ever seen. The head was so beautifully executed that such a medal had never been seen. It had a most beautiful reverse side, with some small figures likewise superbly executed. I could have, beyond these, described many fine things, but I do not wish to dwell upon them lest I become too lengthy. As I have said above, the plague had commenced in Rome. Although I want to turn back a little, I shall not on this account depart from my original object. There arrived in Rome a very famous surgeon who was called master Giacomo da Carpi.<sup>1</sup> This able man, amongst his other cures,

<sup>1</sup> Giacomo Berengario da Carpi, a physician and surgeon of highest repute in his day, if not the first to prescribe mercury in the cure of venereal diseases (styled *Franzesi* because they were said to have been introduced into Italy from France in 1493), certainly employed it with most successful results. CELLINI speaks of him both here and elsewhere as a charlatan and a cheat, but his

undertook certain desperate cases of the French diseases. And since these diseases are very prevalent in Rome amongst the priests,—especially among the richest of them,—when this clever man became aware of this, he showed himself able by the efficacy of certain essences to cure in a marvellous manner these self-same complaints, but he insisted upon a contract before he commenced the cure; and these contracts were reckoned in hundreds, not tens (of *scudi*). This brilliant man had much intelligent knowledge of drawing. Passing my shop one day by chance he saw by accident certain drawings that I had made previously, amongst which were several quaint vases which I had designed for my own amusement. These particular vases were very varied and differed from all those that had ever been seen up to that time. The said master Jacomo wished me to make them for him in silver; which I did particularly willingly, since they were in accordance with my own fancy. Although the said clever man paid me very well for them, the credit that they brought me was worth one hundred times more; for in the Trade of all those

merits are attested by various treatises written by him, the titles of which are to be found in TIRABOSCHI and MAZZUCHELLI. Moreover he taught surgery in Bologna from 1502 to 1529 (*cf.* G. N. ALIDOSI, *Li dottori forestieri che in Bologna hanno letto*, etc., Bologna, Tebaldini, 1623, p. 39). There is no doubt however that he was both venal and grasping. VASARI, in his *Life of Raphael* (*ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. IV, pp. 370-371), tells how this physician after having attended and cured Cardinal Colonna, demanded of him the painting of *St. John the Baptist* (now in the Tribuna of the Uffizi in Florence) by that famous painter, which the Cardinal seems to have given up most unwillingly. Giacomo da Carpi died at Ferrara (date uncertain) and left all his wealth to Alfonso I d'Este, third Duke of Ferrara and Modena.



excellent goldsmiths they said that they had never seen anything more beautiful or better fashioned. I had scarcely finished them, when this man showed them to the Pope; and the next day afterwards he departed (*s'ando con dio*). He was very well read; he discoursed wonderfully on medicine. The Pope wished him to remain in his service; but this man said that he would not be in the service of any one in the world, and that whoever had need of him might come after him. He was a very astute person, and did wisely in departing from Rome; for not many months after all those persons whom he had doctored fell so ill, that they were one hundred times worse than at first; he would have been murdered, if he had stayed. He exhibited my little vases to many nobles; amongst others to the most excellent Duke of Ferrara;<sup>1</sup> and he said that he had received them from a great lord in Rome, by telling him that if he wished to be cured of his ailment, he wanted those two little vases;<sup>2</sup> and that this very noble had said that they were antiques, and that of his kindness he should ask for something else which it would not seem hard to give him, if he would only leave him these. He said that he had made a feint of being unwilling to cure him, wherefore he got them. This (story) was related to me by Misser Alberto Ben de dio<sup>3</sup> in Ferrara, and with great pomp he showed me certain clay copies

<sup>1</sup> Alfonso I d'Este, Duke of Ferrara and Modena, alluded to in the last note.

<sup>2</sup> This is another marked example of a violent change of grammatical construction in the middle of a sentence.

<sup>3</sup> This proud, severe, and withal cultured man is alluded to later as a *gentiluomo ferrarese* in the suite of the Cardinal of Ferrara (1540).



AGATE VASE

Cabinet of Gems, Uffizi, Florence

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of them, at which I laughed; and since I said nothing further, Misser Alberto Ben de dio, who was a proud man, angrily said to me: "You are laughing at them, are you? and I tell you that for the last thousand years there has not been born a man who could merely copy them." And so, in order not to rob them of their reputation, remaining silent I admired them with stupefaction. I was told in Rome by many nobles about these works, which appeared to them marvellous and of antique origin; some of these were my personal friends, and emboldened by such a circumstance I confessed that I had made them. They did not want to believe me; whereupon I wishing to be truthful in the matter of such things, had to give proof and make new drawings; for what I said did not suffice, since it chanced that the said master Jacomo cunningly managed to carry off the original drawings with him. Out of this little job I acquired a great deal. The plague having continued many months, I had fought it off, for although many of my comrades were dead, I remained hale and free from illness. It chanced that upon a certain evening among others, that one of my comrades who lodged with me brought home to supper a Bolognese courtesan who was called Faustina. This woman was very beautiful, but was about thirty years of age, and she had with her a little servant maid of between thirteen and fourteen. Since the said Faustina was the property of my friend, for all the gold in the world I would not have touched her. Although she said that she was wildly enamoured of me, I preserved constantly my faith to my friend. But when they were in bed I stole that little serving-maid, who was an absolute virgin, though woe had it been for her had her mistress

known of it. I enjoyed myself thus agreeably that night with much more satisfaction than I should have had with her mistress Faustina. When the hour of dinner approached, I was as weary as if I had walked many miles, and desirous of taking food, I felt a violent headache, with many swellings on my left arm, culminating in a carbuncle on the wrist-joint of my left hand on the outer side.<sup>1</sup> In terror, every person in the house, my friend, the big cow and the little one, all fled, whence left alone with a poor little shop-boy of mine, who refused to leave me, I felt stifled at the heart, and realized for sure that I was a dead man. At this juncture there passed along the street the father of this my shop-boy, who was medical attendant to Cardinal Jacoacci,<sup>2</sup> and belonged to his establishment. The said boy called out to his father: "Come here, father, and see Benvenuto, who is in bed with a slight ailment." Without stopping to think what the ailment might be, he immediately came in to me, and feeling my pulse, saw and knew what he would rather not have known. Turning at once upon his son, he said: "You traitor child, you have ruined me: how can I go any more to the Cardinal's?" To which his son replied: "This master of mine, father, is worth much more than all the cardinals in Rome." Then the doctor turned to me and said: "Since I am here, I am willing to attend you; there is but one thing that I must warn you, that if you have had intercourse with a woman, you

<sup>1</sup> "*Dalla banda di fuora.*"

<sup>2</sup> Domenico di Cristofano Jacobacci, of a noble Roman family, a student of letters and a lawyer of ability. He was Auditor of the Ruota, was created a cardinal by Leo X in 1517, and died between 1527 and 1528. Cf. CIACCONIO and OLDONI, *op. cit.* Vol. III, Coll. 383, 530.



DISH

(PLASTER CAST OF A LOST ORIGINAL)

Collection of the Chapter of Sta. Barbara, Mantua

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are a dead man." To which I replied: "I did so this very last night." At this the doctor said: "With what sort of person, and how much?"<sup>1</sup> And I told him: "All last night, and with a very young maiden." Then perceiving that he had used some foolish expressions, he immediately said to me: "Since they (the sores) are at present fresh, so that they are not yet putrid, and since the remedy has been sought in good time, you need not have so much fear, for I hope in any case to cure you." When he had doctored me and departed, there immediately appeared one of my dearest friends, named Giovanni Rigogli,<sup>2</sup> who being deeply grieved for my illness and for my being thus deserted by my comrade, said: "Do not doubt, my dear Benvenuto, that I shall ever leave you until I see you cured." I told this friend not to approach me, for I was doomed. I besought him only that he would be so kind as to take a certain fair amount of *scudi*, which were in a box there near my bed, and that since God had removed me from this world, he would send them as a gift to my poor father, writing to him kindly as I had continued to do according as the progress of that disastrous season permitted.<sup>3</sup> My dear friend told me that he did not want to leave me for any reason whatsoever, and that whatever from that time might be neces-

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. A. SYMONDS suggests that *quanto* = "how much" in the text here should be *quando* = "when."

<sup>2</sup> Regarding this friend cf. Chap. III, p. 54; Chap. VIII, p. 159.

<sup>3</sup> CELLINI may mean here that "*I too had joined the majority*," i.e. = "succumbed to the plague" (*secondo l'usanza che prometteva quella arrabiata stagione*), according to the general result foreshadowed by that disastrous season; but Mr. SYMONDS thinks that it should read "*in the way I too had done* (up to that time), so far as that appalling season of the plague permitted."



sary, in either the one case or in the other, he knew very well what it behoved one to do for a friend. And so we went along with the help of God, and beginning to experience from the wonderful remedies a very vast improvement, I soon recovered thoroughly from that very serious illness. Whilst the wound still remained open, with the dressing in it and a plaister over that, I rode about upon a little wild pony of mine, that I had. This pony had hair more than four fingers in length; it was just as big as a good-sized bear, and in truth he resembled a bear. Upon his back I rode to visit *il Rosso* the painter, who was living outside Rome towards Civita vecchia, at a place belonging to the Count of Anguillara, called Cervetera,<sup>1</sup> and having found my friend Rosso, he was pleased beyond measure, wherefore I said to him: "I am come to do for you what you did for me so many months ago." Bursting out laughing immediately and embracing and kissing me, he next told me to be silent for the sake of the Count. Thus happily and pleasantly, with good wine and the best of food, entertained by the said Count, I stayed there about a month, and every day I went down alone upon the seashore, and there dismounting, loaded myself with many

<sup>1</sup> Cerveteri is a small hamlet near Bracciano, in the direction of the sea, on the site of the ancient *Caere*. Aversò di Flaminio dell' Anguillara, here mentioned, defended Paliano in the war waged in 1556-1557 by Paul IV in the Campagna; and died during the Djerba expedition. He married Maddalena, sister of Piero Strozzi, Marshal of France, by whom he had one daughter, who became the wife of Giordano di Valerio Orsino, General of the Venetian Republic, and through whom the Orsini became heirs to the countship of Anguillara (SANSOVINO, *De gli uomini illustri della casa Orsini*, Venezia, 1565, p. 25).

divers sorts of pebbles, small snails, and rare and very beautiful shells. The last time (for after that I went thither no more), I was attacked by a number of men, who, in disguise, had disembarked from a Moorish galley; and when they thought that they had confined me into a certain spot, whence it did not seem possible for me to escape out of their hands, mounting hastily upon my little nag, being prepared in that perilous strait to be either roasted or boiled upon the spot (for I saw but little hope of escaping one or other of those two fates),<sup>1</sup> as it pleased God, the little nag, which was the one that I have mentioned above, sprang forward in a way it is impossible to believe; wherefore having saved myself I thanked God. I told the Count about it. He gave the alarm; the galleys were to be seen at sea. The next day after, I returned in good health and spirits to Rome.

By this time the plague had almost ceased, to such an extent that those who remained alive entertained one another with much gaiety. Out of this circumstance there arose a society of painters, sculptors and goldsmiths, the best that there were in Rome; and the founder of this society was a sculptor named Michelagnuolo.<sup>2</sup> This Michelagnuolo was a Sieneſe and he was a very brilliant

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, "to escape being either drowned or shot."

<sup>2</sup> Michelagnuolo di Bernardino di Michele, one of the pupils of Giacomo Cozzarelli; he passed a great part of his youth in Slavonia. In 1524 he executed (after designs by Baldassare Peruzzi) the mausoleum of Pope Adrian VI in the church of Sta Maria dell' Anima dei Tedeschi in Rome, whither that Pontiff's body was transported on August 11th 1533. He died in 1540. Cf. VASARI, *Vite* (ed. MILANESI *cit.*), Vol. IV, 600; Vol. V, 92, 93; also BALDINUCCI, *op. cit.*, Dec. IV, Sec. IV, p. 307.

man such as could rival any other man in this profession; but beyond all other things this man was the most sportive, and the most pleasure-loving<sup>1</sup> that I ever knew in my life. Of this said society he was the oldest member, but at the same time in bodily vigour the youngest. We found ourselves constantly together; at least twice a week. I would not omit that in this our society were the painter Giulio Romano,<sup>2</sup> and Gian Francescho,<sup>3</sup> admirable pupils of the great Raffaello da Urbino. When we had all been meeting more and more often, it seemed good to that excellent leader of ours that on the Sunday following we should assemble at supper in his house, and that each of us should be obliged to bring with him his "crow" (*cornachia*) (for that was the name that the said Michelagnuolo had applied to these persons); and that whosoever did not bring one should be obliged to pay for a supper for the whole party. Whoever of us had no acquaintance with such women of the town had

<sup>1</sup> *Carnale*, used in the sense of "sensuous," not *fleshly* or *gross*.

<sup>2</sup> Giulio Pippi, better known as Giulio Romano. The son of Piero Pippi de' Iannuzzi, he was born in 1492, and died November 1st 1546. He was both painter and architect, having been the favourite pupil and co-heir to Raphael, many of whose designs and unfinished work he carried to completion. He executed many commissions for Federigo Gonzaga, Marquis of Mantua, the best known of which is the celebrated Palazzo del Tè outside the walls of that city. He made a number of indecent drawings, which were engraved by Marcantonio Raimondi, and to which Pietro Aretino appended sonnets. For publishing sixteen of these Marcantonio was imprisoned and nearly lost his life. Cf. VASARI, *Vite* (ed. cit.), Vol. V, 523-557, and Vol. V, 418 (*Marcantonio Bolognese*); BALDINUCCI, *op. cit.*, Dec. II, Sec. IV, p. 238; D'ARCO, *Istoria della vita e delle opere di G. Pippi romano*, Mantova, 1838.

<sup>3</sup> Penni, already alluded to above, cf. Chap. IV., p. 72; Chap. V, p. 88.

to provide themselves at no little expense and inconvenience, so as not to appear disgraced at this noble banquet. I who had thought myself well provided in the person of a very handsome young woman, named Pantassilea, who was deeply enamoured of me, was compelled to give her up to one of my dearest friends called Bachiaccha,<sup>1</sup> who had been and was still madly in love with her. Concerning this matter there had arisen some small amount of amorous irritation, because when she saw that I yielded her up to Bachiaccha at the first request, it seemed to this woman that I took but very little account of the great love that she bore for me; from which in course of time there arose a very serious event, from her desire to revenge herself for the insult she had received from me. This circumstance I will relate presently in its own place. It happened that the hour began to draw near for presenting oneself before this august company, each with his "crow," and I found myself unprovided; and moreover it seemed to me that I should be doing wrong to fail in so mad a sport;<sup>2</sup> and what affected me still more was that I did not want to take under my

<sup>1</sup> Francesco Bachiaccha, son of Ubertino di Bartolommeo Lipini (afterwards Verdi and also designated degli Ubertini), sprang from a family originally natives of Borgo San Lorenzo in the Mugello. He was born March 1st 1494 and died October 5th 1557. VASARI says that he was a painter of ability, who devoted himself specially to the drawing of small figures, plants, birds, and all sorts of animals. He had two brothers, Bartolommeo (Baccio), also a painter, and Antonio, an embroiderer. Of this latter CELLINI speaks later on in his *Life*, in connection with his dispute with Duke Cosimo regarding the value of a diamond. Cf. VASARI (*ed. cit.*), Vol. VI, 454 *e seg.*; BALDINUCCI, *op. cit.*, Dec. IV, Sec. IV, p. 290.

<sup>2</sup> *Una si faza cosa*. By this CELLINI may mean the supper party, or he may mean the "crow" herself.

protection, amid so much brilliance, any draggle-tailed scarecrow (*spennachiata cornachiuccia*). I bethought me of a joke to add a louder laugh to their merriment. With this resolution I summoned a youth of about sixteen years of age, who resided next door to me. He was the son of a Spanish brassfounder. This youth was learning Latin literature, and was very studious; he bore the name of Diego. He was very handsome in appearance, with a marvellous complexion. The outline of his head was much more beautiful than that antique one of Antinous,<sup>1</sup> and I had portrayed it many times; by which I had acquired much credit in my work. This boy had no acquaintance with any one, so that he was not known by sight. He dressed very badly and carelessly; he was entirely wrapped up in his admirable studies. Inviting him into my house I begged him to let me attire him in some women's clothes which I had there ready. He easily consented, and dressed himself up quickly, and I with the finest modes of adornment rapidly enhanced the great beauties of his handsome countenance; I put two rings in his ears in which were set two large and fine pearls; the said rings were split; they only clipped the ears which seemed to be pierced; then I put around his throat most handsome gold necklaces and rich jewels; moreover I adorned his beautiful hands with rings. Then

<sup>1</sup> A beautiful Bithynian youth beloved by the Emperor Hadrian. In the hope of preserving that monarch's health and life he flung himself into the Nile, upon which his master decreed him semi-divine honours and directed countless memorial statues, busts, and medals to be made of him, very many of which are still to be seen in museums and sculpture-galleries. A colossal bust of him, now in the Museo Pio Clementino in Rome, was found at Hadrian's Villa, near Tivoli, in 1790.

sportively taking him by the ear I drew him before a large mirror of mine. When the youth had seen himself, with some conceit he said: "Bless me! Is that Diego?" Then I said to him: "That is Diego, of whom I have never asked any sort of favour: now I only beg that same Diego that he will oblige me in one honourable satisfaction: and it is this, that I want him to come with me in that particular costume to supper with that brilliant company of whom I have spoken to him so many times." The modest, virtuous and clever lad, putting from him that conceit, casting his eyes to the ground, stood thus for some time without saying a word; then on a sudden raising his face he said: "With Benvenuto I will go. Let us start at once." Having put over his head a large towel, which they call in Rome "a summer-cloth" (*panno di state*), we reached the place where everyone had already arrived and they all came to meet us; the said Michelagnuolo was placed beside Julio and Giovanfrancescho in the middle. When the towel was removed from the head of that beauteous creature of mine, Michelagnuolo who, as I have said on other occasions, was the most witty and most agreeable man that one can possibly imagine, having laid both his hands, the one on Julio and the other on Gianfrancescho, as far as he was able by that effort, made them bow down, and kneeling upon the ground himself demanded mercy, and called out to all the company saying: "Look, look how the angels of paradise are fashioned; for though they call them angels,<sup>1</sup> observe how there are

<sup>1</sup> Michelagnuolo wishes to express here that though angels are generally supposed to have been of the male sex only, here is a *female* angel.

also female angels; and shouting aloud he said: "Oh! Beauteous angel! Oh! angel worthy! Save me and give me thy blessing." At these words the charming creature smiling raised his right hand, and gave him a Papal benediction with many charming words. Then Michelagnuolo, rising to his feet, said: that in the case of the Pope one kissed his feet, but in that of angels one kissed their cheeks; and when he did so the youth blushed deeply, by reason of which his beauty was very greatly increased. Thus matters proceeded, the room was full of sonnets, which each one had made and handed to Michelagnuolo. The lad began to read them and he read them all; this increased his incomparable loveliness to such an extent, as it would be impossible to describe. Much and wonderful conversation followed, upon which I do not wish to dilate, for I am not here for that purpose. Only one remark I recall being said, because that admirable painter Julio made it, who, having cast his eyes critically upon everyone around him, but fixing them more especially upon the women than upon the others, turning to Michelagnuolo, spake thus: "My dear Michelagnuolo, that name of yours of 'crow' does very well to-day for these ladies, although they are somewhat less beautiful than crows beside one of the loveliest peacocks that it is possible to imagine." The meal being ready and set in order, as we were preparing to sit down, Julio asked leave to be the person to arrange us at table. When this was conceded to him, having taken the ladies by the hand, he set them all upon the inner side and my lady in the middle. Then he set all the men upon the outside and me in the middle, saying that I deserved every sort of high honour. There was there for a back-

ground to the women a trellis<sup>1</sup> of real and very beautiful jasmine, which made such a lovely foil for those ladies as it would be impossible to describe in words. So we each pursued with greatest delight that rich supper, which was most wonderfully abundant. Then when we had supped there followed a little admirable music of voices accompanied by instruments; and as they sang and played with the score before them, my beauteous creature asked leave to sing his part; and since he acquitted himself in that art of music almost better than the others, he caused so much astonishment, that the remarks made by Julio and Michelagnuolo were no longer in that bantering tone as at first, but were all serious expressions sobered down and full of astonishment. After the music a certain Aurelio Ascolano<sup>2</sup> who recited delightfully without preparation (*alla improvviso*) began to laud the ladies with heavenly and beautiful words; and whilst he was chanting, the two girls, who had that beauty of mine between them, never ceased chattering; for whilst one of them related in what manner her misfortune came about,

<sup>1</sup> *Tessuto* means anything woven, so it is possible that CELLINI may mean a woven hanging representing jasmine in natural colours. But it may also mean one of those espaliers of jasmine and other flowers which we know from existing representations of banquets of the period formed an agreeable and picturesque background to the revellers.

<sup>2</sup> It is probable that this was the celebrated Eurialo Morani, a scion of a noble house of Ascoli, who was very highly thought of as a poet and epigrammatist in the sixteenth century. He held high repute at the Court of Leo X, and was a friend of all the celebrated *littérateurs* of the age. Cf. MAZZUCHELLI, *Gli Scrittori d'Italia*, Vol. I, pt. II, pp. 1157-8; R. H. HOBART CUST, *Giovanni Antonio Bassi, hitherto usually styled "Sodoma"* (London, John Murray, 1906), p. 153, n. 3.



the other asked my beauty how hers had occurred, and who were her friends, and how long it was since she had arrived in Rome, and many other similar things. It is true that if I were to describe merely such trifles, I ought to speak of the many disasters which occurred also, caused by that Pantassilea, who was wildly enamoured of me: but because they do not belong to my subject, I pass them by briefly. This conversation of these coarse women now caused annoyance to my beauty, upon whom we had conferred the name of Pomona; the said Pomona wishing to escape from these unpleasant remarks of theirs, began to wriggle first on one side and then on the other. He was asked by the woman whom Julio had brought, if she felt any discomfort. He replied yes, and that he thought that he was some months advanced in pregnancy, and that after the manner of women he was suffering great discomfort in his stomach. Immediately the two women who had him between them, moved with compassion for Pomona, laying their hands upon his stomach, found out that he was a boy. Quickly withdrawing their hands with insulting words, such as they are accustomed to use to handsome youths, they rose from the table, and the cry immediately spreading with great laughter and with great astonishment, the lively Michelagnuolo demanded leave of everyone to administer to me a penance of his own contriving. Having gained consent, amid loudest shouts he raised me aloft saying: "Long live the gentleman! Long live the gentleman!" and he said that this was the punishment that I deserved, for having perpetrated so fine a trick. Thus ended that most delightful supper and day; and everyone of us returned to his own home.

## CHAPTER VI

(1524)

Cellini engraves foliage and grotesques upon objects made of steel.

—He fashions steel rings, engraved and inlaid with gold; and he enters into a rivalry with Caradosso in the making of medals.—He nurses Luigi Pulci through a severe illness and assists him in his studies.—Quarrels with him on account of a courtesan.—Peace is restored through the good offices of a Neapolitan nobleman.—Pulci is thrown from his horse and dies as a result of the accident.

**I**F I wanted to describe precisely of what sort and how many were the numerous objects that I fashioned for divers kinds of men, my narrative would be too long. It does not concern me to say more at present than that I applied myself with every sort of attention and diligence to make myself acquainted with that diversity and variety of art of which I have spoken above. Thus I continuously laboured upon all sorts of things; and because there has not yet come into my mind occasion for detailing some of my most remarkable works, I will wait to insert them in their proper place: for they will come in soon. The said Michelagnuolo, the Sienese sculptor at that time, was constructing the tomb of the dead Pope Adriano.<sup>1</sup> Julio, the said Roman painter,

<sup>1</sup> Adrian VI occupied the Chair of St. Peter for a brief period between Leo X and Clement VII

went away into the service of the Marquess of Mantua.<sup>1</sup> The other members of our society retired, some here, some there, upon their own affairs: in such a manner that the said brilliant company was almost wholly broken up. At this time there fell into my hands certain little Turkish poniards, and the handle of each weapon was of iron as well as the blade; the sheath was, moreover, of iron likewise. These said objects were engraved, by means of iron tools, with a quantity of very beautiful foliage after the Turkish manner, and very delicately inlaid with gold: the which thing provoked greatly in me a desire to experiment also with a view to labouring myself in that branch, so different from the others; and when I saw that I succeeded very well, I made a number of articles. These same objects were very much handsomer and much more durable than the Turkish ones, for many different reasons. One of these was that in the case of my steel articles, I cut very deeply beneath the surface;<sup>2</sup> which they are not accustomed to do in Turkish work. Another

<sup>1</sup> Federigo Gonzaga, brother of Cardinal Ercole, Bishop of Mantua. He was created Duke by grant from the Emperor Charles V in 1530, and died on June 28th 1540. To the court of this prince Giulio Romano was summoned through the medium of the Mantuan ambassador, Baldassare Castiglione, and there designed the famous Palazzo del Tè (the abbreviated form of *Taletto*), which he subsequently, with the aid of other artists, adorned with sculpture and painting. Cf. STEFANO DAVARI, *Descrizione del Palazzo del Tè, di Giacomo Strada*, in *L'Arte*, 1899; cf. VASARI, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. V, p. 535; JULIA CARTWRIGHT (MRS. HENRY ADY), *Baldassare Castiglione, the Perfect Courtier. His Life and Letters*, 1478-1529. (John Murray, London, 1908.) Vol. II, 169, 187, 233, 428.

<sup>2</sup> *Intagliare a sottosquadro*: that is to say, "to hollow out more widely beneath than at the surface"; in order that the inlay, whether of gold or other metal, might become more firmly fixed.



JUPITER DESTROYING THE GIANTS  
(SILVER PLAQUE)

Vatican Library, Rome

[To face page 112, vol. 1



was that the Turkish foliage (designs) are of no other species but arum<sup>1</sup> leaves with some blossoms of the sunflower;<sup>2</sup> and although they have a certain amount of elegance, they do not continue to satisfy as do our (forms of) foliage. For in Italy there are various methods of designing foliage; for instance, in Lombardy they make very lovely groups of foliage, copying the leaves of ivy and bryony in most beautiful curves, which make them most agreeable to behold; the Tuscans and the Romans in this fashion take a much better choice, for they imitate the leaves of the acanthus, called "bear's paw," with its stalks and flowers curling in different ways; and in among this said foliage there are charmingly introduced some little birds and divers animals, from which may be discovered the good taste of the artist. Some of these ideas they find naturally in wild flowers, such as those that they call "snapdragon";<sup>3</sup> for thus by means of certain flowers there can be devised, with the addition of the other clever imaginings of those brilliant craftsmen, those things which are called by those who know no better "grotesques." These grotesques have acquired this name from modern people through their being found by students in certain caverns in the ground at Rome, which caverns were in ancient times chambers, baths, studios, saloons, and other similar places. These students found them in these cavernous places, which because since ancient times the ground has risen in those spots, whilst they have

<sup>1</sup> There are two species of *gichero*, designated respectively *Arum tuberosum* and *Arum Maculatum*. The former, called vulgarly *Pan di Serpe*, or *Cavolo di Serpe* (snake's cabbage), exhibits a yellow or white tube; the latter one of a fine bright red.

<sup>2</sup> *Clizia* = *Helianthus multiflorus*, commonly called "sunflower."

<sup>3</sup> The Italians call them *bocche di lionne* = "lions' mouths."

remained below, and because the term applied to these low places in Rome is "grottoes"; from this circumstance they acquired the name of "grotesques" (*grotesche*). The which is not their proper name; for indeed, just as the ancients delighted in the composition of monsters, cohabiting with goats, cows and horses, thus producing those abortions which they denominate "monsters";<sup>1</sup> so these craftsmen fashion with their foliage this kind of "monsters": and "monsters" is their true name and not "grotesques."<sup>2</sup> The foliages of this kind, which I devised, when inlaid after the above-mentioned method, was much more beautiful to look upon than were the Turkish ones. It chanced that at this time in certain vases, which were ancient funeral urns full of ashes, among those same ashes were found certain iron rings of ancient workmanship inlaid with gold, and in each one of these same rings was set a little shell.<sup>3</sup> On applying to those (who were) learned (in such things), they told me those persons wore these rings who desired to remain firm in mind in whatever extraordinary accident might befall them as well in good fortune as in bad. Upon this I was set to work by the request of certain noblemen great friends of mine and I fashioned some of these little rings; but I made them of well-tempered steel: then when handsomely engraved and inlaid with gold they made a most

<sup>1</sup> It was one of CELLINI'S pet theories that monsters were the offspring of the illicit union of men with animals.

<sup>2</sup> *Grotesques* were among the most specially admired motives of decoration during the fifteenth century. But CELLINI'S etymology is, of course, purely fantastic.

<sup>3</sup> These may have been either *intagli* (engraved stones) or "cameos." The MS. reads *un niccolo*, but CELLINI has himself altered it to *un nicchiolino*.

beautiful appearance; and it happened sometimes that for one of these small rings, for my workmanship alone, I received more than forty *scudi*. At this period also were worn certain gold medallions, upon which every lord or noble liked to have sculptured his own fancy or device; and they wore them in their hats. Of these objects I made a great many, and they were very difficult to fashion.<sup>1</sup> And since the very brilliant man of whom I have already spoken, named Caradosso, made some of them, for which, when including more than one figure, he would not take less than one hundred gold *scudi* apiece; wherefore, not so much on account of the price as on account of his dilatoriness, I was preferred before him by certain of the nobles, for whom I made, amongst other things in competition with this very able craftsman, a medal, upon which medal there were four figures, over which I laboured very carefully. It chanced that these said nobles and lords, setting it beside that made by the admirable Caradosso, said that mine was far better fashioned and more beautiful, and that I might ask whatever I liked for my pains; because having satisfied them so well they desired to satisfy me correspondingly. To which I replied that the greatest reward for my pains, and the one that I most desired, was to have approached near to the works of so very splendid a master, and that if this seemed to their lordships to be the case I called myself very well-paid. So departing immediately those gentlemen sent after me so very liberal a gift, that I was contented, and my desire to do good work was so

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI speaks again of these medals in Chapter XII of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith cit.*; and we have already heard in Chapter IV above how he made one for Gabriele Cesarini.



much increased that it was the cause of that which will be heard of by-and-by.

Although I shall be departing somewhat from (the subject of) my profession, I want to relate some of those troublesome accidents that occurred in this toilsome life of mine, and since I have already narrated further back about that gay company and of the amusing jests that happened in connection with that woman, of whom I have spoken, Pantassilea, who bore for me that deceitful and tiresome affection, and who had been so very greatly enraged with me on account of that trick, where Diego the Spaniard already mentioned was introduced to that supper party; she having sworn to revenge herself upon me, an opportunity arose, which I will describe, wherein my life was subjected to very great danger. And this was, that there came to Rome a youth named Luigi Pulci,<sup>1</sup> son of one of the Pulci family who had been decapitated for having abused his own daughter. This said youth had a most wonderful poetic genius, and a knowledge of good Latin literature. He wrote well; he had a grace and form of exceptional beauty; he had left the service of some bishop (I do not know who), and was eaten up with the French disease.

<sup>1</sup> This Luigi Pulci was the son of Jacopo, and grandson of Luigi Pulci, the poet and author of the *Morgante Maggiore*. His mother was Lucrezia d'Alberto degli Albizzi, and he bore his grandfather's name, upon whose memory the horrible crime here alluded to (for which Jacopo was decapitated November 15th 1537) was a cruel slur. Most historians are silent upon this subject, but GUASTI refers to a MS. in fol. (*Casi tragici seguiti in Firenze*), in the State Archives of Florence. Cf. G. VOLPI, *L. Pulci*. A Biographical Study. Extracted from *Giorn. stor. della lett. ital.*, Fasc. 64-5 (1893), pp. 20, 28. The details of the death of Luigi the younger are related by CELLINI at the end of this present chapter.

And since, when this lad was in Florence, on summer nights in certain parts of the city they used to hold meetings in their own streets, where this youth was reckoned among the best of those who sang without preparation (*allo improvviso*). It was so agreeable to listen to him, that the divine Michelagnuolo Buonaaroti (*sic*), that most excellent sculptor and painter, invariably, whenever he knew where he was, with greatest delight and pleasure went to hear him; and a certain man named Piloto,<sup>1</sup> a most brilliant man, a goldsmith, and I bore him company.<sup>2</sup> In this way arose the acquaintance between Luigi Pulci and me. Wherefore, many

<sup>1</sup> Piloto was the surname of a certain Giovanni di Baldassare, who was born in Florence in the second half of the fifteenth century. He was a celebrated sculptor and goldsmith, and is mentioned by VASARI in his *Lives of Pierino del Vaga, Bandinelli and Buonaarotti* (cf. ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. V, p. 603), in whose company he went to Venice during the siege. In 1536, in company with Francesco di Maso Masini of San Martino a Mensola (a village three miles from Florence) he was employed upon the preparations made in Rome for the visit of the Emperor Charles V, executing the statues of the Emperors over the door of the Vatican Palace, and a *Christ with St. Peter* over the Porta di San Sebastiano. Although CELLINI in a letter to BENEDETTO VARCHI, dated September 9th 1536, seems to believe him to be already dead (*il mio da bene vecchione Piloto a quest' ora dee esser morto, secondo che mi scrive il mio Luca; i.e., "my good old friend Piloto is even now dead according to what my friend Luca writes"*), he did not die until December 4th in that year, and then, according to a note in the edition of VASARI above-mentioned, he expired from wounds received one night in a fray outside a house where a feast was being held. Cf. also B. PODESTA, *Carlo V a Roma*, etc., in Vol III. p. 303 of *Arch. della Soc. Rom. di Stor. Patria*, Roma, 1877, and A. BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lombardi cit.*, I, pp. 243-4.

<sup>2</sup> For further accounts of these gay doings the student may consult LASCA'S *Novelle. Le Cene*. Cf. also Note I on p. 51 *supra*.

years having passed by, he in that evil plight discovered himself to me, and begged me for the love of God to assist him. I, moved with compassion on account of his great talent, my love for my native place, and since such an act was in accordance with my natural disposition, took him into my house and had him attended to in such a way, that since he was so young he was soon restored to health. Whilst he was regaining his health, he was continually studying, and I had assisted in providing him with many books according to my ability; to such purpose that this Luigi, recognizing the great kindness which he had received from me, thanked me many times with words and tears, saying that if God should ever put in his way any good luck he would render to me the recompense for such benefits as I had shown him. To which I replied that I had not done for him all that I could have wished, but as well as I was able, and that it was the duty of human beings to assist one another. I reminded him only that he should render this kind office that I had shown to him, to any other who had need of it from him, just as he had need of it from me; and that he should love me as a friend, and I would reckon him as such. This young man began to frequent the Court of Rome, in which he soon found a situation, and became attached to the service of a bishop, a man of eighty years of age, who was known as the Bishop of Ghurgensis.<sup>1</sup> This bishop had a nephew,

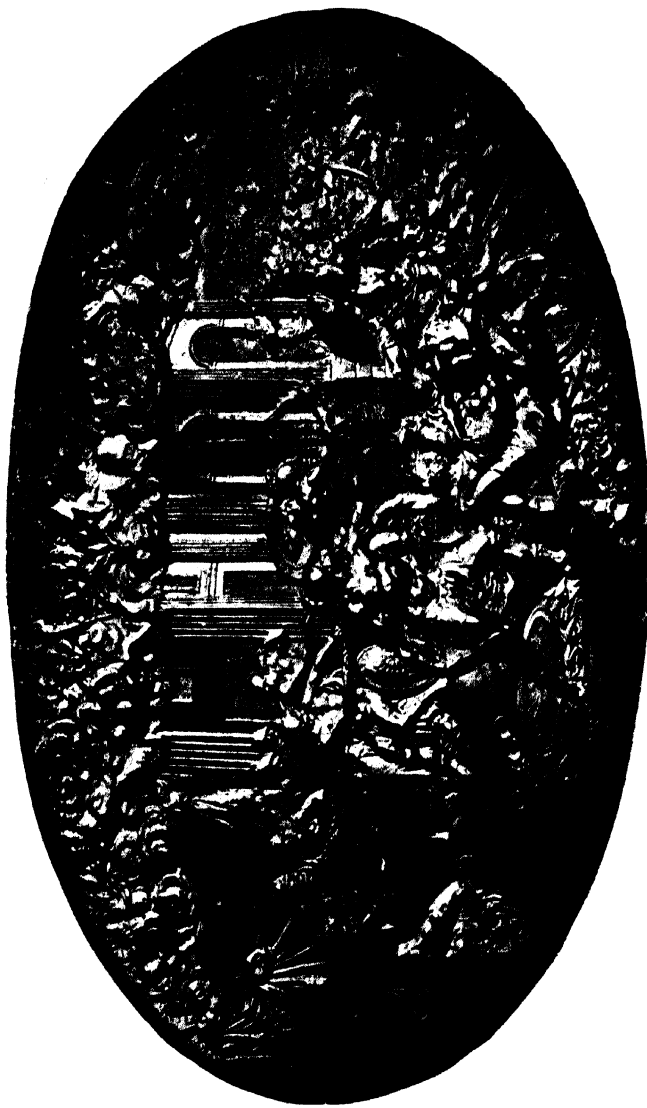
<sup>1</sup> By Bishop of Ghurgensis CELLINI means to indicate Girolamo Balbo, Bishop of Gurck in Carinthia, who died in 1555. He was a learned writer and a poet much praised for his Latin orations. He also conducted with credit delicate and important embassies to the Emperor Maximilian, to Sigismund, King of Poland, and to the Diet of Worms in the matter of the defence of Christendom

who was called Misser Giovanni: he was a Venetian noble. This said Misser Giovanni showed himself to be greatly enamoured of the merits of this Luigi Pulci, and under the excuse of these talents of his had made him as much his intimate (companion) as if he had been his own self. The said Luigi having mentioned me, and of the great obligation under which he lay to me, to this Misser Giovanni, caused the said Misser Giovanni to desire to make my acquaintance. By this it chanced that having upon one of those evenings arranged a little meal for that before-mentioned Pantasilea, to which supper I had invited a number of my gay friends, just as we were proceeding to table there arrived the said Misser Giovanni with the said Luigi Pulci, and after exchanging some civilities, they remained to supper with the rest of us. That shameless hussy upon seeing the handsome youth, at once commenced designs upon him; for the which reason when that pleasant supper was over, I called the said Luigi Pulci aside, begging him in the name of all the obligations that he boasted of owing me not to seek in any way whatsoever communication with that whore. At which requests he replied to me: "Bless me, my dear Benvenuto, do you then take me for a madman?" Upon which I said: "Not for a madman, but for a youth. And I swear by God<sup>1</sup> that I have no thought in the world on her account, but I should be very grieved on your account if through against the Turks. Cf. MAZZUCHELLI, *Scrittori d'Italia*, Vol. II, pt. I, p. 86; AGOSTINI, *Scrittori Venez.*, II, pp. 240-280.

<sup>1</sup> The MS. originally ran: *e vi protesto e giuro*, but these words were cancelled by the author himself, and *e per dio gli giurai* substituted for them without, however, remembering to alter *ho* into *avevo*.

her you should break your neck."<sup>1</sup> At which remarks he swore that he prayed God that if he ever spoke to her he might immediately break his neck. This poor lad must indeed have taken this oath before God with all his heart, for he did break his neck, as shall presently be here related. The said Misser Giovanni displayed for him a base and unseemly affection; for this said youth was seen every day to vary his garments of velvet and of silk, and it was known that he was wholly given over to wickedness, and had abandoned all his fine and admirable talents, and he made pretence of not seeing me and not recognizing me, because I had rebuked him, telling him that he had given himself a prey to disgusting vices, which would cause him as I said to break his neck. That friend of his, Misser Giovanni, bought him a very fine black horse, upon which he expended one hundred and fifty *scudi*. This horse was most admirably trained; to such purpose that this Luigi went every day to caracole upon this horse before the dwelling of that courtesan Pantassilea. Though I had observed this circumstance, I paid no attention to it, saying that everything fell out according to its own nature; and I attended to my own studies. It happened one Sunday evening that we were invited by that Sienese sculptor Michelagnuolo to sup with him; and it was summer-time. At this supper was present the before-mentioned Bachiacha, and with him he had brought that said Pantassilea, his former flame. So as we were at table supping, she was seated between me and the said Bachiacha. When we came to the best part of the supper, she rose from the table, saying that she wished

<sup>1</sup> A synonym for "going to destruction."



THE COMBAT OF PERSEUS AND PHINEUS  
(SILVER PLAQUE)



to go and relieve herself, because she felt a pain in her stomach, and that she would return directly. Whilst we went on chatting most agreeably and supping, she remained upstairs much longer than she should have done. It chanced that, pricking up my ears, I seemed to hear thus subdued jesting in the street. I held a knife in my hand, which I was employing for my table uses. The window was so close to the table that by raising myself a little, I saw in the street that said Luigi Pulci in company with the said Pantassilea; and I heard one of them, Luigi, say: "Oh! woe betide us, if that devil of a Benvenuto should see us!" And she replied: "Have no fear. Hark what a noise they are making. They are thinking of everything else but us." At which words I, since I had recognized them, flung myself out of the window (*gettai da terra la finestra*) and seizing Luigi by the cloak, with the knife that I had in my hand would certainly have slain him. But as he was mounted upon a white nag, to which he gave the spur, he left his cloak in my hands, in order to escape with his life. Pantassilea took refuge in a church close at hand. Those who were at the table, immediately rising, all came to me begging me not to upset either myself or them on account of a whore. To them I answered that I should not trouble myself on her account, but rather on account of that wicked youth, who had shown at how small account he valued me. And so I would not allow myself to be swayed by any of the arguments of those brilliant and worthy men. Instead, having seized my sword I went by myself into the Prati;<sup>1</sup> for

<sup>1</sup> The *Prati*, i.e., the "Meadows," seem to have been an open space between the Borgo and the Ponte Sant' Angelo; whilst the Porta di Castello was called after the Castel Sant' Angelo close by.



the house wherein we were supping was near the Porta di Castello which leads to the Prati. Proceeding thus towards the Prati I had not gone far ere the sun set and I at a slow pace returned to Rome. It was already night and dark, but the gates of Rome were not shut. It was nearly two hours (after sunset), when I passed by the house of this Pantassilea, with the determination that if that Luigi Pulci were there I would make them both suffer for it. When I saw and learnt that there was no one in the house but a drudge named Canida,<sup>1</sup> I went to lay aside the cloak and the scabbard of my sword, and came thus to the said house, which stood behind the Banks upon the margin of the river Tiber. Opposite this house there was a garden belonging to an innkeeper who was called Romolo. This garden was enclosed by a thick-set hedge of thorns,<sup>2</sup> in which I straightway hid myself, waiting for the said woman to come home in company with Luigi. Some time passed when there came thither that said friend of mine, Bachiacha; whether he had really guessed (where I was) or he had been told. Softly he called me: "Gossip;"<sup>3</sup> (for so we addressed each other in joke); and he besought me for the love of God, saying these words, almost weeping: "Gossip mine, I implore you not to do any harm to this poor woman,

Cellini's lodging and the house of Pantassilea were in the quarter of the Banks (*Banchi*) where the Via di Banco Santo Spirito is now situated. Here, as the name implies, were all the Banking-Houses of the various trades.

<sup>1</sup> *Candida* is perhaps intended.

<sup>2</sup> *Marmeruchole*; probably a corruption of *Marruche*, a thorny plant employed in those parts for making hedges enclosing fields or garden-plots.

<sup>3</sup> *Compare*; strictly "a fellow god-parent."

for she has committed no fault at all." To which I replied: "If at this first word of mine you do not take yourself out of my sight, I will give you one on the head with this sword." This unlucky "gossip" of mine from sheer terror immediately felt a disturbance in his stomach, and was obliged to go a little way off for he had need to obey (a call of nature). It was a starry night, which caused a very great brightness. On a sudden I heard a noise of many horses and they came up from both sides. These were the said Luigi and the said Pantassilea, accompanied by a certain Misser Benvegnato of Perugia,<sup>1</sup> chamberlain to Pope Clemente, and with them they had four most valorous Perugian captains, with some other very bold young soldiers; there were in all more than twelve swordsmen. When I saw this troop, realizing that I knew not by what road I could escape, I tried to thrust myself into that hedge; and because those prickly thorns hurt me and goaded me as one does a bull, I had almost resolved to make a leap for it and fly. At this moment Luigi had his arm round the neck of the said Pantassilea, saying: "I shall kiss you once again to the confusion of that traitor of a Benvenuto." At this, maddened by the said thorns and urged on by the said words of the youth, leaping out I raised my sword, and with a loud voice I shouted: "You are all dead men." At this the blow of my sword fell upon the shoulder of the said Luigi; and though those bestial friends (*satiracci*) of this poor youth had armoured him entirely with coats (of mail) and other

<sup>1</sup> This was Benvegnato Narducci of Perugia, who we find in the *Diversorum Cameralium* (1528-30, c. 103) was appointed Governor of Ostia by a Brief dated March 19th 1530.

similar contrivances, the blow was a very heavy one; and my sword turning caught the said Pantassilea on the nose and in the mouth. As they both fell to the ground, Bachiacha with his breeches halfway down his legs howled and fled. When I furiously turned upon the others with my sword those brave men hearing a great noise which had arisen in the inn, and thinking that there must be therein a troop of one hundred persons, although they bravely drew their weapons, two among their horses taking fright threw them into such confusion, that whilst two of their best riders were thrown, the rest took to flight.<sup>1</sup> And I having seen this satisfactory result by a very hasty departure came off with honour from this affair, not wishing to tempt fortune more than I ought. During that so infinite a confusion some of those soldiers and captains were wounded by their own swords, and the said Misser Benvegnato, the Pope's chamberlain, was dashed down and trampled on by his own mule; and one of his servants having drawn his sword fell down along with him and wounded him severely in the hand. This mishap caused Misser Benvegnato to swear after that Perugian fashion of theirs louder than all the others, saying: "By the . . . of God, I am determined that Benvegnato shall teach Benvenuto how to live;" and he directed one of those captains of his, perhaps a bolder man than the rest, but who on account of his youth lacked sense<sup>2</sup> (that he should come to me). This said youth came to

<sup>1</sup> The grammatical construction of this sentence is more than ordinarily confused.

<sup>2</sup> In the printed text of RUSCONI and VALERI the words *che venisse da me* are supplied in italics to complete the sentence.

look for me in the place whither I had retired, in the house of an influential Neapolitan noble, who, having heard of and seen some of the examples of my trade, as well as the disposition of my mind and of my body fitted for deeds of arms (which was the reason why this nobleman was well disposed towards me<sup>1</sup>) (had conceived a great affection for me) to such purpose that I, seeing myself made much of, and finding myself moreover in my own element,<sup>2</sup> made such a reply to that captain that I believe he must have much repented that he had come into my presence. A few days afterwards, when the wounds of Luigi and of the whore, and of those others were somewhat healed, this great Neapolitan noble was sought out by that Misser Benvegnato,—whose anger had subsided,—to get me to make peace with that said youth Luigi, and (to say also) that as to those brave soldiers they had had nothing to do with me personally; they merely wished to make my acquaintance. To this request that nobleman replied freely that he would bring me to whatever place they wished, and that I would willingly make peace; with this condition that neither on the one side nor upon the other should there be bandying of words, for it would be too contrary to the credit of either side; it would be sufficient only to carry out the form of drinking together and kissing, and that he was willing to do the talking by which he would gladly save the situation. And thus was it done. One Thursday evening the said nobleman

<sup>1</sup> The same editors have supplied the words *mi avea posto grande amore* here in order to make sense.

<sup>2</sup> *Trovatomi . . . nella sua beva*; a vulgar expression signifying "to be in comfortable quarters.

took me to the house of the said Misser Benvegnato, where were assembled all those soldiers who were present at that skirmish, and they were still at table. With my nobleman were more than thirty strong men, all fully armed; a circumstance that the said Misser Benvegnato did not expect. When we came into the chamber, first the said nobleman, and then I after him, spake these words: "God save you, Sirs. We have come to you, Benvenuto and I, who love him as my very own brother; and we are ready to do all that you have the will to do." Misser Benvegnato, seeing that the hall was filled by so many persons, said: "We only ask for peace, and nothing more." Misser Benvegnato therefore promised that the Court of the Governor of Rome should not give me any trouble. We ratified peace: whereupon I immediately returned to my shop, where I was unable to remain one hour without that Neapolitan nobleman, who either came to look me up or sent for me. Meantime the said Luigi Pulci, being cured, was out every day mounted upon that black horse of his, that had been so well trained. One day among the rest it had been drizzling and he was curvetting his horse exactly opposite Pantassilea's door, when slipping down he fell and the horse upon him; having broken his right leg at the thigh, he died a few days later there in the house of the said Pantassilea, and fulfilled the oath before God that he had made so solemnly (*di quore*). Thus one sees that God takes count of good and evil, and gives to each one his own deserts.

## CHAPTER VII

(1527)

Charles de Bourbon besieges Rome.—He is slain by a chance bullet fired by Cellini or one of his companions.—Our hero takes refuge in the Castel Sant' Angelo and is posted with the artillery.—His military exploits both without and within the Castello.—He unsets the Papal jewels and melts down the gold.—He wounds the Prince of Orange.

ALL the world was already in arms.<sup>1</sup> Pope Clemente had sent to beg of the lord Giovanni de' Medici (the help of) certain bands of soldiers, who when they arrived made so much disturbance in Rome, that it was unsafe to remain in the public workshops. For this cause I withdrew into a convenient little cottage behind the Banks; and there I laboured to the orders of all those friends whom I had acquired. The works of mine at this period were not objects of great importance; it is therefore not necessary to dwell upon them. I delighted much at this time in music and in pleasures of a similar character. Pope Clemente, having, by the advice

<sup>1</sup> On account of the war which had broken out between Charles V and Francis I in 1521, which ended in the League of Cambrai: a most important conflict, and one that embraced a vaster area, than any that had hitherto taken place in Europe.

of Misser Jacopo Salviati, disbanded those five companies<sup>1</sup> that the lord Giovanni (who had lately died in Lombardy)

<sup>1</sup> These companies had reached Rome in October 1526, together with 2,000 Swiss and 2,000 of Gonzaga's levies; but in March 1527, when the Colonna had been defeated in the Kingdom of Naples, the Pope, being short of money and trusting in the promises of Charles V, disbanded them all—although, as a matter of fact, his need for their assistance was at that moment greater than ever. On the 6th of May following, the Imperial Army entered Rome under the leadership of Charles de Bourbon and pitilessly sacked the City, committing every kind of outrage and atrocity. GREGOROVIVS deals at considerable length with the circumstances of this siege, and it is certain that so rapid a fall, and one that reflects so little credit upon both of the contending parties, is unique in History. Faint flashes of heroism appear in the brave defence organized by Gianantonio, Cammillo and Valerio Orsini, Girolamo Mattei, Giambattista Savelli, Ranuccio Farnese, the brothers Pier Paolo and Simone Tealdi, and the young Giulio Vallati, who fought beneath a red banner bearing the motto *Pro Fide et Patria*: and in the case of Bernardino Passeri, who fell near the Porta Santo Spirito wrapped in an ensign torn from the besieging host; but cowardice triumphed, and throughout the entire siege of the Castel Sant' Angelo Cellini alone displayed courage and enthusiasm (*cf.* L. GUICCIARDINI, *Il Sacco di Roma. Narrazioni di contemporanei raccolte da C. Milanese*, Firenze 1867). It is to be observed, moreover, that by edicts published by Leo X and Clement VII the citizens of Rome were forbidden to carry weapons. VETTORI states there were in the city 30,000 persons capable of bearing arms, but this is certainly an exaggeration, for the whole population at that date did not amount to more than 85,000 souls. Besides this, the number of defenders was greatly diminished by the fact that the principal families engaged men at their own expense for the sole purpose of defending their private property and their palaces, which they walled in and furnished with fortifications and artillery. In all, therefore, the army of defence only amounted to 2,000 infantry and a small body of light cavalry. To verify many of the details of CELLINI'S statements we may refer the student to the *Diario* (1521-1536) of MARCELLO ALBERINI (Biblioteca Casanatense, D-VI-33). And as a commentary on the condition of Rome

had sent him, Borbone,<sup>1</sup> learning that there were no troops in that city, in greatest haste urged his army towards Rome. In this emergency the whole city took up arms; and because I was a particular friend of Alessandro, son of Piëro del Bene,<sup>2</sup> who at the time when the Colonna invaded Rome<sup>3</sup> had desired me to guard his residence: on this more serious occasion therefore he besought me that I would procure a company of fifty men as a guard

during the siege and the outrages then committed, a curious document exists in the Biblioteca Barberini (1248. XXXII. 136): an agreement whereby 390 persons who had taken refuge in the house of Cardinal Della Valle covenanted to refund to the owner of that palace the sum that he had paid to Miramaldo to secure his own and their safety during the Sack of the City. For further information the following works may be consulted: *Marcello Alberini e il sacco di Roma nel 1527*; Appendix to the *Diario* of M. ALBERINI by DOMENICO ORANO, Roma, a cura della R. Società di storia patria, 1895-1896; L. DOREZ, *Le Sac de Rome, relation inédite de Jean Cave orléanais (Mélange d'archéologie et d'histoire, XVI, 5; H. OMONT, Journal autobiographique du Cardinal Jérôme Aléandre (1480-1530) publiée d'après les manuscrits de Paris et d'Udine, 1895; and by the same author, Les suites du sac de Rom par les Impériaux et la campagne de Lautrec en Italie, Rome, 1896.*

<sup>1</sup> Charles, Constable de Bourbon, cousin of King Francis I, who had, however, out of disgust and disagreement with the French Court, allied himself in 1523 with the Emperor Charles V. At the beginning of the year 1527 he joined the German troops under Frundsberg and collected around him a horde of outlaws and malefactors. He was killed by a stray shot during this very siege, before the entry of his followers into Rome. See *postea*, p. 131.

<sup>2</sup> This man was in 1540 a wealthy cloth-mercator and banker. He was also a trusted servant of the Roman Curia.

<sup>3</sup> The rich and powerful family of Colonna had descended upon Rome with their followers on September 10th 1526, under the command of Cardinal Pompeo Colonna; had incited the mob to revolt, sacked the Vatican; and had compelled Pope Clement VII to conclude a treaty in favour of the Emperor.



for the said house, and that I would take the command of them as I had done in the time of the Colonna: whereupon I procured fifty most valiant young men and, well paid and lodged, we took up our abode in his house. When the army of Borbone had already appeared before the walls of Rome,<sup>1</sup> the said Alessandro del Bene begged me that I would go with him to keep him company; so one of the best men in my company and I went with him; and on the way there joined us a youth named Cecchino della Casa. We reached the wall of the Campo Santo,<sup>2</sup> and thence we saw that marvellous host, which had already made every sort of effort to gain an entrance. At that point in the fortifications which we approached there were many youths killed by the assailants (*quei di fuori*). The fight therefore was at its hottest. There was as thick a fog as it is possible to imagine.<sup>3</sup> I turned to Alessandro and said to him: "Let us return home as quickly as possible, for there is no help at all to be given here; you see those (the enemy) are mounting the walls and these (the defenders) are falling back." The said Lessandro, terrified, replied: "Would to God that we had not come here;" and so turned round in great haste to depart. I reproved him, saying: "Since you have brought me here, we must perform some courageous act" (*atto da huomo*); and turning my arquebuse in the direc-

<sup>1</sup> By means of forced marches, with extraordinary speed and audacity, Bourbon arrived unexpectedly in the middle of the night of May 4th 1527, and, although unsupplied with artillery, commenced the assault next morning.

<sup>2</sup> The Campo Santo *dei Tedeschi*. Cf. MONSIGNOR DE WAAL.

<sup>3</sup> GUICCIARDINI and other historians of the Sack of Rome confirm the fact that Bourbon was favoured by fortune "through the advantage gained by a thick fog."

tion where I saw the thickest and most serried crowd in the combat, I took aim into the midst of it, precisely at a man whom I noticed as conspicuous above the rest (on account of the fog I was not able to distinguish whether this man was on horseback or on foot). Turning immediately to Lessandro and Cechino I told them to fire off their arquebuses; and I showed them the way whereby the fire of the besiegers should not injure them. When we had each done this twice, I looked carefully over the wall, and saw an extraordinary tumult among them, which arose from the fact Bourbon himself had been slain by those shots of ours;<sup>1</sup> for from what I have heard since, he was that chief whom I saw conspicuous above the rest. Departing thence, we went by the Campo Santo and entered the City near San Piero; and having passed out thence at the church of Santo Agniolo, we arrived at the principal gate of the Castello

<sup>1</sup> GUICCIARDINI also informs us that Bourbon met his death at the very beginning of the conflict from a shot fired from an arquebuse. Other writers relate that in order to be easily distinguished he clad himself in a white mantle, and that he went in the van of his troops carrying a scaling-ladder. He was slain on the morning of May 6th and was buried in the church of San Giacomo degli Spagnuoli.

CELLINI does not claim for himself the distinction of having killed Bourbon, as so many people have wrongly understood; although Giovanni da Udine and others *did* lay claim to having done so: whilst TORRIGGIO states that the real hero was Valentini, a Roman. CELLINI only states that Bourbon met his death in combat with the band of defenders amongst whom he happened to be. Nevertheless the dense fog described by all the historians of the period, and the fact that Bourbon was conspicuous both from his attire and his action in the field, lend a reasonable amount of probability to CELLINI's account of what took place. In any case, GREGOROVIVS (*Stadt Rom*, Vol. VIII, p. 522) is unjustly severe on our hero, dubbing him a braggart or worse.

with greatest difficulty, because the lord Renzo da Ceri<sup>1</sup> and the lord Horatio Baglioni<sup>2</sup> were wounding and slaying all those who were absenting themselves from the fight at the city walls. When we reached the said great gate part of the enemy had already entered Rome, and we had them upon our heels (*alle spalle*). Those in the Castello wishing to let down the portcullis of the great gate, made way a little, in such wise that we four got inside. As soon as I was within, the Captain, Pallone de' Medici,<sup>3</sup> took possession of me; and because I belonged to the staff<sup>4</sup> of the Castello, he compelled me to leave Lessandro; which I did very

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. V, p. 88, note 3.

<sup>2</sup> Son of the celebrated Gio. Paolo Baglioni, who, although in command of the Black Bands (*Bande Nere*), was not greatly distinguished for military prowess. He fought both for the Venetians and the Florentines; but Clement VII caused him to be shut up in the Castel Sant' Angelo, as a disturber of the peace of Perugia, where his family were in power. Nevertheless, when Bourbon appeared before the walls of Rome that Pontiff entrusted to him the defence of the City and Fortress. He endeavoured with all the means in his power (not even hesitating at the murder of several of his cousins) to obtain the rulership of Perugia, and died on May 22nd 1528, fighting before Naples. His brother Malatesta, entrusted with the defence of Florence in 1530, treasonably sold that city to Clement VII.

<sup>3</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lombardi cit.*, I, p. 245) informs us in the accounts relating to the preparations for the siege (which break off on May 4th 1527), that amongst other officers mention is made of a certain Marcello Pallone, a Roman, who was probably the de' Medici indicated here. TASSI quotes a reference from an old Record-Book of Ducal Wardrobe-Accounts (C., p. 71), where it is noted that a "Capitan Pallone" was in the service of the Medici from 1555 to 1572.

<sup>4</sup> It will not be superfluous, perhaps, to remind the reader that Cellini was a member of the Papal orchestra.

much against my will. I therefore climbed to the keep (*mastio*) at the same moment that Pope Clemente was entering the Castello by way of the corridors: for he had not wanted before then to leave the Palazzo di San Piero being unable to believe that the enemy would force an entrance.<sup>1</sup> As soon as I found myself within on those terms, I attached myself to a certain troop of artillery, under the command of a gunner named Giuliano the Florentine.<sup>2</sup> This Giuliano, spying over the battlement

<sup>1</sup> GUICCIARDINI relates the same fact, namely, that the Pope waited in the Vatican the result of the attack on the City; and on hearing of the entry of the besiegers fled to the Castello, accompanied by many of the Cardinals.

In the State Archives in Rome there is to be found a Register headed: *Registro delle spese fatte in Castello de Santo Angelo per uso di N.S. et sua famiglia per mano del R. monsignor Vasionense mastro de casa de sua Santità incominciando dal primo de ottobre 1527*, from which we learn the daily expenses incurred for the sustenance of the Pope and his Court, whilst taking refuge in the Castel Sant' Angelo.

These records of the Cardinal Vasionense (Girolamo da Schio of Vicenza), besides being curious in themselves, establish the fact that the Pope remained in the Castello up to December 8th 1527, and did not venture out earlier, as has been stated, to take refuge from the Plague in the Belvedere. They further prove that he fled the day before peace was concluded, since the accounts for the 8th are dated at Bracciano, those for the following day at Capranica, and after that at Orvieto and at Viterbo.

PAOLO GIOVIO, in his *Life of Cardinal Prospero Colonna*, gives an account of the hurried flight of the Pope from the Vatican. In passing along the open *loggie* he relates how he covered the Pope's white vestments with his own violet mantle and other garments, lest so conspicuous an object might be fired at by the soldiers in the streets below.

<sup>2</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lombardi cit.* I, pp. 244-245) notes that this Giuliano is in fact entered among the regular garrison artillery both before and after the Sack of the City; and that he was, more-

of the Castello, saw the sacking of his own humble home and the torturing of his wife and children: and in such a position was he that, for fear of injuring his own family, he dared not employ his artillery: therefore throwing his blazing fuse upon the ground he tore his cheeks with bitterest wailing;<sup>1</sup> and likewise also did certain of the other gunners. For which cause I laid hold of one of those fuses, directing certain other men who were there, who were not so afflicted, to assist me. I turned certain field-pieces and falconets<sup>2</sup> in such directions as I saw that it was needful, and I slew with them many of the enemy's forces. Had I not done so, that body of them, who had entered Rome that morning would have come straight upon the Castello; and it was possible for them to have easily effected an entrance, because the artillery was doing them no injury. I continued to fire: wherefore some of the Cardinals and lords blessed me and bestowed upon me the greatest encouragement. Wherefore I, emboldened, endeavoured to achieve impossible tasks. It is sufficient that I was the means of protecting<sup>3</sup> the Castello that morning, and that those other gunners returned to carry on their own duties. I continued at this all that day: when evening came, whilst

over, frequently employed as military engineer: amongst other works confided to him being the restoration of the Ponte Molle. Cf. also PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 17-19.

<sup>1</sup> This part of CELLINI'S narrative is confirmed by the autobiography of Raffaello de Montelupo, who was also employed as a gunner and had charge of two pieces.

<sup>2</sup> *Sacri* or *sagri*, and *falconetti* were names applied to different types of artillery at this period.

<sup>3</sup> The word *campare* employed here in the sense of *salvare* is a by no means uncommon usage amongst the best writers of this period.

the army was entering Rome by the Tresteveri Quarter, Pope Clemente having set at the head of all the gunners a famous Roman nobleman, who was named Misser Antonio Santa Croce,<sup>1</sup> this great personage came up to me the first thing, and complimented me. He posted me with five splendid pieces of artillery upon the very highest point of the Castello, which is designated "the Angel."<sup>2</sup> This fortification (*luogo*) runs right round the Castello, and looks toward the Prati and towards Rome. Therefore he gave me as many men under me as I could command, to assist me in manœuvring my artillery; and he caused a payment to be made to me in advance,<sup>3</sup> sent me some bread and a small quantity of wine, and then besought me that I would continue (the defence) in that way in which I had begun. I, because I sometimes felt a

<sup>1</sup> This Roman noble, who, according to GUICCIARDINI and AMMIRATO was captain of the artillery as far back as 1517, is mentioned as in command of the gunners in the above-quoted *Accounts for the defence of the Castello*, examined by BERTOLOTTI (*ibidem*, p. 245).

<sup>2</sup> So called on account of the Angel standing upon it, sculptured in marble (according to VASARI, "in the likeness of the angel that appeared to St. Gregory the Great"), by Raffaello da Montelupo. This statue being placed at such a height suffered considerable damage from weather and lightning. It was therefore cast in bronze during the eighteenth century by a clever brass-founder named Giordani, after a model made by the Dutch sculptor Verschalfelt, surnamed *the Fleming*.

<sup>3</sup> BERTOLOTTI finds mention among the accounts of a gunner named Benvenuto, who was receiving pay from January 17th, 1527; but he admits that there can be no certainty that this entry refers to Cellini. We learn, indeed, from our hero himself that his post among the artillery was an accident, and that it occurred on the same day on which Bourbon's troops entered Rome. During those most disastrous days no record of expenses seems to have been kept.

greater inclination for this profession than for that which I regarded as my own, pursued it so gladly that I succeeded better in it than in my said (true business). When night came, and the foe had entered Rome, we that were in the Castello (especially myself, who am always overjoyed at seeing new sights), stood watching this unutterable portent (*novità*) and the conflagration: events which those who were in any other place but the Castello could neither see nor imagine. Nevertheless I do not wish to set myself to describe such a thing: I will only continue to deal with this my own autobiography which I have begun, and the matters which specially appertain thereto. Continuing unceasingly to employ my guns, by means of them, in the one whole month<sup>1</sup> during which we were besieged in the Castello, there happened to me many very important events, all worthy of being related: but because I do not want to be too prolix, nor do I desire to picture myself too far removed from my rightful profession, I will omit the greater part, recounting only those of which I am compelled to speak, which will be but a few and those the most noteworthy. And here is the first: the said Misser Antonio Santa Crocie having directed me to come down from the "Angel," in order that I might train my guns upon certain houses near the Castello, into which some of our enemies from outside were seen to enter, whilst I was taking aim, a cannon-shot came in my direction, which struck a corner of a battlement, and carried away so much of it, that it escaped injuring me, although the greater quantity struck me all at once on the chest: and since it stopped my

<sup>1</sup> The siege of the Castel Sant' Angelo and the Sack of the City lasted precisely one month; *i.e.* from May 6th to June 5th.

breathing, I fell prostrate on the ground like one dead, but I heard all that the bystanders were saying. Among those who greatly mourned was that Misser Antonio Santa Croce, who said "Alas! we have lost the best aid that we had." There had come up at this noise a certain comrade of mine, who was called Gianfrancesco the fifer (this man was more inclined to medicine than to playing the fife), and bursting into tears immediately ran for a small flagon of the best Greek wine, and having made a tile red-hot, upon which he had laid a good handful of wormwood, he then sprinkled upon it some of that good Greek wine; and as soon as the said wormwood was well saturated he laid it quickly upon my breast, where he could see distinctly the mark of the blow.<sup>1</sup>

Such was the potency of that wormwood that I immediately recovered those scattered wits of mine. But when I wished to begin to talk, I could not do so, because certain fools of young soldiers (*soldatelli*) had filled my mouth with earth; since it seemed to them that they had with it given me the viaticum, but with which they would sooner have excommunicated me, because I could not recover myself, this earth giving me more trouble even than the blow. Having then escaped from this danger, I returned to the turmoil of my guns, continuing to fire them with all my power, and with greater result than I could have imagined. And because Pope Clemente had sent to ask assistance from the Duke of Urbino,<sup>2</sup> who was with the army of the Venetians, telling

<sup>1</sup> *Menata* = *maneta*. CARPANI remarks that the remedy provided by Gio. Francesco, the fifer, was the most opportune under the circumstances.

<sup>2</sup> Francesco Maria della Rovere, nephew to Guidobaldo da



the ambassador to inform his Excellency that as long as the said Castello held out he would kindle every evening three beacons upon the roof of the said fortress, accompanied by three cannon-shots, repeated thrice; which, as long as this signal continued, showed that the Castello had not surrendered. I had the task of making these fires and of firing these cannon shots. All day I was continually training my guns upon such spots where they could execute some great damage: for the which reason the Pope liked me even better, because he saw that I performed the art (of gunnery) with that amount of skill that such things required. The succour from the said Duke never came: on the which point, since I am not here for this purpose, I will say no more. Whilst I was aloft engaged upon my diabolical task, there came to see me some of those cardinals who were in the fortress; but more often the Cardinal of Ravenna<sup>1</sup>

Montefeltro, Duke of Urbino, who adopted him as his son and successor in the Dukedom. Julius II set him in command of the Papal forces, and in the war between Charles V and Francis I he commanded the Venetian troops; but his main object throughout was his own aggrandizement. His principality was taken from him by Leo X, but was restored to him again by Adrian VII. Why he neither attempted to divert the Imperial troops before they reached Rome, nor hastened to relieve the beleaguered City, has never been satisfactorily explained. Some attribute his conduct to natural sluggishness of disposition, others to hatred for the House of Medici on account of his deprivation by Pope Leo X. This probably is no doubt the reason for Cellini's discretion.

<sup>1</sup> The Cardinal of Ravenna was the celebrated Benedetto Accolti of Arezzo, who had been raised to that rank but three days before the Sack of Rome. He was appointed to the Archiepiscopal See of Ravenna in 1524, and died in Florence on September 21st 1549, aged fifty-two. (Cf. MAZZUCHELLI, *Scritt.*, I, p. i.) Regarding the work done by Cellini for this Cardinal cf. PLON, *op. cit. passim*.

and the Cardinal de' Gaddi:<sup>1</sup> whom I many times told not to come up to me, because those horrid red caps (*berrettuccio*) of theirs were conspicuous from a distance: for they and I ran very great danger from those palaces close by, such as was the Torre de' Bini; to such an extent was this so that at last I had them barred out, and gained from them great ill-will on that account. Also there came often to me the lord Oratio Baglioni, who liked me very much. One of those days when he was conversing with me, he saw a commotion in a certain hostelry, which was outside the gate of the Castello, at a place called Baccanello. This hostelry had for its sign a sun of a red colour painted between two windows. The windows being closed, the said lord Horatio opined that within, over-against that sun between those two windows, a soldiers' mess were making merry. Wherefore he said to me: "Benvenuto, if you will give your attention to discharging this small gun

<sup>1</sup> Niccolò Gaddi, a Florentine, already Bishop of Ferrara, was created a Cardinal at the same time as Accolti. After the murder of Alessandro de' Medici he and others unsuccessfully attempted to restore to his native city the Republican form of government. He died in February 1552.

According to GUICCIARDINI and VALDES there were thirteen cardinals shut up in the Castel Sant' Angelo during the siege. The Cardinals Valle, Araceli, Cesarini, of Siena and of Enkefort, believing that, on account of their known partizanship for the cause of the Emperor, they had no occasion for fear, remained in their own palaces.

ALBERINI relates in his *Diario* that Cardinal Pecci—the most powerful member of the Curia—being injured in the crowd, was introduced into the Castello through a window from which the grating had been removed for the admission of provisions; and that Cardinal Armellini was drawn up thither in a basket.

(*mezzo cannone*) of yours within an arm's length (*braccio*)<sup>1</sup> of that sun, I believe that you will do a fine job, for I hear a great noise, wherefore there ought to be men of great importance there." I replied to his lordship: "I have quite sufficient courage to hit that sun in the middle; but that a tub full of stones which was there, near the muzzle of the said gun, by the force of the explosion and the blast of wind that the cannon would create would be thrown to the ground." To which the said lord responded: "Don't waste time, Benvenuto; in the first place, it is impossible from the manner in which it stands that the blast from the cannon will cause it to fall; but even if it did fall and the Pope himself were beneath it, it would be less serious than you think; therefore fire away." I, troubling no more about it, fired at the centre of the sun, exactly as I had promised. The tub fell over, as I predicted, and its contents were discharged exactly between Cardinal Farnese<sup>2</sup> and Misser Jacopo Salviati, who might well have both been crushed: the reason of this was that the said Cardinal Farnese was just chiding the said Misser Jacopo because he was the cause of the Sack of Rome; and in pouring insults upon one another, they stood apart to give space for their violent words, which was the reason that my tub did not crush them both. Hearing the great noise that was being made in the court below, the excellent lord Horatio descended thither in great haste; wherefore I

<sup>1</sup> *Braccio*, lit. "the length of an arm," is a very common term of measurement in Italy, being about twenty-three inches.

<sup>2</sup> Alessandro Farnese, Dean of the Sacred College, who, in 1534, succeeded Clement VII on the Papal Throne, under the name of Paul III (1534-1549). For work executed by Cellini for this prelate also cf. PLON, *op. cit. passim*.

looking out (over the place) where the tub had fallen heard some people saying: "It would be a good thing to kill those gunners"; for which cause I trained two falconets upon the stairs that led up to us, resolving in my mind to fire one of those falconets into the first man that mounted them. The servants of Cardinal Farnese must have been ordered by him to come and do me some injury; for which reason I got myself in readiness and held a fuse in my hand. Recognizing some of them I said: "You drones,<sup>1</sup> if you don't clear out from here, and if there is any of you that dares set foot upon those stairs, I have two falconets here ready with which I will pound you to dust; and go and tell the Cardinal, that I have done what my superiors ordered me to do, which things are planned, and done for the defence of those priests,<sup>2</sup> and not for their injury." When they had taken themselves off, the said lord Horatio Baglioni himself came running, whom I ordered to stand back, lest I slew him, for I knew very well who he was. His lordship, not without trepidation, paused a little, and called out to me "Benvenuto, I am your friend." To which I replied: "My lord, mount alone, and then you can come in any way that you like." His lordship, who was very haughty, stopped a little, and said to me irritably: "I have a good mind not to come up further and to do exactly the opposite of what I intended to do for you." To which I replied, that, since I had been set in that post to defend others, so also I was prepared to defend myself. He assured me that he was coming alone; but

<sup>1</sup> *Scannapane* = *mangiapane*: that is to say, "Men who are of no service except to consume victuals."

<sup>2</sup> *Di loro preti* = perhaps "their priests."

when he had mounted the stair, the fact that his expression was more altered than it should have been, was the reason of my keeping my hand upon my sword and standing with it in an attitude of defence.<sup>1</sup> At this he began to laugh, and as the colour returned to his face, said to me very amiably: "My dear Benvenuto, I like you as much as ever I am able, and at such time as God wills I will demonstrate this to you. Would to God that you had killed those two rogues, for one of them is the cause of this great disaster, and the other is likely to be sometime the cause of even worse." He then told me that if I were asked, I should not say that he was there with me when I fired off that volley: and for the rest I was to fear nothing. The disturbances were very great and the affair lasted a long while. Upon this point I do not wish to dilate further: it is sufficient that I was in the way of executing vengeance on my father's behalf upon Misser Jacopo Salviati, who had done him a thousand evil turns.<sup>2</sup> Unintentionally, however, I did give him a great fright. Regarding Farnese I don't want to say anything, because it will be perceived in its own place what a good thing it would have been if I had slain him.<sup>3</sup> I set myself to firing my guns, and with

<sup>1</sup> *Cagniesco*—literally "like a dog on the watch for attack."

<sup>2</sup> Of these wrongs the only one actually mentioned by CELLINI is that Salviati when gonfalonier took from our hero's father the post of State Musician.

<sup>3</sup> CELLINI here undoubtedly alludes to the persecutions and imprisonment endured by him at the hands of the Farnese Pope, of which he speaks later. The whole of this passage—from "would to God (*volessi soro*)" to this point—has been cancelled in the MS.; but was restored to the Text published by TASSI.

them I every day performed some very notable feat: to such purpose that I acquired unlimited credit and thanks from the Pope. Not a day passed in which I did not slay some one of the enemy beyond the walls. It happened one day among others, that the Pope was promenading upon the round keep<sup>1</sup> and saw in the Prati a Spanish colonel, whom he recognized by certain traits, recollecting that he had formerly been in his service: and whilst he was regarding him, he talked about him. I, who was above, beside the "Angel," knew nothing of this, but I spied a man, clad all in rose-colour, with a small dart in his hand, who stood there directing the throwing up of the entrenchments; and planning what I could do to oppose him, I chose one of my falconets (*gerifalco*)<sup>2</sup> that I had there; a piece of artillery that is larger and longer than a *sacro*, almost like a demiculverin. This piece I emptied, and then loaded it with a good quantity of fine powder mixed with coarse: then I aimed it very carefully at the red man, giving it a tremendous *parabola*,<sup>3</sup> because he was so far away, since in the profession it is not customary to employ guns of that kind for such a long distance. I fired it off, and it struck the red man exactly in the middle, who out of arrogance had stuck his sword in front of him after a

<sup>1</sup> *Il Mastio ritondo*—the large circular tower, once the mausoleum of the Emperor Hadrian, which forms the most conspicuous feature of the Castel Sant' Angelo as we see it to-day.

<sup>2</sup> *Gerifalco* or *falcone*: a piece of artillery (as CELLINI subsequently tells us) larger and longer than a *sacro*: almost half the length of a culverin.

<sup>3</sup> *Arcata meravigliosa*; that is to say—"calculating carefully the arc that the cannon-ball must make in order to strike the point aimed at."

certain Spanish fashion of his: so that when my cannon ball reached him, striking upon that sword, we saw the said man cleft into two pieces.<sup>1</sup> The Pope, who did not expect such a result, was greatly pleased and astonished; because it seemed to him impossible that a cannon could reach so distant a mark, and because he could not understand how this event could possibly have happened that that man was divided into two pieces: and having sent to summon me he asked me (about it). Whereupon I told him all the care that I had taken in my method of firing: but as to how the man came to be in two pieces, neither he nor I knew the reason. Going down on my knees I besought him to absolve me from the homicide, and from the other things that I had done in that fortress in the service of the Church. At which request the Pope, raising his hands and making a large distinct cross upon my face, told me that he blessed me; and that he pardoned me all the homicides that I had ever committed, and all those that I ever should commit in the service of the Apostolic Church. Leaving him, I went up again and pressing on never ceased firing: and my shots were hardly ever without result. My draughtsmanship and my studies in the fine arts, and the brilliance of my musical accomplishments, were all (absorbed) into playing (*sonare*) upon those guns, and if I should have to describe in detail the splendid achievements that I accomplished in that cruel hellishness (*infernalità chrudele*), I should make the world

<sup>1</sup> It is clear that this sword was in such a position that the cannon-ball drove it right through the Spanish colonel's body; but it is difficult to understand whether CELLINI means horizontally or vertically.

wonder: but in order not to be too long drawn-out I pass it over. I will only speak of certain of the most notable things, which are necessary to my purpose. And this is one, that while thinking day and night what I could do to play my part in the defence of the Church, I watched how our enemies changed guard and passed through the principal gate of Santo Spirito, which was within reasonable range; but because my aim had to be sideways, I could not manage to execute that great amount of damage that I desired to do. Nevertheless I every day slew a great many people: to such purpose that the enemy seeing that this passage was interrupted, mounted one night more than thirty barrels<sup>1</sup> upon the top of a roof, which blocked that view for me, I, who gave a little more of my attention to this circumstance than I had previously done, trained all my five pieces of artillery, pointing them in the direction of the said barrels, and waited until 22 of the clock at the exact moment when they changed the guard: and because they, thinking themselves secure passed along more leisurely and in much greater crowds than usual, when I fired off my guns<sup>2</sup> not only did I throw to the ground those barrels that were in my way, but in that volley alone I slew more than thirty men. Whereupon, following it up then twice more, I threw the soldiers

<sup>1</sup> Probably filled with stones and earth after the fashion of modern "gabions."

<sup>2</sup> This name (*soffioni*) signifies tubes of paper made after the fashion of squibs, and filled with coarse powder and other inflammable materials, mixed with iron filings. But it is probable that CELLINI calls these guns of his *soffioni* only on account of their *resemblance* to such things, and not because of the effect that they produced.



into such disorder that inasmuch as they were laden with the spoils of the great Sack, some of them, anxious to enjoy the fruit of their exertions, frequently wanted to mutiny in order to return home. Held in check, however, by that brave captain of theirs, who was called Gian di Urbino,<sup>1</sup> to their very great inconvenience they were compelled to take another road in order to change their guard: which inconvenience involved (a detour) of more than three miles, whereas this former route meant but half a one. When I had completed this exploit all those lords who were in the Castello paid me splendid compliments. This event was such that in reference to its important consequences, I have wished to relate it in order to complete this episode, because I am not dealing with that profession which is the main object of my narrative; for if I wished to embellish my autobiography with such things as these, I should have far too much to say. There is but one other event, which I will relate in its own place. Anticipating (*saltando innanzi*) a little, I will tell how Pope Clemente with a view to saving his tiaras<sup>2</sup> with all the mass of splendid jewels belonging to the Apostolic Treasury, caused me to be summoned, and shut himself up in a

<sup>1</sup> A Spanish captain, who through his personal valour rose from the low rank of groom to the highest grades in the army. He distinguished himself at the taking of Genoa and at the battle of Lodi in 1522, and became Lieutenant-General to the Prince of Orange. He fought against Filippo Doria in the Bay of Naples, and it was while besieged in that city in 1528 that he was the cause of the death during a sortie of Orazio Baglioni. He died the year after before Spello in Umbria. VARCHI represents him as a man of great cruelty and of overweening pride.

<sup>2</sup> *Regni*=*triregni*; the triple crowns of the Holy See.

chamber with Cavalierino<sup>1</sup> and me alone. This Cavalierino had formerly been stable-boy to Fillippo Strozzi:<sup>2</sup> he was a Frenchman, a person of the humblest origin: and since he was a valued servant, Pope Clemente had made him very rich, and trusted him even as himself: so that when the said Pope and Cavaliere and I were shut up in the before-mentioned apartment, they set before me the said tiaras with all that vast quantity of jewels belonging to the Apostolic Treasury: and they commissioned me that I should set them all free from the gold in which they were set. And so I did. Then I packed each of them in a little piece of paper and we sewed them into certain garments upon the persons of the Pope and the said Cavalierino. Then they gave me all the gold, which amounted to about two hundred pounds, and told me that I must melt it down with as

<sup>1</sup> VASARI (*ed.* MILANESI, Vol. V, p. 530) in his *Life of Giulio Romano*, alludes to this Cavalierino *che allora governava Sua Santità*: and states that that artist introduced him, with many other personages belonging to the Papal Court into his painting of *The Baptism of Christ* in the Vatican. CARPANI, TASSI, and BIANCHI would wish to identify him with Niccolo Vespucci, Knight of Rhodes, also introduced into this same painting; but VASARI carefully distinguishes these two personages, and GUASTI, in order to settle all doubt upon this head, points out that CELLINI himself describes Cavalierino as a "Frenchman" (*franzese*).

<sup>2</sup> A very wealthy Florentine merchant, who married Clarice, daughter of Piero de' Medici, and was ambassador at the Courts of France and Rome. During the tyrannical rule of Alessandro de' Medici, he joined his exiled fellow-countrymen in the struggle to restore to their native city its ancient liberties. But being taken prisoner at Montemurlo he was thrown into the Forte di San Giovanni (*Fortezza da Basso*) where, after a year of imprisonment, he died: some say by his own hand, whilst others affirm that he was murdered by order of Duke Cosimo (1539).

much secrecy as I could. I went back to the "Angel," where my room was, which I could lock up so that no one should disturb me; and I there made for myself a little blast furnace of bricks;<sup>1</sup> and I fitted into the bottom of the said furnace a large ash-pan (*ceneracciolo*)<sup>2</sup> in the form of a platter, throwing the gold from above upon the coals, so that little by little it fell through into that platter. Whilst I was working at this little furnace I was continually on the watch how I could injure our enemies; and since we had the trenches of our enemies at less than a stone's throw beneath us, I caused them some loss in the said trenches with certain ancient projectiles,<sup>3</sup> of which there were several piles, the former

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this "little blast furnace" and his method of melting down gold, CELLINI speaks also in Chap. XXI of his *Treatise of the Art of the Goldsmith*. The *Ragguaglio storico del sacco di Roma*, attributed to JACOPO BONAPARTE, confirms CELLINI'S account thus: "The Pope caused all the silver and gold vases that he had in the Castello to be melted down to coin money to be divided among the soldiery." And it is to be observed that on the morning of May 3rd, when the news penetrated to the city that the enemy had advanced as far as the Isola Farnese, the Pope elected five new Cardinals (Benedetto Accolti and Niccolò Gaddi, Florentines, Agostino Spinola, a Genoese, Ercole Gonzaga, and the Venetian Marino Grimani), each of whom was required to find 40,000 ducats in payment for his scarlet hat.

<sup>2</sup> *Ceneracciolo* means generally, "the cloth used by laundresses to hold the ashes (*cenere*) forming the lye used in washing." *Cenerata* was the technical name applied by goldsmiths to the oak-ash used by them in smelting precious metals. But CELLINI probably means here that he formed a sort of pan at the bottom of his furnace made of clay mixed with ashes to prevent its cracking in the heat through the *carboni* or "cinders" that generated the heat in which it was melted. Cf. the *Treatise* cited above, Chap. XXI.

<sup>3</sup> An intensified form of the word *Passatoio* (lit., a little bridge); a projectile of metal composed of little rods, rubbish, and scrap

ammunition of the fortress. Having selected a *sacro* and a *falconet*, which were both a little broken at the muzzle, I filled them up with these projectiles, and then setting fire to these said guns they volleyed down like mad, executing in the said trenches much unforeseen damage; in such measure that, keeping these guns constantly in readiness, whilst I went on fusing the said gold, a little before the hour of vespers, I saw some one mounted upon a mule coming along the bank of the entrenchments. The said mule moved very rapidly; and the rider was speaking to the men in the trenches. I stood ready to fire off my guns before he came straight opposite me; therefore having fired with good judgement, when he reached that point one of those projectiles reached him and struck him full in the face; the rest (of the charge) struck the mule, which fell dead; in the trench we heard a very great tumult. I fired the other piece, not without doing them great injury. It was the Prince of Orange,<sup>1</sup> who from within the trenches was carried to a certain hostelry near at hand, whither there quickly hurried all the flower of the army. When Pope Clemente heard what I had done, he immediately sent to summon me; and when he asked me about the metal, which served Cellini to load his guns with, and which answered the purpose of canister shot.

<sup>1</sup> Philibert de Chalons, Prince of Orange, who had succeeded Bourbon as Captain-General, and who afterwards received the title and authority of Viceroy of Italy. Historians state that on account of the wound which he received on this occasion (*i.e.* on May 29th 1527. See SANUDO, XLV, 276, 278), he ran great risk of losing his life. One of the unedited French diarists says that *la ferite fut pour la visage bien terrible*. He was slain in the Pistoiese Apennines in 1530 at the Battle of Gavinana, whither he had gone to fight Francesco Ferruccio.

matter, I told him everything; and said besides that the man must be a person of the highest importance, because to that hostelry whither he had been carried there had immediately assembled all the chief men of that army, as far as I could judge. The Pope with very great wisdom sent to summon Misser Antonio Santa Croce, which noble was the head and leader of all the gunners, as I have said. He told him to order all of us gunners that we should aim all our guns, of which there were a vast number, upon that particular house, and that at a signal of an arquebuse-shot, every one should open fire; in such fashion, that by slaying their leaders, that army, which was, as it were, between props, would be altogether put to rout; and because at some time God must have heard the prayers which they made so frequently, by that means he would free them from those impious rogues. Having set our artillery in readiness, according to the direction of Santa Croce, we were awaiting the signal, when Cardinal Orsino<sup>1</sup> heard of it, and began to upbraid the Pope, saying that he ought not to do this thing on any account, because they were on the point of concluding a treaty; and that if they slew those men, the soldiery without a leader would invade the Castello by storm, and their destruction would be

<sup>1</sup> Francesco, or Franciotto, Orsini, a Roman, who at first followed the profession of arms, and was married. He subsequently became a widower, and in 1516 was created a Cardinal. He was obliged to give himself up as hostage in company with four other cardinals, after the conclusion of the truce of which CELLINI speaks, because those originally made over by the Pope had succeeded in escaping, terrified by the German soldiery who took them into custody with the object of extorting money from them. He died about 1534 (CIACCONIO, *op. cit.*, III, p. 400 *e seg.*).

complete indeed; therefore they did not wish such an act to be committed. The poor Pope, in desperation, seeing that he was assailed both within and without, said that he would leave the decision to them. So the order being rescinded, I, because I was impatient, when I knew that they were coming to give me the order not to fire, let off a demi-cannon that I had, which struck a pilaster of a courtyard in that house, against which I saw a great many people leaning. This shot did such serious damage to our enemies that they were forced to abandon the house. The said Cardinal Orsino wished to have me hanged, or in any case put to death; from which fate the Pope stoutly defended me. The high words which passed between them, although I know them, since I make no profession of writing history, it is not my business to repeat; I will only attend to my own doings.

## CHAPTER VIII

(1528—1529)

Cellini returns to Florence with the rank of captain and in possession of a large sum of money.—He purchases remission of the *Ban* against him.—He goes to Mantua and works in the shop of Master Niccolò, a Milanese goldsmith.—He is welcomed by Giulio Romano. He executes a reliquary for the Duke of Mantua, and a seal and other works for Cardinal Gonzaga.—With fever upon him he leaves Mantua for Florence where he finds his father dead.—He fashions for Girolamo Marretti, a Sieneese, a medal representing *Hercules and the Nemean Lion*, and another of *Atlas* for Federigo Ginori.—Clement VII, having declared war on Florence, recalls him to Rome.

THE gold that I had melted down I carried to the Pope, who thanked me effusively for what I had done, and directed Cavalierino to give me twenty-five *scudi*, excusing himself that he had no more that he could give me. A few days after this the truce was signed.<sup>1</sup> I went with the lord Horatio Baglioni together with a company of three hundred men in the direction of Perugia; and there the lord Horatio wished to put me in command of the company, which at that time I did

<sup>1</sup> The truce was signed on June 5th 1527, after one month's siege, but Clement VII remained a prisoner up to December 8th. (Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, 245-6.) His Holiness then fled in disguise to Bracciano and Capranica, and thence to Orvieto and Viterbo.

not wish (to undertake), saying that I desired first to go and see my father, and to purge the Ban that I had out against me in Florence.<sup>1</sup> The said lord told me that he had been made Captain-General of the Florentines: and ser Piero Maria di Lotto<sup>2</sup> sent by the said Florentines was then on the spot, to whom the said lord Horatio commended me greatly as his servitor. Thus I came to Florence with several other comrades. The plague was indescribably great.<sup>3</sup> When I arrived in Florence I found my good father, who thought that I should either have perished in that Sack, or should return to him in a state of destitution. But exactly the contrary event had resulted: I was alive, (laden) with much money, with a servant and well mounted. When I met my old (father), he was in such great joy that I saw that he certainly thought that while embracing and kissing me he would expire on the spot in consequence. I recounted to him all the horrors of the Sack, and having placed in his hand a large sum of *scudi*, which I had earned by my soldiering, after my good father and I had exchanged embraces, he immediately went to the Eight to buy off the Ban. And it happened by chance that there was among the Eight one of those who had laid it upon me, and he was the one who had indiscreetly on that occasion said to my father that he would like to send me

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. III, p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> Pier Maria di Lotto of San Miniato, notary to the Signoria in 1527.

<sup>3</sup> This plague raged so violently that, according to AMMIRATO, more than forty persons succumbed in one day. From May to the 1st of November there were buried in the city itself no less than 40,000 dead, and SEGNI reckons the number of deaths throughout the rest of the Florentine district at 240,000.



to the gallows:<sup>1</sup> upon which account my father addressed some suggestive words to him as an act of retaliation in consequence of the favours that the lord Horatio Baglioni had shown towards me. Matters being so far settled, I told my father that the lord Horatio had chosen me as a captain, and that it behoved me to begin thinking about forming my company. My poor father, greatly distressed at these words, immediately implored me for the love of God that I would not carry out such an enterprise, although he knew that I was fitted for that and even greater undertakings, saying at once that he had another son, my brother, who was exceedingly valiant in war, and that I ought to direct my attention to that wondrous art, in which I had up to that time laboured for so many years and with so much application. Although I promised to obey him, like a sensible person he considered that if the lord Horatio came, since I had given him my promise, and for other reasons, I could never fail to follow him in warlike matters. So as a clever ruse he thought of removing me from Florence, saying thus: "My dear son, the plague is indescribably great in this place, and I always seem to see you come home with it on you; I remember when I was young that I went to Mantua, in which district I was very kindly received, and that there I stayed several years. I beg and command you that for love of me—even to-day rather than to-morrow—you remove yourself from here and go thither."

Since I always took pleasure in seeing the world, and I had never been in Mantua, I went willingly, taking some of the money that I had brought with me. The

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. III, p. 60.

larger portion of it, however, I left with my good father, promising always to assist him, wherever I might be, and leaving my elder sister to take care of our poor parent. This sister bore the name of Cosa,<sup>1</sup> and since she had never wished for a husband, she had been received as a nun at Santa Orsola, and she therefore remained as helper and housekeeper for our old father, and director for my other younger sister, who was married to a certain Bartolomeo, a sculptor.<sup>2</sup> So having departed with my father's blessing I took my excellent horse and with it I went to Mantua. I should have a great deal too much to say, if I wished to describe minutely this small journey. Since the land was darkened by pestilence and war, it was therefore with very great difficulty that I then reached the said Mantua. Upon my arrival there, I sought to commence working. Wherefore I was set to work by a certain master Nicholo,<sup>3</sup> a Milanese, who was goldsmith to the Duke<sup>4</sup> of the said Mantua. When I had set myself to work, about two days later I went to see that most excellent painter,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. I, p. 11, n. 1.

<sup>2</sup> Reparata's (or Liperata) first husband was Bartolomeo, a sculptor—perhaps little more than a stonemason—of whom we know nothing further than that he died in that same year (1528).

<sup>3</sup> This goldsmith had been in the service of Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, since 1514. Cf. A. LUZIO and R. RENIER, *Il lusso di Isabella d'Este, marchesa di Mantova*, in *La Nuova Antologia*, 16 Luglio 1896, p. 301.

<sup>4</sup> VASARI in his *Life of Giulio Romano*, describes Federigo Gonzaga of Mantua sometimes as *marchese* and sometimes as *duca*; and in fact the marquessate was not raised into a dukedom until 1530. CELLINI, writing his *Autobiography* many years later, invariably gives him the title of *Duke*. He died on June 28th 1540.

Misser Julio Romano,<sup>1</sup> mentioned above, a very great friend of mine. This Misser Julio showered unbounded caresses upon me, and took it very ill that I had not dismounted at his house; for he lived like a lord and was executing a commission for the Duke outside the gates of Mantua, at a place called Te. This work was vast and wonderful as may be seen perhaps still. The said Misser Julio immediately spoke of me to the Duke with many words of commendation; who commissioned me to make a model to hold a relic of the blood of Christ, which they<sup>2</sup> have and which they say was brought thither by Longinus. He then turned to the said Misser Julio telling him that he must make a design for the said reliquary for me. To this Misser Julio replied: "My lord, Benvenuto is a man who has no need for the drawings of others; and this Your Excellency will be very well able to judge, when you see his model." Setting to work to make this said model, I drew a sketch for the said reliquary such as could easily contain the said phial; then upon the lines thereof I made a small model in wax. This was (in the form of) a seated Christ who in His lifted left Hand raised aloft His great Cross, against which He was leaning, and with the fingers of His right Hand He made as though to open the Wound in His Breast.<sup>3</sup> This model when completed pleased the

<sup>1</sup> See Chap. V, p. 104, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, the citizens of Mantua.

<sup>3</sup> This reliquary no longer exists, but there still survive a bronze mould and an old drawing of it. It was perhaps carried out in 1529 by Master Niccolò above-mentioned. It would then be perhaps the earliest among the existing works of Cellini, of which we have a fixed date. Cf. E. MOLINIER, *B. Cellini*. Paris, Librairie de l'Art. P. 18-20.



SEALS OF CARDINAL ERCOLE DI GONZAGA

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Duke so much, that his compliments were boundless, and he made me understand that he would keep me in his service on such terms that I could live there in wealth. At this juncture, when I had paid my respects to the Cardinal his brother,<sup>1</sup> the said Cardinal begged the Duke, that he would be so kind as to allow me to make His Most Reverend Lordship's pontifical seal: which I commenced to do. Whilst I was labouring upon this work, I was overcome by quartan fever: the which, when the bouts of fever were upon me, took away my self-control; whereat I cursed Mantua and its rulers and all who lived there of their own free-will. These words of mine were reported to the Duke by that said Milanese goldsmith of his, who saw very clearly that the Duke was wishing to engage me. The said Duke on hearing these weak words of mine was greatly enraged with me; wherefore since I was furious with Mantua, our passion was equal. Having finished my seal,<sup>2</sup>—which was at the

<sup>1</sup> Ercole Gonzaga, bishop of Mantua, created cardinal in 1527. A cultured and liberal personage, and a lover of art and letters. On the death of his brother, Duke Federigo, he governed Monferrato for sixteen years on behalf of his young nephews, and though the Papal Tiara came actually within his grasp, he renounced it for the sake of peace. Death overtook him in 1563 whilst presiding at the Council of Trent. His work *Institutio vitæ Christianæ* is still extant.

<sup>2</sup> In his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (ed. MILANESI, Chap. XIII, p. 100) CELLINI says that he had made the seal of "the Cardinal of Mantua, own brother of the Duke." He then adds, "Another seal I made, very rich in figures, for Cardinal Ippolito di Ferrara, own brother to Duke Ercole. . . . For that seal for (the Cardinal) of Mantua I received two hundred ducats for the making thereof and for that for (the Cardinal) of Ferrara three hundred." The former of these bore a representation of the *Assumption of Our Lady* with figures of the Twelve Apostles. A

end of about four months,—along with several other small works made for the Duke under the Cardinal's name, I was well paid by the said Cardinal; and he begged that I would return to Rome, to that wondrous land where we had made acquaintance. Setting out from Mantua with a good round sum of *scudi*, I arrived at Governo,<sup>1</sup> the place where was killed that most valiant lord Giovanni. Here I had a slight attack of fever, which, however, did not in any way interrupt my journey; and it ceased at that very place, for I never had it any more. Then on reaching Florence I had thought to find my dear father, but on knocking at his door, there appeared at the window a certain hunch-

very well-preserved example of this was found attached to a document dated Mantua, August 12th 1540, by Canon Braghirolli. It bears the inscription: HER. GONZAGA. S. MARIAE. NOVAE. DIAC. CAR. MANTUAN. See PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 187 *e seg.*, who discusses fully the question of these seals. ATTILIO PORTIOLI published in the *Arch. Stor. Lomb.* for March 31st 1881 an interesting article regarding three (not *two*) seals made by Cellini for the same Cardinal. In the documents discovered by PORTIOLI, reference is made to a "*sigilo piccholo cum calpelo e litere*" at a cost of L.2, 12 for the silver, and L.10, 14 for the making; to a large seal "*da Bolle con la Ascensione di Nostra Donna*," L.54, 7 for the silver and L.214 for the making; and finally to a "*sigileto il quale e intagliato l'arme del Rev. Mons. e per manico di detto e uno Erchule tondo*" in gold L.28, 5 and for the making L.37, 9. This last is described by CELLINI himself in the *Treatise* above-mentioned (*ed. cit.*, p. 157) as follows: "I made one of gold for the Duke of Mantua, made half the size of that which I made for the Cardinal, his brother, and besides all the care that I bestowed upon it, as I have said, I made a handle for it, which was a little seated Hercules with his lion skin beneath him, and his club in his hand, etc." See also MOLINIER, *op. cit.*, p. 20 *e seg.*

<sup>1</sup> Governolo (see Chap. II, p. 26, note 1). A fortified town at the junction of the Mincio with the Po. (Cf. DANTE, *Inf.* XX, 75-6.)

backed woman in a violent rage, who drove me away with much abuse, saying that I was plaguing her.<sup>1</sup> To this hunchback I replied: "Tell me, oh! ill-mannered deformity! is there no other countenance but yours in this house?" "No, and bad luck (*malanno*) to you." To which I responded in a loud voice: "And may this one (*i.e.* countenance) not last there for two hours."<sup>2</sup> At this juncture a woman neighbour came out who told me that my father and all the rest of my family were dead of the plague: which, since I had partially guessed the truth, was the cause of less grief to me. Next she told me that that younger sister of mine who was called Liperata still remained alive, and that she had been taken in by a pious woman, who was called mona<sup>3</sup> Andrea de' Bellacci. I departed thence to go to an inn. By chance I met a very great friend of mine. This man was called Giovanni Rigogli.<sup>4</sup> Dismounting at his house, we went into the public square, where I received the news that my brother was alive, whom I went to look for in the house of a friend of his, who was called Bertino Aldobrandi.<sup>5</sup> Having found my brother we exchanged an

<sup>1</sup> *Che io l'avevo fradicia.* A coarse vulgar expression meaning "You bore me to death."

<sup>2</sup> "*E questo non ci basti dua ore,*" means to say more literally, "May the plague take it (the countenance) in less than two hours."

<sup>3</sup> *Mona* or *monna*, a title given to women of the lower classes. "*Monna*" is also a woman's proper name, and perhaps we should read here Monna di Andrea, wife of De' Bellacci.

<sup>4</sup> This same man is mentioned in Chap. V as having wished to assist Cellini when he was ill of the plague in Rome. *Cf.* also note, Chap. III, p. 54.

<sup>5</sup> Both AMMIRATO and VARCHI mention this young man as the valiant pupil of Benvenuto Cellini's brother, Francesco. We read that whilst but in his first youth, and spirited beyond measure



infinite number of embraces and salutations, and they were the more extravagant because to him of me and to me of him had come the news of the death of both of us. Then bursting into a very exceeding great laugh, he took my hand and said to me: "Come along, brother, I will take you into such a place as you would never imagine: that is to say, to where I have re-married our sister Liperata, who most certainly takes you for dead." And as we went to that place we recounted to one another the very fine things that had occurred to us. And when we reached the house where my sister was, so great was the shock to her of the unexpected news that she fell into my arms in a dead faint; and had it not been for the presence of my brother, the act was such that without any explanation her husband<sup>1</sup> (as in fact (he did) at first) would not have thought that I could be her brother. Upon Cechin my brother speaking to and assisting the fainting woman, she soon recovered; and though she wept a very little for her father, her sister, her husband, and her little son, she made preparations for supper; and in that happy reunion (*nozze*) we talked no more about the dead, but rather the subjects suited to reunions (*nozze*); thus cheerfully and in great content we finished our supper.

(*giovine di prima barba, ma animoso a dismisura*), he was killed in a duel with Dante da Castiglione at the time of the siege of Florence (1530). The duel took place in the camp of the Prince of Orange between these two warriors and between Lodovico Martelli and Giovanni Bandini: Dante and Lodovico being unable to bear the idea that Aldobrandi and Bandini, born Florentines, should follow a hostile standard.

<sup>1</sup> Reparata's second husband was Raffaello Tassi, an elderly man, whom she married in 1528.

Constrained by the entreaties of my brother and sister, they were the cause of my remaining in Florence, for my desire was to turn my steps towards Rome. Besides which that dear friend of mine (for I mentioned above how much in certain straits I had been assisted by him), that is, Piero di Giovanni Landi: well! this Piero told me that I ought to stop for some time in Florence; because the Medici having been expelled from Florence,<sup>1</sup> that is to say the lord Ipolito and the lord Alesandro, who were afterwards respectively, the one Cardinal and the other Duke of Florence, this said Piero told me that I ought to stay a little while to see what would be done next. I began therefore to work in the Mercato Nuovo, and I set a great quantity of precious stones and made good profits. At that time there arrived in Florence a Sieneſe named Girolamo Marretti. This Sieneſe had resided a long time in Turkey and was a person of a lively intelligence. He came to my ſhop and directed me to make him a gold medallion to wear in a hat.<sup>2</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> The Florentines, profiting by the occaſion of Rome being inveſted and Clement VII ſhut up in the Caſtel Sant' Angelo, changed their form of government on May 17th 1527, driving out Cardinal Paſſerini, who governed the city on behalf of the Pope, together with the young Medici princes. But when peace had been declared between Charles V and Clement VII, and a marriage had been arranged between Alessandro de' Medici, and Margherita of Austria, natural daughter of the Emperor, Florence endured a memorable ſiege of ten months, during which there died 8,000 citizens and 14,000 foreign ſoldiers. Conſtrained by famine, and perhaps through the treachery of Malateſta, ſhe yielded in Auguſt 1530 to the Imperial troops, and ſubmitted to the tyranny of Duke Alessandro.

<sup>2</sup> In Chap. XII of the *Treatiſe on the Work of the Goldſmith* (ed. MILANESI, pp. 76-7) CELLINI tells us that he made this medal-

desired that I should represent upon this medallion *Hercules opening the lion's mouth*. So I set to work to make it, and whilst I was working at it Michelagnuolo Buonaaroti often came to see it: and since I laboured hard at it the attitude of the figure and the fierceness of the animal differed greatly from the work of all those who had up to that time executed such work. Moreover from the fact that this species of work was totally unknown to that divine Michelagnuolo, he praised this work of mine so much that he aroused in me so great a desire to excel as was of inestimable value (to me). But since I had nothing else to do but to set precious stones, although this employment brought me in the largest earnings that I could make, I was not satisfied; because I wanted to execute works of greater merit than mere stone-setting. At this juncture there chanced (to appear) a certain Federigo Ginori, a youth of very high spirit. This youth had lived at Naples for many years, and since he was very handsome in figure and appearance, he had fallen in love in Naples with a princess. So, wishing to have a medallion made upon which was an *Atlas with the World<sup>1</sup> upon his shoulders*, he desired of the great Michelagnuolo, that he would make him a slight sketch for it. At which he replied to the said Federigo: "Go and look for a certain young goldsmith who bears

lion for Girolamo Marretti about a year after the siege of Rome, and he reports in full Michelangelo's words of encomium: "If the work had been upon a large scale, either in marble or bronze, executed after that fine design, it would astonish the world; for in this size it appears to me to be of such beauty, that I do not think that any of the goldsmiths of antiquity ever did anything so good."

<sup>1</sup> Where CELLINI has by mistake written *mondo* = "the World," he means the *Heavens*.

the name of Benvenuto; that man will serve you very well, and he certainly has no need of a design from me. But lest you think that I want to shirk the trouble of such a small job, I will very willingly make you a small sketch. Meantime speak to the said Benvenuto, that he also may make you a sketch model; then the better of the two can be put in hand." This Federigo Ginori came to look for me and told me his wishes, after relating how much that glorious Michelagnuolo had praised me, and (said) that I must also make a sketch model in wax, whilst that splendid man had promised to make him a sketch drawing. Those words of that great man gave me so much encouragement, that I immediately set to work with very great diligence to make the said model: and when I had completed it a certain painter, a great friend of Michelagnuolo, named Giuliano Bugiardini,<sup>1</sup> brought to me the drawing for the *Atlas*. At the same time I showed to the said Giuliano my sketch model in wax. It was so very different from that drawing of Michelagnuolo, that the said Federigo and also Bugiardino, agreed that I ought to make (the medallion) in accordance with my own model. So I began to do so, and the most excellent Michelagnuolo saw the work and praised me so much (on account of it) that it proved of invaluable (encouragement to me).

<sup>1</sup> This Florentine painter (born in 1475, died in 1554) was a skilful draughtsman and most careful executant. He was a pupil, first of Bertoldo the sculptor and later of Ghirlandajo. Buonarroti calls him "*beato*," because he became too self-satisfied through loving his own works over much. Among the notable examples of these in Florence is *The Martyrdom of St. Catherine* in the Rucellai Chapel at Sta Maria Novella. (VASARI, *Vite cit.* ed. MILANESI. VI 201, *e segg.*)

It was a figure (of Atlas), as I have said, chiselled upon a plate of metal; he bore the Heavens upon his back, made in the form of a crystal ball, its Zodiac being carved upon it in a field of lapis-lazuli. Combined with the said figure it produced such a beautiful effect as to be indescribable. Beneath was a lettered inscription, which ran *Summa tulisse iuvat*.<sup>1</sup> The said Federigo being satisfied paid me most liberally. Misser Aluigi Alamanni,<sup>2</sup> who was at this period in Florence, was a friend of the said Federigo Ginori, who brought him many times to my workshop, and he of his kindness admitted me to a very intimate friendship. Pope Clemente having declared war upon the city of Florence,<sup>3</sup> and in preparation for defence the city having issued orders to her popular militia in every quarter, I was

<sup>1</sup> In the *Treatise cit.* above (Chap. XII), the same inscription is repeated; but there seems to be some divergence in the MSS. as to whether we should read *summa* or *summam*. CELLINI there describes minutely how he carried out the execution of this very beautiful medallion: and he further informs us that Federigo Ginori "loved especially to favour men of merit, to such an extent was he a lover of virtue."

<sup>2</sup> Luigi Alamanni, the well-known author of *La Coltivazione*, of *Giron cortese*, and of the *Avarchide*, was born in Florence on October 18th 1495, and died at Amboise, April 18th 1556. Having taken part in a conspiracy against Cardinal Giulio de' Medici, he was imprisoned, and subsequently went into exile through Italy and France. Returning to his native country before the siege, he was obliged to depart again at the return of the Medici and took refuge in France, where he received kindness and favours from Francis I, and even from Queen Catherine de Medicis herself. As regards his relations with Cellini *cf.* PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 48 *e seg.*

<sup>3</sup> The truce between Charles V and the Pope was concluded in June 1529, and in the following September the Prince of Orange marched upon Florence.

also commandeered in my turn. I prepared myself lavishly; and I joined company with the highest nobility of Florence—who appeared to be greatly united in their desire to fight in such defence—and those sort of speeches were made in every quarter of the town that are usual on such occasions (*qual si sanno*). Moreover the young men came much more together than was their usual custom, nor did they ever talk of anything else but this. One day at midday, when there were in my workshop a number of rough men (*omaccioni*) and youths of the first families in the city, there was brought to me a letter from Rome, which had come from a certain man, who was called in Rome master Jacopino della Barca. This man was (really) named Jacopo dello Sciorina, but in Rome (he was called) *della Barca*, because he kept a boat that plied upon the Tiber between the Ponte Sisto and the Ponte Santo Agniolo. This master Jacopo was a very clever person, and an agreeable and very clever conversationalist. He had formerly been in Florence as a master of design for the work of the Cloth-weavers.<sup>1</sup> This man was a great friend of Pope Clemente, who took great pleasure in hearing him talk. One day, during one of these chats it chanced that the subject arose of the Sack and of the defence of the Castello; and in this connection the Pope, remembering me, said the kindest things of me that it is possible to imagine; and he added that if he knew where I was it would give him satis-

<sup>1</sup> *Levatori d'opere* was the name given to certain master-workmen, who transferred upon cloth and other woven fabrics patterns of flowers, foliage and other ornaments designed and engraved upon tablets. But this master Jacopo, besides being a weaver, seems also to have made the designs for this kind of work, or rather for weaving into the cloth.

faction to have me back again. The said master Jacopo said that I was in Florence: wherefore the Pope commissioned him to write to me that I should return to him. The contents of this said letter were to the effect that I ought to return to the service of Clemente, and that it would be to my advantage. Those young men who were there present, wished to know what that letter contained; wherefore to the best of my power I concealed its purport. Then I wrote to the said master Jacopo begging him to take my words neither for good nor for ill, but in no manner whatsoever to write to me again. The said man, however, since his desire so greatly increased, wrote me another letter, which was so extravagant in its expressions that if it had been seen I should have run great risk.<sup>1</sup> This (letter) said on behalf of the Pope that I should come at once, for he wished me to carry out works of very great importance; and that if I wished to prosper I should leave everything immediately, and not remain to act in opposition to a Pope along with those wild madmen. When I saw the letter it put me into such a state of terror, that I went to look for that dear friend of mine, who was called Pier Landi; who, as soon as he saw me, immediately asked me what news I had received that I showed myself so disturbed. I told my friend that the news which I had received that gave me that great distress, I could on no account repeat; I only begged him that he would take those

<sup>1</sup> By being suspected of having clandestine communications with the partizans of the Pope and the Medici. The admission of the gonfalonier Niccolo Capponi is well known; that he had mislaid a letter written to him from Rome by Giachinotto Serragli, which was found in the Palazzo itself by Jacopo Gherardi, one of the Eight.

keys which I gave him, and would hand over my jewels and gold to such and such (*al terzo e'l quarto*) persons as he would find written down in my account-book; then that he would take the contents of my house and with that customary good nature of his take some small amount of care of it, and that in a few days he should know where I was. This prudent youth, perhaps making a near guess at the facts, said to me: "Brother mine! Be off quickly, and then write to me, and don't give a thought to your affairs." Thus I did. He was the most faithful friend, the most prudent, the most honest, the most discreet, the most loveable that I have ever known. Leaving Florence, I went to Rome; and thence I wrote to him.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Much severe comment has been made regarding Cellini's desertion of Florence at this juncture and his defection to the service of Pope Clement, one of that tyrannical family who oppressed her liberties. He himself appears to have felt some compunction upon the point; but it is as well to observe that the part he played in public politics was insignificant, and that he and his family had already gained, and stood to gain, more from the Medici than from any other party in the State.



## CHAPTER IX

(1529-1530)

Cellini on arriving in Rome is well received by Clement VII, who absolves him for having retained a portion of the gold given to him to melt down.—He is commissioned to make a Morse for his Holiness.—Enters into competition with Micheletto, an engraver of gems, and Pompeo de Capitaneis, a Milanese goldsmith, for a design for this Morse.—He is employed to make dies for the Pontifical Mint.—He executes designs for these to the satisfaction of the Pope, and is made Keeper of the Dies of the Papal coinage.

DIRECTLY I arrived in Rome<sup>1</sup> I sought out some of my former friends, by whom I was very well received and made much of: and I immediately set myself to execute all sorts of work for gain; but none worthy of description. There was a certain old goldsmith, who was called Raffaello del Moro.<sup>2</sup> This man had a high reputation in the trade and was besides a

<sup>1</sup> By the middle of the year 1529 Cellini was already in the service of Pope Clement VII (*cf.* BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lombardi cit.* I, 246-7).

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI (*Treatise cit.*, p. 56), praises Raffaello del Moro as an intelligent workman in the matter of precious stones, and he mentions him again (p. 61), with reference to the tinting of a diamond belonging to the Pope. Moreover in this same passage there occurs a curious discourse upon the relative value of the words *ragionare* (to discourse), *parlare* (to speak), *favellare* (to talk), and *cicalare* (to chatter). BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lombardi cit.* I, 246), also records that a number of commissions were entrusted by the Pope to this

very honest man. He begged me that I would be pleased to go and work in his shop, for he had some commissions of importance to carry out, which were (likely to be) very profitable. So I went willingly. More than ten days had passed by, during which I had not endeavoured to see that said master Jacopino della Barca; who, when he saw me by accident, made me a most effusive welcome, and upon his asking me how long it was since I had arrived, I told him that it was about fifteen days. This (good) man took that very ill, and told me that I must hold a Pope in very little account, who had already with great urgency caused him to write three times for me: and I, though I had taken it much more ill of him, answered nothing, but rather swallowed down my wrath. This good man, who had a vast supply of words, entered upon a torrent of them, and said so much upon the point, that presently, when I saw him tired out, I said nothing further to him except that at his convenience he should take me to the Pope. He replied that any time would do. Whereupon I answered him: "And I am always ready." He began to go towards the Palace, and I with him. It was Holy Thursday.<sup>1</sup> When we arrived at the Pope's apartments, because he was well known and I was expected, we were immediately admitted. The Pope was in bed, slightly indisposed, and with him were Misser Jacopo Salviati and the Archbishop of Capua.<sup>2</sup>

Florentine goldsmith in 1525 for the supply of sapphires, diamonds, and crowns of *lapis lazuli* to be presented to the wife of Zanobi de' Medici, to Cardinal Trivulzio, to the Duke of Atri, and others.

<sup>1</sup> Holy Thursday in 1529 fell upon May 27th.

<sup>2</sup> Fra Niccolò Schomberg della Magna, a Swede, of the Dominican order and a follower of Savonarola. An intimate friend and faithful counsellor of Pope Clement VII, he was elected Archbishop

When the Pope saw me he was very extraordinarily delighted: and I, when I had kissed his feet, with such deference as I could muster, approached near to him, showing that I wished to tell him some matters of importance. Immediately upon his making a sign with his hand the said Misser Jacopo and the Archbishop retired to some distance from us. I began at once, saying: "Most Blessed Father, from the time when the Sack took place until now I have been unable to confess or communicate, because they (the priests) will not absolve me. The case is as follows: that when I melted down the gold and spent all that labour in unsettling those jewels (of yours),<sup>1</sup> Your Holiness gave directions to Cavalierino to give me a certain recompense for my work, from whom I received nothing, rather he more readily uttered abuse. When I retired to the place where I had melted down the said gold, on removing the ashes I found about a pound and a half of gold in very many little grains like millet; and since I had not sufficient money to enable me to live decently in my own house, I thought that I would use that and restore it later when an opportunity should come to me. Now I am at Your Holiness' feet, who art the true confessor; may

of Capua in 1520, and received a cardinal's hat from Paul III in 1535. He died in 1537 at the age of sixty-five. (CIACCONIO *cit.*, III, p. 567; QUETIF and ECHARD, *Scriptores ordinis Praedicatorum*, II, p. 103.)

<sup>1</sup> Regarding the value of unset jewels as floating capital during the Renaissance, when Popes and Princes were accustomed continually to pawn their treasures to obtain ready money, *cf.* the observations made by Professors LUZIO and RENIER in their article above alluded to (*Il lusso di Isabella d Este*, etc.), p. 313 *e seg.*, and JULIA CARTWRIGHT (Mrs. Henry Ady), *Isabella d Este; A Study of the Renaissance* (London, John Murray, 1903), Vol. I, pp. 116, 138, and *passim*.

you grant me such favour that I may have leave in order to confess and communicate, and by the means of the pardon of your Holiness, I may regain the Grace of my Lord and God." Then the Pope with a slight gentle sigh (recalling perhaps his own straits) spake these words: "Benvenuto, I have certainly the power that you attribute to me, by which I can absolve you from any improper action that you may have committed, and I am besides willing to do so. Therefore tell me everything most freely and with good courage, for even if you have taken the value of the whole of one of those tiaras, I am most disposed to pardon you." Thereupon I replied: "I have had no more, Most Blessed Father, than the quantity that I have told you; and this did not amount to the value of one hundred and forty ducats, for so much did I receive for it from the mint at Perugia, and with it I went home to comfort my poor old father." The Pope said: "Your father was as virtuous, good and worthy a man as was ever born, and you are not at all degenerate from him; I am very sorry that the sum was so small. Nevertheless such as you say that it was I reckon it as a gift to you, and I entirely pardon you. Make this assurance to your confessor, if there is nothing else that applies to me. Then when you have confessed and communicated, let me see you again and (it shall be) to your advantage." When I had left the Pope's side, and Misser Jacopo and the Archbishop had come to him, his Holiness spoke of me as kindly as it was possible for any other man in the world to have done; and he told them that I had confessed and been absolved. Then he added, telling the Archbishop of Capua, that he should send for me and ask me if I had any needs beyond

this particular matter, for he gave him entire authority to absolve me of everything, and to show me besides as many courtesies as ever he could. As I was departing with master Jacopino, he with greatest curiosity asked what were those close and lengthy discussions that I had had with the Pope. When he had asked this question more than twice, I told him that I did not wish to tell him, because they were matters that did not concern him, therefore he must not ask me any more. I went to complete all that remained of my agreement with the Pope. Then when the two feast-days were over I went to see him: who showing me more kindnesses than on the first occasion, said to me: "If you had come a little sooner to Rome I would have commissioned you to re-make those two tiaras of mine that we destroyed in the Castello; but since they are things of but little value without their gems, I will employ you upon a work of the very greatest importance, wherein you will be able to show what your skill amounts to; and this is a morse<sup>1</sup> which has to be made round in the fashion of a trencher, and as big as a little trencher of a third of a *braccio* (in diameter). Upon this I want you to fashion a (figure of) God the Father in low relief, and in the centre of the said (design) I want you to place that large finely cut diamond (*bella punta del diamante*), together with many other precious stones of the greatest value. A certain Caradosso<sup>2</sup> formerly began (to do this for me) and never completed it. I want to have this thing finished quickly, because I would like to have some little pleasure out of it. Be off therefore

<sup>1</sup> *Bottone del piviale*, lit., "a cope-button."

<sup>2</sup> Caradosso. Cf. Chap. V, p. 91.

now and make a fine sketch model." And he directed me to be shown all the jewels; and straightway I went away immediately.<sup>1</sup>

Whilst Florence was still invested,<sup>2</sup> that Federigo Ginori, for whom I had made the medallion of Atlas, died of consumption, and the said medallion fell into the hands of Misser Luigi Alamanni, who a short time afterwards carried it himself as a gift to King Francis, King of France, accompanied by some of his most beautiful writings. The king being beyond measure pleased with this medallion, the most talented Misser Luigi Alamanni spoke of me to His Majesty, together with some details regarding my personality outside my profession, with so much kindness that the king gave evidence of having conceived a desire to make my acquaintance. Whilst I was directing all the care of which I was capable upon that said small model, which I made exactly the same size that the finished work was to be, many of those goldsmiths in the trade, who thought themselves capable of executing this very thing heard of it. And since there had come to Rome a certain Micheletto,<sup>3</sup> a very brilliant craftsman in

<sup>1</sup> *Affusolato* := *diritto come un fuso*, i.e. (Anglicè), "straight as a dart."

<sup>2</sup> The siege of Florence lasted from October 24th 1529 to August 10th 1530.

<sup>3</sup> CELLINI relates the history of this competition again in Chap. XII of the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (ed. cit., p. 84 *e segg.*). VASARI, in the *Life of Valerio Vicentino and other Carvers* (*Vite*, ed. cit., v, 370, 371), mentions this Michele, whom he calls, however, Michelino, and adds "that he was of no less merit than Piermarin of Pescia in matters both small and large, and was reckoned a charming master-craftsman." BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lombardi cit.*, I, pp. 246-47) suggests that his surname may have been Nardini. In point of fact a certain Michele di Francesco

engraving gems,<sup>1</sup> who was besides a most intelligent jeweller, and he was an elderly man and of high reputation, to his skill were entrusted the Pope's two tiaras. Whilst I was making this said model, he marvelled much that I did not have recourse to him, for he was an intelligent man and in high favour with the Pope. At last seeing that I did not go to him, he came to me to ask me what I was doing. "Something that the Pope has committed to me;" replied I to him. Then he said: "The Pope has directed me to inspect all the things that are being made for His Holiness." To which I replied, that I would ask the Pope first, and then I should know what answer I must make to him. He told me that I should repent doing so; and going away from me in a rage he hunted up all the other members of the Trade, and when they had discussed the question, they all committed the matter to the said Michele; who with that fine skill of his caused more than thirty designs, all differing one from another, to be made for this undertaking by certain brilliant draughtsmen. And since he had the ear of the Pope at his disposal, making a compact with another jeweller who was named Pompeo;<sup>2</sup> a

Nardini, a goldsmith, appears in the Registers of Papal expenses between 1513-1531. Cf. E. MUNTZ (*Archivio Storico dell' Arte*, Roma, 1888, Ann. I, fasc. I, Jan.). As regards the re-making of the Papal tiaras, BERTOLOTTI (*ibidem*, p. 247) records that a much-delayed payment of 400 *scudi* was made in August 1548, after a protracted lawsuit, to a certain Gaspare Gallo of Rome, one of the Papal jewellers, for one of them. It is therefore not impossible or improbable that Micheletto re-made the other.

<sup>1</sup> *Corniuele*=lit., "cornelian," the gem usually employed for signets, seals, etc.

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI frequently alludes to this Milanese jeweller, whom, as we shall read later, he slew on September 26th 1534. BERTOLOTTI

Milanese, who was a great favourite with the Pope and was a relative of Misser Traiano,<sup>1</sup> the Pope's first chamber-

(*Artisti subalpini cit.* p. 118, and *Artisti lombardi cit.* I, pp. 248-249, and 284 *e segg.*) quotes a variety of documents concerning him and establishes the fact that his name was *de Capitaneis*. The same writer very appositely points out that Cellini, a Florentine, must have been a conspicuous figure among all these other goldsmiths, who were mainly Lombards. GUASTI brings forward other documents regarding this matter drawn from the *Libri di amministrazione di Clemente VII*, formerly preserved in the Archivio di Santa Maria Novella, but now in the State Archives of the City of Florence; whilst among the documents published by BERTOLOTTI is a Brief, dated January 7th 1527, in which Pompeo de Capitaneis is nominated Inspector of Weights and Measures at the Mint; in the *Diversorum Cameralium* of Clement VII (Lib. XX, cap. 112 t.) we find another Brief, under date October 31st 1532, from which we learn that that office was bestowed upon him *for life*. He resided in the Via del Pellegrino, in a house belonging to the convent of Sant' Agostino; and payments are still to be found made to him from the Papal Treasury, between 1529 and 1531, not merely for church-hangings, but also for linen and cloth supplied to the Pope; whence it would appear that he kept a shop in partnership with Gian Pietro da Fossano, his fellow-citizen, purveyor to the Papal Wardrobe. In his Will, dated November 13th 1530, he is in fact designated as *bancherius*. It would seem that he was of a quarrelsome disposition, because in March 1532 he had a dispute with Gaspare da Modena and was obliged to find securities not to injure him.

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lombardi cit.*, I, 248), quoting from the Registers of the Papal Treasury, informs us that this relative of Pompeo's, who bore the surname of *Alicorno*, was a Milanese cleric, who besides occupying the posts of notary, secretary, officer of the private bedchamber, intimate friend and table-companion to His Holiness, was also in receipt of a number of benefices and other revenues. BEMBO alludes to these last in a letter dated March 16th 1530; and that he was quite unworthy of them all we learn from a letter of PAOLO GIOVIO, under date 1535. (*Cf.* TASSI, I, p. 208, n. 1.)



lain; these two, that is to say, Michele and Pompeo, began telling the Pope that they had seen my model, and that it seemed to them that I was not a fit instrument to perform so wondrous an undertaking. To this the Pope replied that he also must see it; then if I were not fit, he would seek out some one who was. They both said that they had several admirable designs for this very thing. To which the Pope replied that he was very glad to hear it, but that he did not wish to see them before I had finished my model; then he would look at everything together. In the course of a few days I had completed the model, and on taking it one morning to the Pope, that Misser Traiano made me wait, and at the same time sent in haste for Micheletto and Pompeo, telling them to bring the drawings. When they had arrived we were all admitted; whereupon Michele and Pompeo immediately began to spread out their drawings, and the Pope to examine them. And since the draughtsmen were unused to the art of jewellery they did not understand the positions (suitable) for precious stones; still less had they who were jewellers explained to them that it is necessary for a jeweller when figures are to be introduced amid his precious stones to know how to compose, otherwise no good result can follow. For which reason in all these designs they had adjusted that wonderful diamond in the centre of the breast of that (figure of) God the Father. The Pope, since he was (a man) of very excellent taste, when he saw this very thing, was not at all pleased at it. And when he had looked at about ten (of the designs), throwing the rest upon the ground, he said to me, who was standing there apart: "Show me here your model, Benvenuto, in order



MORSE MADE FOR POPE CLEMENT VII  
(FROM A WATER-COLOUR [NOW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM] BY  
FRANCESCO BERTOLI)

*{To face pag*



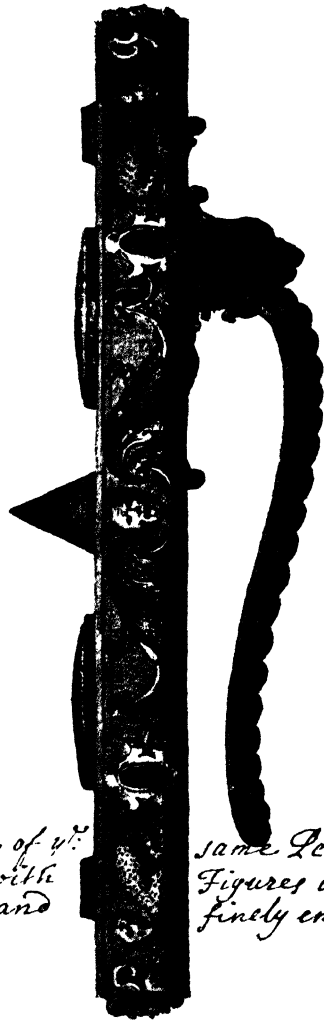


MORSE MADE FOR POPE CLEMENT VII

(BACK VIEW)

[To face page 176, vol. 1





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MORSL MADE FOR POPE CLEMENT VII  
(SIDE VIEW)

[To face page 176, vol 1]



that I may see if you have fallen into the same mistake that these have done." I came forward and having opened a little round box, it seemed as if a veritable flash (of lightning) shone in the eyes of the Pope, and he said in a loud voice, "If you had actually been in my own body, you would not have carried it out otherwise than as I see it here; these men knew no better way of bringing shame upon themselves." Many great nobles having come up the Pope showed them the difference that existed between my model and their drawings. When he had praised it very much, whilst they stood terrified and awkward in his presence, he turned to me and said: "I only know of one mischance that is of the greatest importance; my dear Benvenuto, the wax is easy to manipulate; the whole question is to make it in gold." To these words I boldly replied, saying: "Most Blessed Father, if I do not complete it ten times better than this my model, let it be agreed that you pay me nothing for it." At these words there arose a great stir amongst those nobles, who said that I was promising too much. But there was one of the nobles, a very learned philosopher, who spoke up in my favour: "With that handsome physiognomy (*finnusumia*) and symmetry of figure which I observe in this young man, I foretell all that he says and even more." The Pope said: "It is for that reason that I think so also." Calling that chamberlain of his, Misser Traiano, he told him to fetch thither five hundred gold ducats of the Camera. Whilst they were waiting for the money, the Pope again examined more leisurely in what a beautiful manner I had combined the diamond with that (figure of) God the Father. This diamond I had affixed in the very centre of the composition, and above



the stone itself I had arranged the (figure of) God the Father seated in a certain fine sideways position,<sup>1</sup> which produced a most beautiful harmony in effect, and in no way interfered with the stone. Raising his right hand He was pronouncing a benediction.<sup>2</sup> Beneath the said diamond I had placed three cherubim, who with arms raised aloft supported the aforesaid precious stone. The one of these cherubim in the middle was in full relief, the other two were only in half. Around were a vast number of different cherubim, grouped amid other fine precious stones. The rest (of the figure) of God the Father was clad in a mantle which floated around Him, and from (within the folds of) which issued many cherubim, together with many other fine decorations, which made a very beautiful effect. This work was executed in

<sup>1</sup> That is to say, "in partial profile."

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI describes this magnificent Morse again in Chaps. VII and XII of his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*. PLON (*op. cit.*, p. 145), quoting EUGENE PIOT, who had conversed with the Pontifical jeweller (a craftsman, seventy years of age, who as an apprentice had been employed upon the destruction wrought in the Papal Treasury to raise the War Tribute in 1797), believes that this superb work of art was sacrificed to the greed and rapacity of the Emperor Napoleon I. There is however no absolute certainty on this point; and careful drawings made early in the eighteenth century, probably by Francesco Bartoli (or Bertoli) at the instance of an English amateur collector named John Talman, of a number of the Vatican Treasures still exist, a volume of which was acquired some years ago by the British Museum. Among the drawings therein are not only three elaborate representations of this wonderful Morse—which correspond exactly with CELLINI's description, but also a sketch of the famous tiara made by Caradosso for Pope Julius II. Cf. an interesting article upon these drawings by the Rev. Father HERBERT THURSTON, S.J., in *The Burlington Magazine*, Vol. VIII, October 1905.

a white stucco upon a black stone. When the money arrived the Pope gave it to me with his own hand and begged me with the greatest amiability that I would contrive to let him have it (the *Morse*) during his lifetime, and that it would be to my advantage (to do so). Carrying away the money and the model, it seemed to me a thousand years before I could put my hand to the work. Having commenced immediately to work with great application, at the end of eight days the Pope sent to me by one of his chamberlains, a very great Bolognese nobleman, to tell me to go to him and take with me as much as I had already done. Whilst I was on the way, this said chamberlain, who was the most charming person that there was in that court, told me that it was not so much that the Pope desired to see that work, but that he wished to give me another commission of the highest importance; and this was the dies for the money coined in the Mint of Rome; and that I must be ready to be able to give an answer to His Holiness; that it was for this purpose that he had warned me. When I reached the Pope, and had exhibited to him that plaque of gold, whereon was only sculptured as yet God the Father, even sketched thus it displayed more talent than that small wax model; to such an extent that the Pope in astonishment said: "From now onwards I shall be willing to believe everything that you say:" and having paid me many unlimited compliments, he said: "I want to give you another commission, which will be as pleasing to me as this and even more, if you throw your heart into the execution of it." And when he told me that he was very anxious to make the dies for his coin, and asked me if I had ever made such things before, and if I had the courage to

undertake it, I replied that I had the very greatest courage, and that I had seen how they were made; but that I had never actually made them myself. There was in the presence a certain Misser Tommaso da Prato,<sup>1</sup> who was Datary to His Holiness, and since he was a great friend of those friends of mine, he said: "Most Blessed Father, the favours that your Holiness is showering upon

<sup>1</sup> Tommaso de' Cortesi, the famous jurist, much beloved by Leo X, who on being left a widower, entered Holy Orders, and was created a cardinal by Clement VII. This Pontiff also appointed him Chief Surveyor of the Papal Revenues and Datary, and he subsequently held the bishoprics of Cariati in Calabria, and Vaison near Avignon. Three days before the Sack of Rome he escaped, in company with Clarice de' Medici, wife of Filippo Strozzi, in a boat from Ripa, and took refuge, first at Pisa, and later, in his native city of Prato. During the period wherein he had control of the Papal Records occurred the famous dispute between the Sovereign Pontiff and King Henry VIII of England, regarding his divorce from Catherine of Aragon. He was an amiable personage, and an agreeable conversationalist; but, says UGHELLI (*Italia Sacra*, Vol. II), he was also *adulatorum hostis acerrimus, pauperum vero ac literatorum hominum amator*. That he was a man of high reputation and authority we are assured by a letter written to him by the Emperor Charles V on October 31st 1530. He died in Rome on February 16th 1543, at the age of seventy-three; and a portrait of him formerly hung in the Palazzo Pubblico at Prato, amid those of other benefactors and worthies of that town, which bore the following inscription:

*Tommaso de' Cortesi io son da Prato,  
Di Carriata vescovo e datario  
Il Settimo Clemente m'ha creato.*

The title of Datary was given to the Chief Secretary of the Office for Requests, Petitions and Patents, and the name was derived from the words *Datum Romae*, which it was one of his principal duties to affix to the documents issuing from his Office. The fees of this Office brought in a large revenue to the Papal Exchequer.

this young man, since he is by nature most ardent, are the reason of his promising a world of fresh things; but your having given him one great commission, and now giving him another greater one will be the cause of one of them interfering with the other." The Pope turned angrily upon him and bade him go to his office; and directed me to make a model of a large gold doubloon, upon which he wished that there should be a nude Christ with his hands bound, and an inscription which should run: *Ecce Homo*; and on the reverse were to be a Pope and an Emperor who together support a cross that is showing signs of falling, and an inscription which should run: *Unus spiritus et una fides erat in eis*. When the Pope had committed to me (the making of) this handsome coin, there came up the sculptor Bandinello<sup>1</sup> (who had not as yet been created *cavaliere*), and with his accustomed presumption clothed in ignorance, he said: "To goldsmiths of this kind, and for such fine work, it is necessary to supply them with designs." At which I immediately turned round and said that I had no need of his designs in my trade; but that I had good hopes that at some time I should with my designs upset his trade. The Pope showed himself as delighted with these words as it is possible to imagine, and turning to

<sup>1</sup> This hot-tempered and quarrelsome personage has already been discussed in Chap. I, p. 22 note. Even VASARI remarks upon his constant attempts to belittle other people's work "so that no one could endure him." GUASTI proves from the *Libri d'amministrazione di Clemente VII* that Bandinelli was in Rome at this period, as follows: 1529, 1 *gennaio* *duc.*, *quaranta di Iuli X per ducato, per tanti pagati a Baccio di Michelagnolo, scultore, quali se li sono donati per potersi intrattenere a lavorare: portò decto contanti.*

me said: "Go now, my dear Benvenuto, and attend with spirit to serve me, and lend no ears to the talk of these madmen." So I departed; and with great haste made two steel dies; and having stamped one coin<sup>1</sup> in gold, one Sunday after dinner I took the coin and the dies to the Pope, who when he saw them remained astounded and pleased not so much at the fine work which pleased him beyond measure, as still more did the promptness that I had exercised cause him to marvel. And in order to increase still further the satisfaction and wonder of the Pope, I had brought with me all the old coins, which had been made in times past by those brilliant craftsmen who had served Pope Julio and Pope Leone; and having seen that mine pleased him much more, I drew from my bosom a petition,<sup>2</sup> in which I asked for

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this coin CELLINI speaks again in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (ed. MILANESI cit., p. 109). A specimen of it at Vienna has been reproduced by ARMAND (*Les Médailles Italiens*) and by others. PLON (Plate XI, n. 1) gives an example from the Royal Cabinet in Turin; but judging from CELLINI'S own account in the *Treatise* above-mentioned, there must have been two coins, if not originally projected, at least subsequently made, because the doubloon, which bears the *Ecce Homo* upon the obverse, has a *bust of Clement VII himself* upon the reverse; whereas the figures of *Pope and Emperor* as described in the text are upon quite another coin.

<sup>2</sup> Some confusion is created here by CELLINI'S use of the word *motto proprio* (*motu proprio*), confusing as he does his own petition with the Brief or Decree granting him the post that he desired. That Clement VII did confer this post upon our hero is proved by Document I printed by F. CERASOLI (*Docum. ined. su Benvenuto Cellini in Arch. stor. dell' Arte*, Anno VII, fasc. V, Sett.-Ott. 1894, pp. 372-374), and from Document II in the same collection we learn that (as he tells us himself) the salary provided was six *scudi* per month. His service in this capacity commenced on April 16th 1529, and a record of the first bi-monthly payment appears on

the said office of keeper of the dies of the Mint; which office provided six gold *scudi* of salary per month, besides the dies which were paid for by the Master of the Mint, and which were reckoned at three to a ducat. The Pope having taken my petition and turned away, gave it into the hand of his Datary, telling him that he must send it to me immediately. The Datary taking the document, and preparing to put it into his pocket, said: "Most Blessed Father, Your Holiness should not run on so fast; these are things which deserve some consideration." Whereupon the Pope said: "I have quite understood you; give me here that document:" and taking it he signed it immediately with his own hand. Then he gave it back to him and said "There can be no further discussion on the matter; send it to him now, for so I desire it: the shoes of Benvenuto are worth more than the eyes of all these other clowns." And so having thanked His Holiness I went away to my work rejoicing beyond measure.

June 5th in *Diversorum Cameralium Clem. VII*, Lib. VI, cap. 174. These payments seem to have been continued regularly up to January 2nd 1534. In one of the *Libri d'amministrazione* alluded to above we find the following entry: 1529, *E addi 12 di giugno ducati 20 portò contanti Benvenuto orefice nuovo maestro delle stampe, quali se li sono donati per havere facto le prime stampe.* Cf. also BERTOLOTI, *Artisti lombardi cit.*, I, 248, and the edition of BENVENUTO CELLINI'S *Complete Works* edited by Sigg. ART. JAHN RUSCONI and A. VALERI Rome, 1901, p. 529.

## CHAPTER X

(1530)

Cellini continues his labours in the workshop of Raffaello del Moro, who desires to marry him to one of his daughters.—This maiden suffers from a disease in her right hand, which is cured by Master Jacopo of Perugia. Our hero contracts a friendship with Monsignor Gaddi, with Annibale Caro, and with other learned personages.—He strikes a coin, upon which is a figure of *St. Peter walking upon the sea*.—His brother is slain in a scuffle with the City Guard.—The epitaph set up by Benvenuto upon his brother's grave, and a description of the family Coat of Arms.—Cellini slays the assassin of his brother.—His shop is broken into, and he is robbed of everything of value, except the Pope's jewels.

I STILL continued working in the shop of that Raffaello del Moro above-mentioned. This honest man had a pretty little daughter, for whom he had conceived designs upon me; and I having partly divined this, was desirous of it also; but, although I cherished this desire, I showed no sign of it whatsoever; rather I remained so discreet that I aroused his astonishment. It chanced that this poor girl had contracted a disease in her right hand, which had decayed those two small bones<sup>1</sup> which connect the little finger and the other finger next to it. And because the poor child was, through the carelessness of her father, treated by an ignorant quack, who said that

<sup>1</sup> Probably "metacarpal" bones.

this unhappy girl would remain crippled in her entire right arm, even if nothing worse resulted, I, seeing the wretched parent so terrified, told him not to believe all that that ignorant surgeon had said. Whereupon he told me that he had no acquaintance with any doctors, who were surgeons, and besought me that if I knew anyone, I would bring him. I immediately called in a certain master Jacomo from Perugia,<sup>1</sup> a man much skilled in surgery; and when he had seen this poor little girl, who was in terror, for she must have foreboded what that ignorant quack had said; whereat this clever man told her that she would have no evil consequence, and that she would have very good use of her right hand: and although those two last fingers would be a little weaker than the others, they would not on that account give her the least inconvenience in the world. And having set to work to treat her, in the course of a few days, when he wished to extract a small portion of the diseased part of those small bones, her father summoned me, in order that I might come and see a little what suffering this girl had to endure. For the purpose the said master Jacopo took certain large steel instruments, and when I saw that with these he made little progress and caused very great pain to the said girl, I told the master to stop and to wait a few minutes (*uno ottavo d'ora*) for me. Hurrying into

<sup>1</sup> Jacomo Rastelli was actually a native of Rimini, but from long residence in Perugia was generally spoken of as the "Perugian." He was a celebrated surgeon, and served Clement VII and his successors until 1566, when he died at the age of seventy-five. Cf. MARINI, *Archiatři pontifici*, Vol. I, p. 356. We learn from BERTOLLOTTI (*Artisti lombardi cit.*) that it was not until some years after the death of Clement VII that he received the sum of 600 ducats due to him for his attendance to that Pontiff during his last illness.



the workshop I made a little tool of steel, very thin and bent: and it cut like a razor.<sup>1</sup> Returning to the master, he began to work with so much gentleness that she felt no pain at all, and in a short space of time he had finished. For this, besides other things, this honest man reposed so much the more affection upon me than he had for his two male children: and thus he attended to the cure of his pretty little daughter. Whilst I was in closest friendship with a certain Misser Giovanni Gaddi,<sup>2</sup> who was a clerk of the closet, this Misser Giovanni delighted greatly in the arts (*virtù*), although he practised none of them himself. There were with him a certain Misser Giovanni, a very cultured Greek;<sup>3</sup> a Misser Lodovico da Fano,<sup>4</sup> like

<sup>1</sup> *Radeva*. I.e. it was of so fine a temper that it cut into the skin like a razor.

<sup>2</sup> Giovanni di Taddeo Gaddi was a Florentine and Dean of the Apostolic Chamber. He was a clever man of business, and was entrusted with the control of the expenses incurred for the Emperor's visit in 1536. In spite of a somewhat disagreeable personal disposition, he was passionately devoted to men of art and letters. Annibal Caro owed much to his patronage and munificence, and although he did not always get on too well with him, mourned his death on October 17th 1542, in the sonnet *Lasso quando floria*, etc.

<sup>3</sup> TASSI supposes this personage to have been Giovanni Vergezio, a Greek of high rank, who at that time resided in Rome, and who subsequently visited Florence to present to Duke Cosimo certain Greek types, which were recognized as being of better form than those prepared by the famous printer Roberto Stefano of Paris. TASSI's arguments on this point, however, are not wholly convincing. It may have been Giovanni Lascaris.

<sup>4</sup> This Lodovico is mentioned in letters of BECCADELLI and VARCHI quoted by TASSI. He published a volume entitled *De Religione antiqua*, was passionately devoted to poetry, and was of a rather eccentric character. He died at Ratisbon about 1541.

him, a man of culture; Misser Antonio Allegretti,<sup>1</sup> and then the young Misser Annibal Caro.<sup>2</sup> From other cities were Misser Bastiano, the Venetian,<sup>3</sup> a most excellent painter, and myself; and at one time we met almost every day at the said Misser Giovanni's. Wherefore, on account of this friendship, that worthy man Raffaello, the goldsmith, spake to the said Misser Giovanni: "My dear Misser Giovanni, you know me well. And because I want to give that young daughter of mine to Benvenuto,

<sup>1</sup> A Florentine poet, a friend of Alamanni, Caro, and Tolomei. ATANAGI speaks of him as of *ingegno nobile e pieno d'ogni bontà*; VARCHI, as *giovane costumato e leggiadro molto*. Among his still extant poems are two sonnets in praise of Cellini's "Perseus." (*Treatises*, ed. MILANESI, p. 408. Cf. MAZZUCHELLI, *Scrittori d'Italia*, Vol. I, pp. 1, 502).

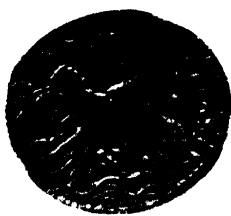
<sup>2</sup> A celebrated writer from the Marches. He was born on June 19th 1507 at Civitanova in the March of Ancona, wherefore at this date he was twenty-three. As tutor to the sons of Luigi Gaddi he became known to Monsignor Giovanni, but he was also in the service of Monsignor Guidiccioni, of Pier Luigi Farnese, and of other nobles. He died in Rome in November 1566, and was buried in the church of San Lorenzo in Damaso. Regarding his relations with Cellini cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 95 *e segg.*

<sup>3</sup> Better known as Sebastiano del Piombo, from his employment in the Office of the Papal Privy Seal, for which he deserted the Art of Painting. The son of Luciano (BACCI, *op. cit.*, p. 98 n., says *Francesco*) Luciani, he was born in Venice in 1485, and became a prolific painter of great skill and brilliancy of colouring. It is possible that he studied under the Bellini, and he certainly derived his colour from association with Giorgione. In the Farnesina in Rome he painted for Agostino Chigi a series of frescoes from OVID's *Metamorphoses*, but his most striking work is, perhaps, a *Deposition* in the Museum at Viterbo, which is unsurpassed in dramatic force and realism. His numerous portraits also display much skill and truthful insight into the character of his sitters. He died in Rome on June 21st 1547. (Cf. VASARI, *Vite ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. V, 565-576, and *passim*. See also Chap. XI, pp. 213, 216, 217, *infra*.)

since I find no better go-between than your lordship, I pray you to assist me and to fix yourself such dowry as may seem to please you out of my estate." This hare-brained<sup>1</sup> personage scarcely allowed that poor worthy man to finish speaking, than without any sort of reason, he said: "Talk no more, Raffaello, upon this point, because you are farther apart from your object than January is from blackberries." The poor man, much cast down, quickly sought to marry her; and her mother and all the family remained very cross with me, and I did not know the reason. And since it seemed to me that they were paying me back in bad coin for the many civilities that I had shown them, I sought to open a shop near them. The said Misser Giovanni told me nothing until the said girl was married, which took place within the space of several months. I was applying myself with great attention to the completion of my work, and to the service of the Mint; for the Pope again commissioned me (to make) a coin of the value of two *carlini*,<sup>2</sup> upon which was a portrait-bust of His Holiness, and on the reverse a *Christ walking upon the sea*, Who was stretching out His Hand to St. Peter, with an inscription round it which said: "*Quare dubitasti?*" This coin gave such ex-

<sup>1</sup> *Cervellino*=*di poco cervello*, that is to say, "of little sense."

<sup>2</sup> This coin "of the value of two *carlini*"—mentioned again in Chapter XIV of the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*—bore on one side the portrait bust of Clement VII, similar to that on the doubloon already described; to which it also corresponded in size and diameter. And on the reverse was the *Figure of Jesus Christ lifting St. Peter from the Sea*, with the words "*Quare dubitasti?*" A reproduction of an example of it now preserved in the Cabinet de France is given by PLON, *op. cit.*, Pl. II, and described on pp. 197-8.



1

2

1. GOLD DOUBLOON (1529-1530)

2. SILVER TWO-CARLINO PIECE



GOLD DOUBLOON (1529-1530)

COINS MADE FOR POPE CLEMENT VII

[To face page 188, vol. 1



ceeding satisfaction that a certain secretary of the Pope, a man of the highest talent, named Sanga,<sup>1</sup> said: "Your Holiness can boast of having a kind of coin, such as was never seen amongst the ancients with all their pomp." To this the Pope replied: "Benvenuto can boast besides of serving an Emperor like me, who appreciates him."

Continuing the great work in gold, I showed it frequently to the Pope, for he pressed me to let him see it, and every day he marvelled at it yet more. A brother of mine was in Rome in the service of Duke Lessandro, for whom at that time the Pope had procured the Dukedom of Penna.<sup>2</sup> There were in the service of this Duke very many soldiers, men of merit, brave fellows, of the school<sup>3</sup> of that very great lord Giovanni de' Medici, and my brother from amongst them was esteemed by the said Duke as much as any of the bravest of them. This brother of mine was one day after dinner in the workshop of a certain Baccino della Crocie,<sup>4</sup> beside the

<sup>1</sup> Giambattista Sanga, a Roman, was first of all secretary to Cardinal Bibbiena, then to the Datary, Gianmatteo Giberti, Archbishop of Verona, and finally to Clement VII. He was an accomplished Latin scholar, and many of his letters are still extant in the collections of ATANAGI, DOLCE, RUSCELLI, PORCACCHI, and PINO. He was one of the greatest enthusiasts at that period for the Reform of the Church, but died of poison through an unfortunate accident in August 1532. Cf. TIRABOSCHI, *Stor. di Lett. Ital.* Firenze, Molini, 1812, VII, Pt. IV, pp. 1366-7.

<sup>2</sup> Alessandro de' Medici received the Dukedom of Civita di Penna in 1522 through the influence of Clement VII, but before that prelate had ascended the Papal Chair. The nomination was in the hands of the Emperor Charles V.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.*, had served in the mercenary troop of that celebrated commander.

<sup>4</sup> Regarding this craftsman cf. BERTOLOTI (*Artisti lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 252), who tells us moreover that his name was Bernardino,

Banks,<sup>1</sup> whither all those brave men were accustomed to repair: and he had laid himself upon a seat and was dozing. At this moment there passed by the picket of the Bargello, who were conducting as prisoner a certain captain (named) Cisti, a Lombard, himself also of the school of that famous lord Giovannino, but who was not then in the service of the Duke. The captain Cattivanza degli Strozi<sup>2</sup> was within the shop of the said Baccino della Croce. When the said captain Cisti saw the said captain Cattivanza degli Strozi he called out to him: "I was bringing along the many *scudi* that I owed you: if you want them come for them, before they accompany me to prison." This captain was however willing enough to put others to the test, but did not care to experiment himself; wherefore, finding that there were there present certain very bold youths, more venturesome than strong for so great an enterprise, he bad them approach the captain Cisti, and make him give them that money of his, and that if the picket made any resistance, they were

and that he was a chamberlain to the Pope, and he states further that he has found many documents in his handwriting among the Roman State Archives.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI would perhaps mean here "in *Via dei Banchi*," much as Oxford University men are accustomed to say "in the High," "in the Corn," for "in High Street," "in Cornmarket Street," etc.

<sup>2</sup> Bernardo Strozzi, surnamed *Cattivanza*, was a captain in the service of the Florentine Republic in 1530, and was present with Ferruccio at the Battle of Gavinana. BUSINI (*Lettere di G. B. Busini*, published by G. MILANESI, Firenze, Le Monnier, 1861), in Letter XI, to Benedetto Varchi, says that he "was most overbearing, capricious beyond everything, and inconstant and infamous in his behaviour as any one ever was, and certainly was ever known to be. . . . He employed every sort of submissive overture with Lessandro in order to be allowed to return to Florence."

to employ force, if they were brave enough. These youths were but four, and all four were beardless. The first was called Bertino Aldobrandi,<sup>1</sup> another Anguillotto of Lucca; of the others I do not remember the names. This Bertino had been trained and was the actual pupil of my brother, and my brother had for him as unbounded an affection as it is possible to imagine. Behold then these four brave youths approached the Bargello's picket, who were more than fifty police, including pikemen, arquebusiers, and (men with) two-handed swords. To be brief they laid hands upon their weapons, and those four youths pressed the picket so wonderfully, that if the captain Cattivanza had only appeared for an instant, without even drawing his weapon, those youths would have put the picket to flight; but having resisted for a while, that Bertino received certain severe wounds, which struck him to the ground: Anguillotto moreover at the same time received a wound in his right arm, so that being unable to hold his sword any longer he withdrew as best he could. The others did likewise; Bertino Aldobrandi was carried off the ground badly wounded. Whilst these things were happening we were all at table, for that morning we had dined more than an hour later than was our usual custom. Hearing this noise, one of those boys, the eldest, rose from the table to go and see the fray (*mistia*).<sup>2</sup> He was called Giovanni, and I said to him: "For mercy's sake do not go; for in cases like this there is certain loss without any sort of gain." His father said the same thing to him: "My

<sup>1</sup> See Chap. VIII, p. 159.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e., mischia.* CELLINI evidently speaks here of the elder son of his employer, Raffaello del Moro.



son, you must not go." The lad without hearing any one ran down the stairs. When he reached the Banks, where the great fray was going on, having seen Bertino carried off the ground, turning back at a run he met Cechino, my brother, who asked him what was the matter. Giovanni, though warned by some people that he should not speak of it to the said Cechino, heedlessly related how it was that Bertino Aldobrandi had been slain by the picket. My poor brother gave vent to so great a roar that it might have been heard ten miles away. Then he said to Giovanni: "Woe is me. Could you tell me which of those men has slain him?" The said Giovanni said: "Yes;" and that it was one of those who carried a two-handed sword and a blue feather in his cap. My poor brother having gone forward and having recognized the murderer by this mark, threw himself with that marvellous readiness and pluck of his into the midst of the entire picket, and without being able to restrain himself in the least, running a thrust into the vitals of that said (man), and right through to the other side, with the hilt of the sword he pressed him to the earth; then he turned upon the others with such valour and boldness that he alone was putting them all to flight; were it not that in turning round to strike an arquebusier, the man in his own defence fired off his weapon, and hit the brave but unlucky young man above the knee of the right leg: and when he came to the ground the said picket half in flight hastened to depart, lest another (warrior) similar to this one should follow it up. Hearing that tumult continue, I also rose from the table, and buckling on my sword (for everyone at that period wore one), on reaching the Ponte Sant' Agnolo I

saw a group of many persons. For which reason going forward, having been recognized by some of them, way was made for me, and I was shown that which I would have least desired to see, although I was displaying the greatest curiosity to see it. When first I came up I did not recognize him, for he was clad in different clothes from those in which I had seen him but a short while before; so that he, having recognized me first, said: "My dearest brother, do not let my great misfortune disturb you, for my trade was one that involved such. Have me removed from here quickly, for I have but a few more hours to live." (The facts of) the case having been related to me whilst he was talking, with that brevity which such accidents necessitate, I replied to him: "Brother, this is the greatest sorrow and the greatest grief that could occur to me in the whole course of my life; but be of good courage, for before you close your eyes, you shall see your revenge wrought by my hands upon the man who has injured you." His words and mine were to this effect but (were) very brief. The picket was fifty paces distant, because Maffio,<sup>1</sup> who was their

<sup>1</sup> The Bargello was the chief constable or sheriff in Italian towns, and being responsible for the law and order of the city was too often the mark for attack on the part of the more turbulent members of the community, who resented any semblance of control over their lawlessness. That staid cleric, PAOLO GIOVIO, in his *Life of Cardinal Pompeo Colonna*, quite gravely relates that it was the highest ambition of young Romans of spirit to assassinate the Bargello, specially mentioning a certain Pietro Margano, who obtained great renown and popularity by slaying in the Campo de' Fiore the Bargello of his day, one Cencio; and although outlawed for this offence he was yet cordially welcomed by Cardinal Colonna, who at that time happened to be at war with Pope Clement VII. From that mine of miscellaneous information,

Bargello, had directed some of them to return to take away that corporal whom my brother had slain: so that having very quickly crossed those few paces (between us), wrapped and wound up in my cloak, I came right up to Maffio, and most certainly I should have killed him, because there were many people there, and I had interposed myself among them with truly as much rapidity as it is possible to imagine. I had half drawn my sword when Berlinghiero Berlinghieri,<sup>1</sup> a most valiant young man and my great friend, flung himself from behind upon my arms, and with him were four other young men like himself, who said to Maffio: "Take yourself off, for this man alone would have slain you." Maffio asked: "Who is he?" They replied: "He is own brother to him you see there." Not wishing to hear more he withdrew in haste to the Torre di Nona.<sup>2</sup> And they said to me: "Benvenuto! This obstacle that we have placed upon you against your will is done with a good object. Now let us go and assist him who is at

BERTOLOTI (*Artisti lomb. cit.*, 1, p. 249), we learn that the Bargello in the years 1529-1530 was a certain Maffio di Giovanni, and that his guard consisted of twenty-five foot-men and ten horsemen (*R. Mand.*, 1529-30).

<sup>1</sup> We learn from SEGNI (Lib. VII) that Berlinghiero Berlinghieri Dante da Castiglione and two other Florentines on their way to Naples in company with Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici, who had been sent to the Emperor Charles V on behalf of the exiles, all expired in a few hours at Itri in Apulia; some say from malaria, others, with more probability, from poison administered to them by the directions of the Duke Alessandro, suspicious of the objects of their journey.

<sup>2</sup> The Torre di Nona was in ancient times one of the principal prisons in Rome, and was especially allotted to those criminals who lay under sentence of death.

the point of death." Turning round therefore we went to my brother, whom I caused to be carried into a house. A consultation of doctors being immediately held, they dressed (his wound) without agreeing to take off his leg entirely, which would perhaps have saved him. Immediately that he had been bound up there came thither Duke Lessandro, who was tending him kindly, when my brother who was still conscious, said to Duke Lessandro: "My lord! Naught grieves me more than that Your Excellency is losing a servant, than whom you may perhaps be able to find others more valiant in this profession, but none who will serve you with as much affection and fidelity as I have done." The Duke said that he must endeavour to live; for the rest he knew him very well for a worthy and brave man. Then he turned to some of his attendants, telling them that this brave young man must want for nothing. When the Duke had departed a rush of blood, which could not be staunched, was the cause of his brain giving way to such an extent that he was raving all the following night, except that when they wished to give him the communion he said: "You would have done well to have confessed me before this; now it is impossible that I can receive this Divine Sacrament in this already broken frame. Be content only that I taste of it through the divine gift of my eyes, by means of which it shall be received by my immortal soul: and that alone implores of Him Mercy and Pardon." When he had finished these words, and the Sacrament had been carried away, he immediately relapsed into the same ravings as before, which were composed of the greatest frenzies and the most horrible words that men could ever imagine: nor

did he ever cease all night until day-break. When the sun was above our horizon, he turned to me and said: "Brother mine, I do not wish to stay here any longer, because these fellows will make me do something big, by which they would have to repent having annoyed me;" and flinging out with both his legs, which we had enclosed in a very heavy box, he shifted them after the manner of mounting a horse: then turning his face towards me he said three times: "Good-bye, Good-bye," and his last word accompanied that most courageous spirit. When the proper hour arrived, which was a little later than 22 of the clock, I had him buried with the greatest ceremony in the Church of the Florentines;<sup>1</sup> and afterwards I caused to be made a very handsome marble slab upon which were carved some trophies and banners. I do not wish to omit, that, when one of his friends asked him who it was that had fired that arquebuse, whether he would recognize him, he said: "Yes!" and gave a description of him; and this, although my brother had kept it from me in order that I should not learn such

<sup>1</sup> By the favour of Leo X the Florentines in Rome began to build, in the Via Giulia in Rome, a church in honour of San Giovanni Battista after designs by Jacopo Sansovino; but the great expenses incurred in laying the foundations on the side next the Tiber, the death of that Pontiff and the various stormy events of the period, delayed its completion even by Antonio di Sangallo. It was, however, eventually finished by Giacomo della Porta. The inscription of which CELLINI speaks here has disappeared. VARCHI (*Stor.*, Lib. XI) in his chronicle of the events of the year 1529, writes of Cecchino as follows: "This Cecchino had been educated among the Black Bands (*Bande Nere*), and knowing no kind of fear, was slain near the Banks by the attendants of the Bargello, whilst he was trying single-handed with great boldness, but with little prudence, to do battle with them all."

facts, I had grasped very well, and I will relate the sequel in its own place. Returning to the said tablet, certain brilliant scholars, who knew my brother, gave me an epitaph saying that that admirable youth deserved it, and it ran as follows: *Francisco Cellino Florentino, qui quod in teneris annis ad Joannem Medicem ducem plures victorias retulit et signifer fuit, facile documentum dedit quantae fortitudinis et consilii vir futurus erat, ni crudelis fati archibuso transfossus, quinto aetatis lustro iaceret, Benvenuto frater posuit. Obiit die xxvii Maij, MD.XXIX.*<sup>1</sup>

He was twenty-five years of age, and because he was called Cecchino del Piffero (*i.e.* the son of the Fifer)<sup>2</sup> by the soldiers, whereas his proper name was Giovanfrancesco Cellini, I wished to inscribe that real name of his, by which he was known, beneath our coat of arms. This name I caused to be cut in very beautiful antique characters; which I further directed to be made all broken, except the first and the last letter. Regarding those broken letters, I was asked by those scholars who had composed for me that beautiful epitaph, for what reason I had made them in that way. I told them that those letters were broken because that wondrous instrument of his body was spoiled and dead; and those two complete letters, the first and the last, symbolized, the first, the memory of the great favour of that gift which God has bestowed upon us in this our Soul inspired with His Own Divinity: this could never be broken: the other complete letter, the last, stood for the glorious fame of his brave virtues. This idea pleased them very much,

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. this inscription is written in Cellini's own handwriting.

<sup>2</sup> For this nickname *cf.* Chap. II, p. 25 note.

and since then some others have availed themselves after this fashion. Beside (the name) I caused them to carve upon the said stone our arms of Cellini, which I altered from that which is proper to us; because there are to be found in Ravenna, which is a most ancient city, Cellini of our family, most honoured gentlefolk, who bear for their arms a lion rampant of a golden colour upon an azure field, with a red lily held in his right paw, and the label above with three little golden lilies. This is our true Cellini Coat of Arms.<sup>1</sup> My father showed me one upon which was the paw only with all the rest of the said bearings; but it would please me more to follow that of the Cellini of Ravenna above-mentioned. Returning to that Coat which I placed upon my brother's tomb, it was a lion's arm, and instead of the lily I placed a hatchet in its claw, with the field of the said Arms divided into four quarters; and that hatchet which I put (there) was only that I might not forget to do vengeance on his behalf.

<sup>1</sup> Among the Archives of the Congregazione dei Buonomini di San Martino—who on the failure of the line of Benvenuto Cellini by the death of his daughter Maddalena's son Jacopo Maccanti, inherited all his property—now preserved in the Biblioteca Nazionale in Florence, TASSI discovered a sketch in pencil and ink of the Coat of Arms of the Cellini family, drawn presumably by our hero himself. This drawing was reproduced in woodcut both by TASSI himself (Vol. I, *Comm.*, at p. 234); again by PLON (*op. cit.*, p. 2); and once more by RUSCONI and VALERI (*op. cit.*, p. 241). Around and below the scutcheon is written in the handwriting of Cellini himself: *I tre gigli rossi ò campo d'oro d'argento et il rastrello rosso—il liono d'oro ò campo azzurro*. On the back is written: *La vera arme de cellinj còforme agguella delli gentili huomini di Rauenna Citta antichissima et trovata ò casa mia ò sino da Cristofano Cellini mio Bsavo padre d'Andrea mio Avolo*.



[Photo 11. Burton

ARMS OF THE CELLINI FAMILY  
(SKETCH BY BENVENUTO CELLINI HIMSELF)

Biblioteca Nazionale, Florence





I continued with the closest application to finish that work in gold for Pope Clemente which the said Pope greatly desired, and he had me summoned two or three times a week, desiring to see the said work, and his pleasure in it continually increased. And he reproved me many times, as if rebuking me for the great sadness that I experienced on account of this brother of mine; and once amongst other occasions, seeing me more depressed and pale than I should have been, he said to me: "Oh! Benvenuto, I did not know that you were mad; have you not understood before now that there is no remedy for death? You are trying to follow him." Having left the Pope I continued my work and the dies for the Mint,<sup>1</sup> and for my sweetheart (*inamorata*) I had taken to courting<sup>2</sup> that arquebusier, who had slain my brother. This man had formerly been a cavalry soldier, but was subsequently placed with the arquebusiers amongst the number of the corporals of the Bargello: and what made my anger increase the more was that he boasted after this fashion, saying: "If it were not I that had slain that brave youth, had ever so little delay

<sup>1</sup> These were the "pile" (*pila*) and the "matrix" (*torsello* or *tassello*) employed in coining the money rather than the dies themselves. In Chapter XIV of the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* CELLINI himself describes these instruments thus: "The 'pile' (*pila*) is in the form of a small anvil upon which you cut out whatever coin you wish to cast; and the other portion, which is styled the 'matrix' (*torsello*), is five fingers deep, and is of the thickness in its head that the coin which you wish to stamp should be." The dies proper were called *stampe* or *conii*.

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI here, in order to express how strong was his desire to find his brother's murderer and to avenge his death, likens the pursuit of the murderer to that of an ardent lover pursuing his mistress.

occurred, he alone would have put us all to flight with great loss." I, knowing that that great fury at seeing him so often was taking from me my sleep and my appetite, and was bringing me into a bad state, though I did not care about performing so low and far from laudable an action, one evening I made up my mind to put myself out of so great a torment. The man lived in a house near to a place called the Bloody Tower (*Torre sanguigna*), alongside a house wherein was lodging one of the most popular courtezans of Rome, who was called the Lady Antea. A little while after it had rung 24 of the clock, this arquebusier was standing at his own door with his sword in his hand, and he had supped. With great wariness I approached him with a large Pistojan dagger,<sup>1</sup> and as I aimed at him a back-stroke, thinking to cut his head clean off (*levargli il collo di netto*), he also turned round very quickly, so that the blow fell upon the end of the left shoulder and shattered the whole bone. Raising himself up, he dropped his sword and, bewildered with the great pain, took to running.<sup>2</sup> Whereupon I following him, caught him up in four steps, and raising my dagger above his head, since he was lowering it very much, the weapon penetrated exactly the bone of the neck and the middle of the nape, and it entered into both parts so deeply that I could not recover the dagger, although I made great efforts to do so; for from the said house of Antea there sprang forth four soldiers with

<sup>1</sup> Mr. J. A. SYMONDS calls this weapon "a species of cutlass."

<sup>2</sup> This sentence, like so many of CELLINI'S more descriptive passages, wherein his narrative powers seem to run away from all attempt at grammatical sequence, is a succession of participles introducing fresh clauses.

their swords drawn in their hands, to such purpose that I was forced to draw my own sword to defend myself from them. Leaving my dagger I departed from thence, and for fear lest I should be recognized I went to the house of Duke Lessandro, which stood between the Piazza Navona and the Ritonda.<sup>1</sup> When I arrived there, I caused someone to speak to the Duke, who let me know that if I were alone, I must only keep quiet and fear nothing, and that I should go on working upon the Pope's commission, which he desired so much, but that for eight days I must do my work at home: especially since those soldiers who had interfered with me had come up, with that dagger in their possession, and they were relating how the matter had come about, and the great trouble that they had had to withdraw that dagger from the neck-bone and head of the man, who was a person whom they did not know. At this moment Giovan Bandini,<sup>2</sup> having come up, said to them, "This dagger is mine, and I had lent it to Benvenuto, who wished to revenge his brother." These soldiers talked a great deal upon the sub-

<sup>1</sup> The palace, now the Palace of the Senate, between the Piazza Navona and the Pantheon, was formerly the residence of the Medici.

<sup>2</sup> Giovanni Bandini was a well-known historical personage, mentioned in all the chronicles of the period. He is specially remembered in connection with the famous duel in the camp of the Prince of Orange, before the walls of Florence, during the siege of 1530 (*cf.* Chap. VIII, p. 160 *supra*). He was at one time a devoted servant of Duke Alessandro de' Medici, but in an embassy to the Emperor Charles V in 1543 he betrayed the interests of Duke Cosimo. BUSINI (*Lettere cit.*, p. 85) speaks of him as "like Filippo Strozzi's lance, and was considered neither brave nor prudent." As a partizan of the Strozzi he suffered imprisonment for fifteen years. *Cf.* VARCHI and SEGNI and also MONTAZIO, *Prigionieri del Mastio di Volterra*, cap. VII.

ject, regretting that they had interrupted me, although the revenge was amply complete.<sup>1</sup> Eight days more passed by: the Pope did not send to summon me as he was accustomed to do. Then when he did send to call me by that Bolognese gentleman, his chamberlain, of whom I have already spoken, this (personage) with great courtesy informed me that the Pope knew everything, and that His Holiness was very well disposed towards me, and that I must attend to my work and remain quiet. When I reached (the presence of) the Pope, he regarded me so grimly,<sup>2</sup> that his glances alone seemed to me a terrifying menace. Then on directing his attention to my work his countenance began to clear, and he praised me beyond measure, saying that I had made great progress in so short a time. Then looking me in the face he said: "Now that you are cured, Benvenuto, take care of your life:" and I, for I understood him, told him that I would do so. I opened directly a most beautiful shop near the Banks opposite to that Raffaello,<sup>3</sup> and there I finished the said work in the course of a few months.

The Pope having sent me all the jewels, except the diamond, which for some necessities of his own he had pledged to certain Genoese bankers, I had all the other stones, but of this diamond I had only a cast. I employed five most excellent workmen, and besides this work I carried out many commissions; to such an extent that the shop was full of many valuables in the way of works

<sup>1</sup> *A misura di carboni*, lit. "to a measure of charcoal."

<sup>2</sup> *Col' ochio del porco*, lit. "with pig's eyes;" that is to say, with eyes contracted so as to examine his expression more closely.

<sup>3</sup> His recent employer.

(completed) of precious stones, and of gold and silver. I kept in the house a shaggy dog, very large and handsome, which Duke Lessandro had given me; for although this dog was excellent for the chase, because he brought me every sort of bird and other animal that I had killed with my arquebuse, he was besides most splendid as a guardian for the house. It happened at this time, in accordance with the period of life in which I then was (that is to say) at the age of twenty-nine, that I had taken as my servant-maid, a young girl of extremely beauteous form and grace, who served me as a model for the purposes of my trade. She also gratified my youthful desires with carnal pleasures. For the which reason I had my chamber a long way apart from those of my workmen, and at a good distance from the shop, connected with a little hole of a closet (*bugigattolo*) for this young maid-servant; and since I very often enjoyed myself with her, and although I have a much lighter slumber than any other man ever had upon earth, on these occasions of sexual operations it was sometimes most heavy and profound. It so happened that one night amongst others, having been watched by a thief, who, under the pretext of saying that he was a goldsmith, had cast his eyes upon those precious stones, he planned to rob me of them. For this object he broke into the shop, found a great many small works in gold and silver, and whilst proceeding further to break open some drawers to find the precious stones that he had seen, that said dog threw himself upon him, and he with difficulty defended himself from him with a sword; whereupon the dog running many times throughout the house, entered into the chambers of those workmen, which

were open, since it was summer-time. Then because they would not hear that loud barking of his, he drew the blankets from off their backs; yet still they paid no attention; then seizing them first one and then another by the arms, he woke them by force, and barking in that furious manner of his showed them the way by going along before them. And when he saw that they did not want to follow him, for these traitors became displeased, volleying at the said dog with stones and sticks (and this they could do to him because it was by my orders that they should keep a light burning all night), and at last shutting their rooms tight, the dog having lost all hope of assistance from these rascals, set himself to the job by himself: and having run downstairs, not finding the thief in the shop, he overtook him; and struggling with him, had already rent his cloak and taken it from him. If it were not that he called to certain tailors for help, begging them for the love of God to assist him to protect himself from a mad dog, they believing that this was the truth, sprang out and with much difficulty drove the dog away. When day came, they (the assistants) descending into the shop, saw it broken into and open, and all the drawers forced. They began to cry out in a loud voice: "Alas! Alas!" Whereupon I hearing them, terrified at the noise, came out myself. They then coming up to me cried out: "Oh! Unhappy beings that we are, for we have been robbed by someone who has broken open and taken away everything." These words were of so great a significance, that they would not permit me to go to my own chest, to see whether the Pope's precious stones were in it: but from so great an anxiety I entirely lost

all control over myself (*ismarrito quasi afatto il lume degli occhi*), and I told them themselves to open the chest to see how many of those precious stones of the Pope's were missing. These young men were all in their shirts; and when then upon opening the chest, they saw all the stones and the gold work together with them, recovering their spirits they said to me: "There is no harm done since the work itself and the stones are all here: although this thief has reduced us all to our shirts; for last night, on account of the great heat, we all undressed in the shop and left our clothes there." My courage immediately recovered its balance, and thanking God I said: "Go and get yourselves all clad afresh and I will pay for everything, when I hear more at leisure how this event came about." What grieved me most and was the cause of making me confused and terrified so much beyond my real nature was that perhaps the outside world would have thought that I had made up this fiction of a thief solely in order to steal the stones myself; and because it had been said to Pope Clemente by one of his most trusted servants and by others (and these were Francesco del Nero,<sup>1</sup> Zana de'

<sup>1</sup> Surnamed *il Cra del Piccadiglio*. In company with Filippo Strozzi he was treasurer to the Commune of Florence at the time of the Medici Tyranny, and was suspected of embezzling the public money. VARCHI (*Storie*, Lib. III) writes that in the City of Florence "there was never born a man, according to my belief, less religious, nor more,—I will not say avaricious,—but sordid." This report is confirmed by GIOVIO; and BUSINI, in Letter X to VARCHI, under date January 31st 1549, says: "Regarding Francesco del Nero, take it for certain that he is as much a friend in speaking of serious and important matters to his friends as he is about money matters; and he seems to me half-doting, because when you ask him anything, he answers in a violent hurry (*presto, presto*)," etc.



Biliotti,<sup>1</sup> his accountant, and the Bishop of Vaison<sup>2</sup> and many other like personages): "How is it, Most Blessed Father, that you trust so great a treasure of precious stones to a young man, who is all ablaze, and is more immersed in the profession of arms than in his trade, and who is not yet thirty years of age?" Upon which the Pope inquired in reply, if any of them knew that I had ever done anything to give them (reason for) such a suspicion. Francescho del Nero, his treasurer, quickly replied, saying: "No, Most Blessed Father, because he has never had such an opportunity." To this the Pope replied: "I hold him for an entirely worthy man, and even if I saw some evil in him, I should not believe it." This was the thing<sup>3</sup> that gave me the greatest uneasiness, and it suddenly came to my memory. When I had given the order to the young men that they might be reclad, I took the piece of work together with the precious stones, affixing them as best I could into their places and with it I went immediately to the Pope, who had been told by Francesco Del Nero part of those rumours that he had heard regarding my shop, and had immediately aroused the Pope's suspicions. The Pope having more quickly imagined evil than the opposite, turning upon me a

<sup>1</sup> Zanobio Biliotti.

<sup>2</sup> Girolamo Schio, of Vicenza (according to most authorities; although in the *Gallia Christiana*, I, 934, he is described as "a native of Vaison"). He was confessor to Pope Clement VII, and charged with many important offices and embassies. He was elected Bishop of Vaison in the province of Avignon in 1523, and died in Rome ten years later at the age of fifty-two. Cf. GIOVIO, *Storie*, Lib. XXVII. He was succeeded in this bishopric by Tommaso Cortesi (see Chap. IX, p. 180, note 1).

<sup>3</sup> *Quello* is here used impersonally.

terrible look, said in a haughty voice: "What have you come to do here? What is it?" "Here are all your precious stones and the gold, and nothing is missing." Then the Pope, his countenance clearing, said: "So you are indeed the Welcome One (*benvenuto*)." Having shown him the piece of work, and whilst he was examining it, I recounted to him all the details of the thief and of my anxieties, and that which had been my greatest (cause of) distress. During which recital he turned many times to look me closely in the face, and since that Francesco del Nero was present, for that reason he seemed half annoyed that he had not been more sure. At last the Pope bursting out laughing at the number of those things that I had told him, said to me: "Go and mind that you are an honest man, such as I know you to be."

## CHAPTER XI

(1530-1532)

Cellini is suspected of having coined false money, but his innocence is proved.—He catches the thief who robbed his shop.—Floods in Rome.—Cellini is appointed a Papal mace-bearer.—He designs a chalice for the Pope.—He applies unsuccessfully for a vacant post in the Privy Seal Office, which is given to Sebastiano, the Venetian painter.—Delays the completion of the chalice, and has a dispute regarding it with Cardinal Salviati.—The Pope on his return from Bologna threatens Cellini on account of this same chalice.—He relates how, being attacked by a venereal disease, he succeeded in curing himself.

WHILST I was applying myself to the said work and labouring continuously for the Mint, there began to appear throughout Rome certain false coins stamped with my own dies. They were immediately taken to the Pope; and suspicion having fallen upon me, the Pope said to Jacopo Balducci, the Master of the Mint:<sup>1</sup> "Use the greatest diligence to find the male-

<sup>1</sup> The name of Jacopo Balducci is to be found (according to MUNTZ) upon the Registers of the Goldsmiths' Guild from 1530 to 1539, and he was superintendent of the Pontifical Mint from 1529 (*cf.* BERTOLOTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.* I, p. 250) until 1541, in which year he is described as *Olim magister zecchae*. From the *Lettere pittoriche* of BOTTARI we learn that in 1540 he was accused of coining, and cast into prison. Leone Leoni, who was at the same time similarly accused, thrashed and disfigured their common enemy, the German Pellegrino di Lenti, upon which Jacopo, who

factor, for we know that Benvenuto is an honest man." This treacherous Master, being my enemy, said: "God grant, Most Blessed Father, that it may result as you say; since we have some doubt." At this the Pope turned to the Governor of Rome, and told him to use some exertion to find this evil-doer. During these days the Pope sent for me; then, by ingenious conversation, he led up to the subject of the money, and when well upon it he said to me: "Benvenuto, should you have the courage to coin false money?" To which I replied, that I believed that I could do it better than all the lot of those men who did occupy themselves upon so vile a business; for those who practise such vilenesses are men who neither know how to earn money, nor are they men of great skill: and if I, with my small amount of skill, have gained so much as to have saved: for when I make my dies for the Mint, every morning before I dine I succeed in earning at least three scudi;—for thus it was always the custom to pay for the dies of the coin, and that rascal of a Master hated me, because he would have liked to have made a better bargain;—to me it was amply sufficient that I had earned this by the grace of God and of the world; for in the coining of false money I could not arrive at earning as much. The Pope paid closest attention to my words; and whereas he had given orders that they should take particular care that I did not depart from Rome, he told them to continue their search with diligence, but to pay no attention to my

had been released, was rearrested, put to the torture and condemned to lose his hand. From this barbarous punishment he was, however, reprieved at the very last moment, but was deprived for his post at the Mint.

movements, because he had no wish to insult me in such a fashion as to be the cause of his losing me. Those to whom he warmly gave this commission, were certain clerks of the Camera,<sup>1</sup> who having employed those due exertions, because it affected them, immediately found the real culprit. It was a coiner belonging to the Mint itself, who was called by the name of Ceseri Maccheroni,<sup>2</sup> a Roman citizen; and along with him was arrested a metal-founder<sup>3</sup> of the Mint. This same day I was passing by the Piazza Navona, having with me that fine

<sup>1</sup> The *Collegio dei Chierici di Camera*, which still exists in a mutilated form, is a very ancient foundation, the members of which had apartments assigned to them in the Vatican, with allowances of bread and wine (*parte di palazzo*) and one hundred *scudi per annum*. In 1455 Calixtus III designated them as "familiaris of the Pontiff and his chaplains"; but Gregory XIII ordained that should any one of them be appointed to a bishopric he must choose between the two appointments and should be unable to retain both. Their rank at Councils was above that of the "*Auditori*, or Judges of the *Ruota*"; and Alexander VII granted them permission to keep up domestic chapels, and the use of the rochet.—MORONI, *Ecclesiastical Dictionary*, 1842. In modern Italian *Chierici* means "choristers."

<sup>2</sup> Cesare Maccheroni had entered the service of the Mint from the time of the Sack of Rome. He was imprisoned, together with his companions in guilt, and (according to BERTOLOTTI) their trial lasted from April 11th till May 2nd 1532, during which period Maccheroni was submitted twice to the torture, under which he finally confessed and was hanged. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, p. 25.

<sup>3</sup> This *ovolatore*, who was Maccheroni's accomplice, was called Raffaello di Domenico, and was a Roman. MOLINI and BIANCHI propose that instead of *ovolatore* we should read *covolatore* from *covolo*, which would make this man a metal-founder to the Mint; but GUASTI on the other hand, believes the word to be a corruption of *overatore*, a special department of workman, who after the gold and silver had been crushed upon the anvil ready for stamping, levelled and smoothed it out. I have preferred the former rendering.

setter (*can barbone*) of mine, when as I arrived before the door of the Bargello, my dog sprang with very great violence, barking loudly, into the doorway of the Bargello upon a youth whom a certain Donnino, a goldsmith from Parma, formerly a pupil of Caradosso,<sup>1</sup> had just caused to be so detained because he had a suspicion that the fellow had robbed him. This dog of mine used such force in his desire to rend that youth, that he moved the police-officers to pity, especially since the daring young fellow defended his case with much boldness, and Donnino could not bring forward sufficient evidence, and still more from the fact that one of the corporals of the police who was present was a Genoese, and knew the father of the youth. To such purpose was it that between the dog's assault and these other circumstances, it so fell out that they were willing to let that young man depart in any case. But when I came up, and the dog, who knew no fear either of sword or cudgel, threw himself again upon that youth, they told me that unless I called my dog off, they would kill him for me. Holding back the dog to the best of my ability, as the young

<sup>1</sup> Caradosso (see above, Chap. V, p. 91 note) in his Will, dated December 6th 1526, acknowledges himself to be in debt to this Donnino del fu Lorenzo Rippa de Parma, *eius servitoris ibidem presentis, etc., in summa et quantitate duc. triginta quinque auri hoc modo videlicet. In duc. viginti septem auri habitis ab eo mutuo gratis et amore. . . In duc. octo similibus habitis ab eo pro conficienda una medalia cuidam Parmensi dicto il Cavalier de Jo. Maria de Parma. . . Item voluit, iussit et mandavit* that he bequeathed to the said Donnino all his ready cash in hand. And the proctors appointed by Lucio Foppa, Caradosso's nephew and heir (son of his brother Nicola), let to him on lease in 1544 certain premises in Rome. Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, p. 278 *e segg.*

man drew back his cloak, there fell from the hood (*capperuccia*) certain paper packages, which Donnino recognized to be his property. I also recognized a little ring: for which reason I at once said: "This is the thief who broke into and robbed my shop, wherefore my dog recognizes him." And loosing the dog, he threw himself upon him once more: whereat the thief implored pardon of me, saying that he would give me back what he had of my property. Recovering control of the dog, he gave me back the gold, silver and rings that he had belonging to me, and twenty-five *scudi* into the bargain; then he begged mercy of me again. In reply to which I told him that he should beg mercy of God, for I would do him neither good nor evil. And having returned to my business, a few days later that Ceseri Macherone of the false money was hung near the Banks, before the door of the Mint; his comrade was sent to the galleys; the Genoese thief was hung in the Campo di Fiore: whilst I remained in higher credit as a man of worth than I was before. When I had nearly finished my piece of work, there occurred that very great inundation which deluged all Rome with water.<sup>1</sup> Whilst I stood watching

<sup>1</sup> This flood (according to LUDOVICO COMESIO, *De prodigiosis Tyberis inundationibus*, Romae, 1531) was the twenty-third great inundation of the Tiber, and took place on October 8th and 9th 1530, causing immense damage to houses and great loss of life. Cf. also VARCHI, *Storie*, ed. cit., Vol. II, p. 423. In *Arti e Lettere* (September 1st 1865) is quoted a copy of an account of this disastrous event, which began on the night of October 7th. "*Il Venere che fu alli. 7. la notte a. 8. hore comencio a spandersi lacqua per la Citade & cresceva in immenso. . . Il sabbato di matina alcuni si ritirauano a qualche palazzo che loro paresse deuere essere seguro per laltexza sua. Altri ai luoghi rileuati come monti: prati: e vigne: & ognuno attendeua solo a procurare la propriu salute.*" (The

what was happening, the day being already far spent, it struck twenty-two of the clock, and the waters were still increasing beyond measure. And since the front part of my house and shop were in the Banks, and at the back the ground rose several *braccia*, because it faced towards Monte Giordano,<sup>1</sup> so that thinking first of all of my safety, and next of my honour, I put all those precious stones about my person, and left that work in gold in the charge of those workmen of mine; and thus I descended barefoot from my windows at the back, waded through the water as best I could, until I reached Monte Cavallo, where I found Misser Giovanni Gaddi,<sup>2</sup> clerk of the Camera, and Bastiano, the Venetian painter. Approaching Misser Giovanni, I gave to him all the said precious stones in order that he might keep them in safety for me: he took as great care of me as if I had

Uenere (? *Tevere*, i.e., Tiber) which from 8 o'clock on the night of the 7th began to spread its waters throughout the city, and rose enormously. . . . On Saturday morning people retired to such palaces as they thought must be secure on account of their height. Others went to remote places such as hills, meadows, and vineyards, and everyone sought to provide only for his own security." It may be as well to observe here that a *braccio* corresponds to *about* twenty-three inches.

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this house the following are the conclusions of ADINOLFI (*Il Canale di Ponte*, Narni, 1860, p. 37): "To me the hypothesis is not displeasing that the house and shop in question may have been situated not far beyond the Palazzo Cicciaporci, where the ground really does rise in the rear." According to the latest researches the house must have been in the Via dei Banchi Nuovi, near the Angolo della Campanella, where, in 1882, the Municipio erected a tablet upon the wall to commemorate Cellini's sojourn. During restorations to this house the stone was removed, and now seems to have disappeared.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. above, Chap. X, p. 186, n. 2.



been his brother. Then after a few days, when the raging of the water had abated, I returned to my shop, and completed the said work with such good luck, thanks to the Grace of God and to my own great exertions, that it was considered the most beautiful piece of workmanship that had ever been seen in Rome; to such an extent, that on carrying it to the Pope, he was unable to exhaust his praises of me; and he said: "If I were a wealthy Emperor I would give to my Benvenuto as much landed estate as his eye could range; but, though we nowadays are but poor bankrupt sovereigns, in any case we will provide him with as much daily bread as shall suffice for his small desires." Allowing the Pope to finish that torrent of words of his, I begged for the post of *bedel*,<sup>1</sup> which was then vacant. To which request the Pope replied that he wished to give me something of far greater importance. I answered His Holiness that he might give me this small thing in the meantime by way of pledge. Bursting out laughing he said that he was happy (to do so), but that he did not wish me to perform the duties of the post, and that I must arrange with my fellow bedels that I should not act, he in return granting them a certain favour, which they had asked of the Pope, which was the power to recover their incomes under his authority. And thus it came about. This bedelship brought me in a little less than two hundred *scudi* per annum in income. Continuing afterwards to

<sup>1</sup> The *mazzieri* or "mace-bearers" (i.e. "bedels") were Apostolic attendants or "sergeants at arms," who preceded the Pope on State occasions bearing maces or rods like the ancient Roman lictors (cf. VASARI, *ed. cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 621). The *motu proprio* conferring this office (*Diversor. Camer. Clem. VII*, Lib. 15, c. 30 f.) is dated April 14th 1531. Cf. CERASOLI, *op. cit.*, p. 373.

serve the Pope, sometimes upon one small job and sometimes upon another, he directed me to make a design for a very magnificent chalice; wherefore I made both the said design and a model. This model was of wood and wax; instead of the knop<sup>1</sup> of the chalice, I had made three small figures of fair size, in full relief, which were Faith, Hope, and Charity. Then upon the foot I had placed to correspond three scenes in low relief in three circles: in one was the *Nativity of Christ*, in another the *Resurrection of Christ*, and in the third was *St. Peter crucified head downwards*: for thus was I commissioned to make it. As I progressed with this said work, the Pope wished very often to see it; so much so that, since I was aware that His Holiness had then remembered no more to give me anything, when there fell vacant (the post of) Friar of the Privy Seal Office,<sup>2</sup> one evening I begged it of him. The excellent Pope, remembering no more that eager longing which he had displayed for the completion of that other work of mine, said to me: "The office of the Privy Seal brings in more

<sup>1</sup> Both the late Mr. J. A. SYMONDS and Miss MACDONELL have, I venture to submit, misunderstood CELLINI'S meaning here. There is no reason to suppose that this chalice bore the unusual feature of a cover. The "*bottone*" is the ornamental knop (or as Mr. ROSCOE calls it *boss*) half-way up the stem of the cup, which enables the celebrant to grasp it firmly. It was this "boss" that the craftsman adorned with the figures of Faith, Hope and Charity.

<sup>2</sup> This was a department in the Curia, wherein were appended the leaden seals to the Papal Bulls. For a long time it was entirely in the hands of the Cistercian Order, but later on laymen were also admitted into it, such as Bramante, the painter Sebastiano, and Guglielmo della Porta, who, however, took the title and habit of monks. Bramante was succeeded in this office by the celebrated Fra Mariano Fetti, and Sebastiano followed him (*cf.* VASARI, *ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. V, p. 576).

than eight hundred *scudi*, so that if I gave it to you, you would spend your time scratching your stomach,<sup>1</sup> and you would lose that beauteous art which you have in your hands, and I should have the blame. I replied at once that "cats of a good breed hunt the better for repletion than for starving; so that sort of honest men who are inclined to be talented set themselves to work much better when they have the means of livelihood most abundantly; wherefore Your Holiness should know that those princes who protect the greatest number of that sort of man water their talent; for by contrast, talents are born meagre and scrofulous: and Your Holiness should also know that I never asked for the post with the expectation of getting it. Happy am I that I have that poor bedelship! As for this other this is just what I expected. Your Holiness will do well, since you do not wish to bestow it upon me, to give it to some talented person who deserves it, and not to some great ass who will spend his time scratching his stomach, as Your Holiness says. Take example from the honoured memory of Pope Julio, who gave this post to Bramante, that most excellent architect."<sup>2</sup> Directly I had made my obeisance I went out in great rage. Bastiano, the Venetian painter, coming forward, said: "Most Blessed Father, may Your Holiness be willing to bestow it upon some one who employs himself upon works of genius; and since, as

<sup>1</sup> Equivalent to "twirling his thumbs."

<sup>2</sup> Donato Lazzari of Urbino, surnamed *Il Bramante* (1444-1514). According to CELLINI (*Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*, ed. cit., p. 84) a dauber of little worth (*pittoraccio di poco credito*), but an architect of great merit. For the details of his Life cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. IV, pp. 145-168: and also the *Treatise* referred to above, pp. 221-222.



SILVER-GILT EWER

Collection of the late Earl Cowper, Panshanger, Herts.

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Your Holiness knows, I also labour with good will in such matters, I pray that I may become worthy of it." The Pope answered: "This devil of a Benvenuto will not listen to rebuke. I was disposed to give the post to him, but it is not right of him to be so haughty with a Pope; therefore I don't know what I shall do." The Bishop of Vaison,<sup>1</sup> immediately coming forward, begged on behalf of the said Bastiano, saying: "Most Blessed Father, Benvenuto is young and is much better suited to wear the sword than the friar's robe; let Your Holiness be content to give this post to this talented man Bastian; and to Benvenuto you will perhaps be able to give something good, which will be more suitable than this thing." Then the Pope, turning to Misser Bartolomeo Valori,<sup>2</sup> said to him: "When you meet Benvenuto, tell him on my behalf that it was really he who caused Bastiano the painter to get the (post of) Privy Seal; and that he remain assured that the first better post that becomes vacant shall be his; and that in the meantime he attend to well-doing, and finish my commissions." The next evening after, at two hours after night-fall, meeting Misser Bartolomeo Valori at the corner

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. X, p. 206, n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Baccio or Bartolomeo Valori, a Florentine and partisan of the Medici, was Commissary-General for Clement VII to the Prince of Orange during the siege of Florence. Thinking himself insufficiently rewarded by the Medici, he entered into conspiracy with Filippo Strozzi, and was in company with the exiles during their defeat at Montemurlo. For this reason, being captured and taken to Florence, he was beheaded on August 20th 1537, along with his son Filippo and a nephew, likewise named Filippo, without inspiring pity from either party. Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, p. 250; PASSERINI, *Giorn. stor. degli Arch. tosc.*; SEGNI, *Storie*, Lib. IX; and VARCHI, Libb. XII, XIV.

of the Mint (he had two torch-bearers before him and was proceeding in haste, having been sent for by the Pope), when I saluted him, he stopped and called me to him, and repeated to me with greatest kindness what the Pope had told him to tell me. To which words I replied that I should complete my work with greater diligence and application than I had ever shown in previous work; but nevertheless without any sort of hope of ever receiving anything from the Pope. The said Misser Bartolomeo rebuked me, saying that I ought not to respond in that way to the overtures of a Pope. To which I replied that by putting hope into any such words, knowing that I should not have satisfaction in any way whatsoever, I should be an idiot to reply otherwise; and leaving him, I went away to attend to my own business. The said Misser Bartolomeo must have repeated to the Pope my bold words, and perhaps more that I did not say, to such purpose that the Pope passed more than two months before sending for me, and during this time I was never inclined to go to the Palace on any account. The Pope, inasmuch as he longed for that piece of work, commissioned Misser Ruberto Pucci<sup>1</sup> that

<sup>1</sup> GUASTI informs us that Roberto d'Antonio Pucci was one of the principal supporters of the Medici. Nevertheless in concert with Jacopo Salviati he endeavoured to mitigate the wrath of Clement VII, and to divert him from undertaking the investment of his native city of Florence. In 1526 he was Papal Commissary when the Sienese routed in so marvellous a fashion the forces of the Church and of the Florentines; but in that situation he showed excessive timidity and cowardice, by abandoning his artillery and fleeing in disorder. (*Cf.* VARCHI, Lib. II.) Being left a widower he took Holy Orders and obtained the Bishopric of Pistoia; and subsequently that of Amalfi and Ravello. He was created a Cardinal by Paul III on May 31st 1542, and died in Rome at the age of

he should take a little notice of what I was doing. This worthy fellow came to see me every day, and always made some amiable remark to me and I to him. When the time drew near that the Pope wished to start on his way to Bologna,<sup>1</sup> then at length, perceiving that I would not go thither of my own accord, he caused me to learn through the said Misser Ruberto, that I must take my work to him, for he wished to see how far I had got on with it. Wherefore I took it to him, and pointing out that all the important part of the said work was completed, I begged him that he would leave me five hundred *scudi*; partly on account for the work done, and partly because I very greatly needed gold, so that I might be able to complete the said work. The Pope said to me: "Attend, attend to its completion." Taking my leave, I replied that I would finish it if he would let me have the money. With that I went away. The Pope having started for Bologna, left Cardinal Salviati<sup>2</sup> Legate of Rome, and left him directions to hurry me on with this said work, and he said to him: "Benvenuto is a person who esteems his own talents but slightly, and useless; therefore see that you urge him on, so that I may find it finished." This beast of a Cardinal sent for me at the end of eight days, telling me to bring along the

eighty-three in 1547 (*cf.* MANNI, *Sen. fior.*, p. 99; AMMIRATO, *Stor. fior., cit.* XXX, XXXI).

<sup>1</sup> Clement VII left Rome on November 18th 1532 to meet Charles V at Bologna in order to discuss with him a proposed General Council to pacify the discords in the Church; to form a League against the Turks; and to arrange for the marriage of his niece Caterina. *Cf.* AMMIRATO, *Stor. fior.*, Lib. XXXI; GIOVIO, *Histor.*, Lib. XXVI.

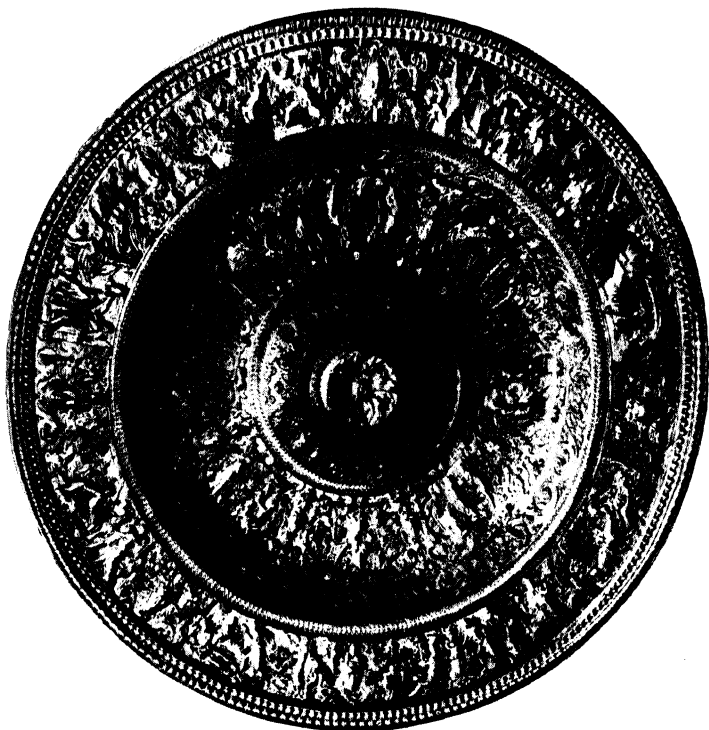
<sup>2</sup> *Cf.* Chap. IV, p. 85, n. 2



work; to whom I went without it. When I arrived, this Cardinal immediately said to me: "Where is that hotch-potch (*cipollata*)<sup>1</sup> of yours? Have you finished it?" To which I replied: "Oh! my most reverend lord, I have not finished my hotch-potch, nor shall I finish it unless you give me onions to finish it with." At these words the said Cardinal, who had more the face of an ass than of a man, became half as ugly again; and coming at once to the point of the matter (*a meza spada*), said: "I will send you to a galley and then you will have the grace<sup>2</sup> to finish your job." Dealing with this beast, I became a beast also, and I said to him: "My lord, when I shall commit crimes which merit the galley, then you shall put me there; but for these faults I have no fear of your galley: and I say more, that because of your lordship, I will never complete the work further: and don't send for me any more, for I will never come into your presence again unless indeed you compel me to come with your police." The good Cardinal kindly made some attempts to make me understand that I ought to set to work, and that I ought to bring it to show to him; so much so that I said to those (messengers) of his: "Tell my lord to send me the onions, if he wishes me to complete the hotch-potch." Nor did I ever answer in other words, so that he abandoned this lost cause.

<sup>1</sup> *Cipollata* means properly a sort of stew of onions and pumpkins. Here, of course, the word is used metaphorically to signify a mess (*gallimaufry*); but CELLINI carries on the metaphor with considerable humour and much skill. Mr. ROSCOE, in translating it "*fantastical work*," loses both the point, and also the quaint, if rather vulgar, charm of the original.

<sup>2</sup> The expression "*harai di gratia*" is rather obscure. It may mean, "you will have permission."



SILVER-GILT DISH

Collection of the late Earl Cowper, Panshanger, Herts.

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The Pope returned from Bologna,<sup>1</sup> and immediately asked about me, why that Cardinal had previously written the worst account he could of my case. The Pope, being in the greatest fury that it is possible to imagine, let me know that I must go to him with the work. I did so. During the time that the Pope stayed in Bologna I had developed an inflammation<sup>2</sup> in my eyes, with so much pain that for anguish I could scarcely live, so that this was the principal reason that I had not progressed with the work; and so severe was the ailment that I thought that I should most certainly become blind; so much so that I had made up a reckoning how much would suffice for me to live on when quite blind. Whilst I was on my way to the Pope, I thought out the method that I could employ to make my excuses for not having been able to carry forward the work; I thought that whilst the Pope was looking at it and examining it I could relate to him the facts; which opportunity did not occur for me, because when I reached him, he immediately said with coarse expressions: "Give me here that work; is it finished?" I uncovered it; immediately with greater fury he said: "In God's truth I tell you, that you make a boast of not caring for anyone, but if it were not for my honour before the world I would have you, together with your work, cast out of yonder windows." Wherefore I, seeing that the Pope had become so very bad a beast, endeavoured to withdraw myself from his presence. Whilst he con-

<sup>1</sup> The Pope returned from Bologna in the early days of March 1533. Cf. AMMIRATO, *Stor. fior.*, Lib. XXXI.

<sup>2</sup> *Una scesa* = "a catarrh descending from the head into the eyes."

tinued to bully me, having placed my work under my cloak, I mutteringly said: "The whole world would not make a blind man able to execute such works as these." Loudly raising his voice, the Pope shouted: "Come here. What do you say?" I remained in two minds whether to rush hastily down the stairs; then I took a resolution and throwing myself upon my knees, and shouting loudly, because he did not cease to shout,—I said: "And if I am become blind through an infirmity, am I obliged to work?" To this he replied: "You have had sufficient sight to come hither, nor do I believe that any of those things that you say are the truth." To which I, noticing that he had somewhat lowered his voice, replied: "Your Holiness may ask his doctor, and he will find out the truth." He said: "More at leisure we will find out if it be as you say." Then seeing that he was paying attention to me, I said: "I do not believe that there be any other cause of this my great misfortune than Cardinal Salviati, for he sent for me directly after Your Holiness had departed, and when I reached him, applied to my work the name of a 'hotch-potch,' and told me that he would make me finish it in a galley; and such was the power of those ill-natured words, that from extreme passion I immediately felt my face flame up, and there came into my eyes a heat so immeasurable that I could not find the way to return home: a few days later there fell upon my eyes two cataracts: for which reason I saw no light at all, and from that time I have not been able to work at all upon Your Holiness's order." Rising from my knees I went away (*andai con dio*); and it was reported to me that the Pope said: "Even if one gives commissions to people, one cannot supply discretion

with them; I did not tell the Cardinal to use so much violence;<sup>1</sup> for if it is true that he has an affection of the eyes, which I will find out through my physician, he would be entitled to some compassion." There was there present a nobleman of high rank, a special friend of the Pope's, and a very honourable man. When he asked the Pope what sort of a man I was, saying: "Most Blessed Father, I am asking you this since it appeared to me that you have been at one and the same time in the greatest rage that I ever saw you in, and in the greatest (state of) compassion: wherefore on this account I ask Your Holiness, who is this man? for if he is a person who deserves to be assisted, I will show him a prescription (*seghreto*) to enable him to cure that ailment;" the Pope replied as follows. "That is the greatest man that was ever born in his profession; and one day when we are together I will let you see some of his wonderful works, and him along with them; and it will be a pleasure to me to see if any cure can be found for him." Three days later the Pope sent for me after dinner, and this nobleman was there present. Directly I arrived, the Pope caused that Morse of mine to be brought. In the meantime I had produced that Chalice of mine; whereat that nobleman said that he had never seen so marvellous a piece of work. When the Morse arrived his astonishment was much more increased. Looking me in the face he said: "He is still young to know so much, and he is also very fitted to acquire more knowledge." Then he asked me my name. To which I replied: "Benvenuto is my name." He answered: "Welcome (*Benvenuto*) shall I be to you

<sup>1</sup> *Mettessi tanta maza* = "lay on so much bludgeon."

this time; take some corn-flowers (*fioralisi*)<sup>1</sup> with their stems, flowers and roots all together, then proceed to distil them over a slow fire, and with that liquid bathe your eyes several times a day, and you will most certainly be cured<sup>2</sup> of this ailment; but you must previously take a purge, and then continue (to use) the said water." The Pope addressed me some kindly words; so that I went away partially happy. And it was the truth that I had acquired the ailment<sup>3</sup>; but I believe that I caught it from that handsome young servant-girl whom I was keeping at the time that I was robbed. That Gallic disease proceeded to develop itself for more than four whole months, then it covered my entire body at once: it was not after the manner that one sees in other cases, but it seemed that I was covered with certain small red blisters, as large as farthings. The doctors would never style it the *French disease*, though I told them the reasons why I believed it to be such. I continued to doctor myself according to their methods, and gained no advantage thereby. Then however at last having resolved to take *lignum*<sup>4</sup> against the advice of those principal doctors of Rome, I took this *lignum* with all the precaution and abstinence that it is possible to imagine, and in a few days

<sup>1</sup> Here again I must join issue with my predecessors. The word in the text is *fioralisi* not *fiordalisi*; and means "the corn-flower" or "blue-bottle": not the *flower-de-luce*, which is quite another thing. Still less can it be translated as Mr. ROSCÖE has it: "lily of the valley." This entire passage is quoted in the latest edition of the *Vocabulario dei Academici della Crusca*.

<sup>2</sup> *Guarrai* for *guarirai*.

<sup>3</sup> *I.e.* syphilis.

<sup>4</sup> *Guaiacum*; *lignum vitæ*: also called *legno santo*. Regarding this cure cf. LUZIO-RENIER, *Contributo alla storia del malfrancese nei costumi e nella letteratura italiana del secolo xvi*, in *Giorn. stor. della Letterat. ital.*, Vol. V, Anno III, Fasc. 15, p. 422 e segg.

I felt a very vast improvement; to such an extent that at the end of fifty days I was cured and healthy as a fish. Then, in order to give myself some recreation for that great strain that I had endured, as winter came on for my amusement I took to shooting (*la caccia dello scoppietto*), which entailed my going through water and wind, and standing in bogs; to such an extent that in a few days my illness returned one hundred times worse than I had it at first. Submitting myself again into the hands of the doctors, and though continually treated, I grew always worse. Fever coming upon me, I was disposed to take *lignum* again: the doctors did not wish it, saying that if I began it with the fever upon me, in eight days I should die. I determined to do so against their wishes; and keeping to the same regulations that I had observed on the previous occasion, when I had drunk for four days of this blessed water of *lignum*, the fever went away entirely. I began to experience a very great improvement (in health), and during this time that I was taking the said *lignum* I was always progressing with the models for that piece of work: and during that period of abstinence I made the most beautiful articles, and those of the rarest invention that I ever made in my life. At the end of fifty days I was thoroughly cured, and thenceforward with the greatest diligence I gave my attention to securing my health for the future.

Then when I had come out from that long fast I found myself as free from my ailments as if I had been reborn. Although I took pleasure in securing that desired health of mine, I did not also cease from working; in so much that to that said work and to the Mint, to each of them I most certainly gave that share of (my attention) which was due to them.



## CHAPTER XII

(1532)

Cellini competes with a certain Tobbia in a design for mounting an unicorn's horn.—Owing to his not having completed the Pope's Chalice, and through the machinations of his enemies he is deprived of his post at the Mint.—He refuses to give up at the Pope's request the unfinished Chalice.—The troubles that fell upon him in consequence of this refusal.

**I**T chanced that that said Cardinal Salviati who had against me that great hatred above related was made Legate of Parma. There was arrested in Parma a certain Milanese goldsmith, a coiner of false money, who by name was called Tobbia.<sup>1</sup> Being condemned to the gallows and to the stake, the matter was spoken of to the said Legate, and he was represented to him as a very able craftsman. The said Cardinal caused the execu-

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, p. 250) suggests that this Tobia was from Camerino, and not from Milan, but he adds (and he is therein supported by GUASTI) that *de Camerino* may have been his surname. In spite of CELLINI'S strictures Tobia must have been a craftsman of some ability, since in 1537-8 he made "a golden rose"; in 1541 a coral tablet to be attached to one of the Pope's necklaces; in 1542 a reliquary to contain the Blessed Sacrament for the Procession on Corpus Domini (for the making of which he sent to Milan for two circular pieces of crystal); and finally, in 1546, a silver figure of an *Apostle*. Cf. also PLON, *op. cit.*, *passim*.

tion of the penalty to be suspended, and wrote to Pope Clemente, saying that there had fallen into his hands the ablest man in the world in the goldsmiths' trade; and that he had just been condemned to the gallows and to the stake for being a coiner of false money; but that this man was a simple and good fellow, for he said that he had asked the opinion of a confessor of his, who he said had given him permission to enable him to do it (*i.e., to coin the false money*). He added further: "If you make this able man come to Rome, Your Holiness will be able to lower that mighty insolence of your Benvenuto, and I am very sure that the labours of this Tobbia will please you much more than those of Benvenuto." Wherefore the Pope made him come immediately to Rome. And then when he had arrived, summoning us both thither, he directed each of us to make a design for (mounting) an unicorn's horn, the finest that was ever seen; it was sold for seventeen thousand ducats of the Camera. The Pope, desirous of presenting it to King Francis,<sup>1</sup> was inclined in the first place to adorn it

<sup>1</sup> This was Francis I, King of France, and it was intended as a wedding-gift on the occasion of the marriage of the Pope's niece, Caterina de' Medici (afterwards Queen) with that King's second son, Henry, Duke of Orleans. Clement VII desired to assist at these royal nuptials, which were celebrated at Marseilles. He therefore set out from Rome in October 1533 and was received with great magnificence by the King; and both Pope and Monarch competed in the exchange of most sumptuous gifts. The principal object of Clement's journey was however to secure the support of Francis in the attempt made by Italy to curb the growing power of the Emperor Charles V.

An entry recording this unicorn's horn with its mounting is still to be found in the *Inventory* of the plate and jewels of the King, made at Fontainebleau in 1560-62 (*cf.* PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 268-269).

richly with gold, and commissioned us both to make the said designs. When we had done so, we each of us carried our design to the Pope. The design of Tubbia was in the fashion of a candlestick, wherein was imbedded that fine horn after the fashion of a candle, and on the foot of this said candlestick he made four little heads of the unicorns with very common-place taste; so that when I saw the thing I could not restrain myself from laughing discreetly. The Pope observed this and immediately said: "Show me your design;" which was merely the head of the unicorn; in correspondence with that said horn I had fashioned the finest kind of head that it is possible to see; for I had taken it partly from the conformation of the head of the horse, and partly from that of the stag, enriched with the most beautiful sort of mane and other decorations; such that immediately mine was seen every one gave it the palm. But since there were present at this contest certain Milanese personages of very great influence, these people said: "Most Blessed Father, Your Holiness is sending this handsome object as a gift into France: do you know that the French are coarse men, and will not recognize the excellence of this work of Benvenuto; but these pyxes<sup>1</sup> will please

It is described as follows: "A large unicorn's horn adorned with a bridle, fringed with gold, and supported below by three unicorns' heads. The said horn alone weighs seventeen marks, one ounce and a half, and is five feet three inches long, exclusive of the little frieze on the top, which together with the said mounting of the aforesaid three unicorns' heads weighs twenty-seven marks and a half, valued at one thousand five hundred and four *scudi*."

<sup>1</sup> *Ciborii*; which properly means (in Italian) "Tabernacles for the Reservation of the Host"; but it evidently means here the more portable "pyxes" in which the Blessed Sacrament was

them as well, which, moreover, will be made much more quickly; and Benvenuto will attend to the completion of your Chalice, and you will cause two works of art to be made at one and the same time; and this poor man, whom you have made to come hither, will also arrive at some employment." The Pope, anxious to have his Chalice, lent himself very willingly to the advice of those Milanese; so that the next day he commissioned the work on that unicorn's horn to Tubbia, and let me know through his Keeper of the Wardrobe<sup>1</sup> that I must finish his Chalice. To which order I replied that I desired no other thing in the world than to complete that fine work of mine; but that if it had been of any other material than gold I could easily finish it unassisted; but since it was in fact of gold, it was necessary that His Holiness should give me some, if he desired that I should be able to finish it. At these words this low-born courtier said: "Dear me (*Oime*)! Don't ask for gold from the Pope, or you will make him fly into such a rage that it will be woe, woe to you." Upon which I said: "Oh! Sir You (*misser voi*)! your lordship! teach me a little how one can make bread without flour? In the same way without gold one can never finish that work." This Keeper of the Wardrobe said to me, for it

carried processionally. (*Cf.* D'ALBERTI, *Dizionario*, etc.) The pyxes here alluded to were perhaps the work of Tobia.

<sup>1</sup> The Keeper of the Wardrobe or Master of the Pope's Chamber at this period was Messer Pier Giovanni Aliotti, upon whom Pope Julius in 1551 conferred the Bishopric of Forlì (*cf.* UGHELLI, *Italia sacra*, Venezia, 1717, Vol. II, col. 586). According to VASARI in his *Life of Buonarroti* (*ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 231) Michelangelo avoided him and nicknamed him *Tante cose* because of his extravagant desire to do everything.

seemed to him that I had somewhat made sport of him, that he would repeat all that I had said to the Pope; and so he did. The Pope, flying into the fury of a wild animal, said that he would wait and see whether I was such a madman as not to finish it. Thus two months passed by, and although I had said that I would not do a stroke to it, I had not acted thus, but rather I had continually laboured upon it with the greatest devotion. Seeing that I did not bring it to him he began to look upon me with much disfavour, saying that he would punish me anyhow. There was present when he said this a Milanese jeweller of his. This man was named Pompeo, and he was near relative of a certain Misser Traiano,<sup>1</sup> the most highly favoured servitor that Pope Clemente had. These two by agreement said to the Pope: "If Your Holiness were to take the Mint from him, perhaps you will make the desire come to him of finishing the Chalice." Then the Pope said: "Rather two evil things would occur, the one that I should be badly served at my Mint, which is of so much importance to me, and the other that I should most certainly never have the Chalice." These two said Milanese, observing that the Pope was badly disposed towards me, at last prevailed so much that he took from me the Mint,<sup>2</sup> and gave it to a certain young Perugian, who for a nickname was called "Fagiuolo."<sup>3</sup> That Pompeo came

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chapter IX, pp. 175 n. 1, *e segg.*

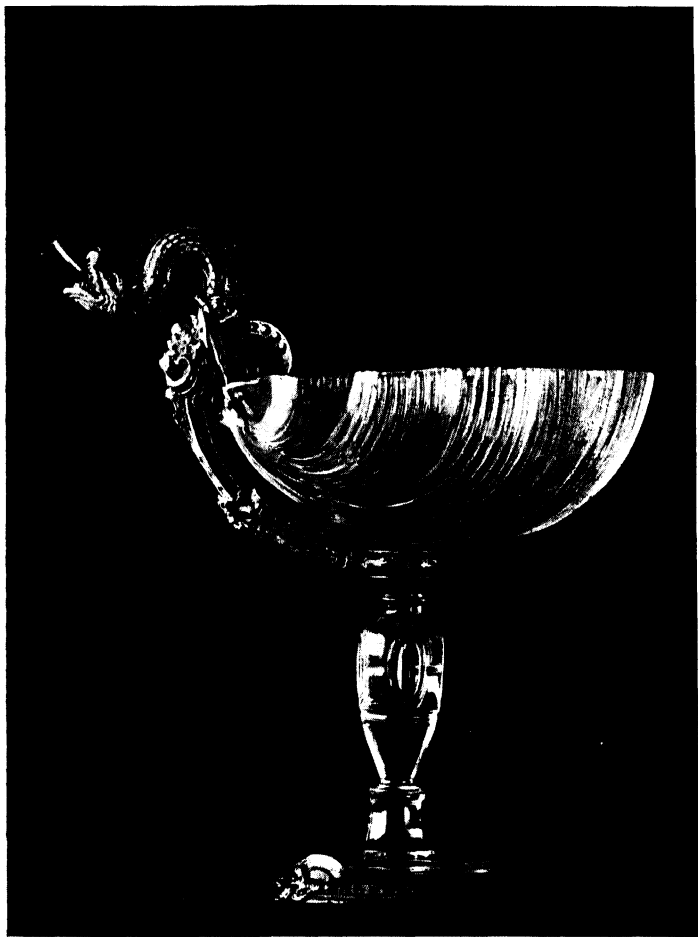
<sup>2</sup> This was at the end of 1533 or in the early days of the following year; since we learn from BERTOLOTTI (*op. cit.*, I, p. 251) that Cellini received his last payment on January 2nd 1534, for the month commencing December 17th 1533.

<sup>3</sup> Tommaso d'Antonio, surnamed *il Fagiuolo* ("the Bean" or vulg. "the Ninny"), a native of Perugia, a gem-cutter and coiner

to me on behalf of the Pope to tell me that His Holiness had taken from me the Mint, and that if I did not finish the Chalice he would take from me other things. To this I replied: "Tell His Holiness that he has taken the Mint away from himself and not from me, and that the same thing will occur with regard to those other things; and that when His Holiness wishes to give it back to me, I shall on no account be willing to retake it." To this wretched and unlucky fellow it seemed a thousand years ere he reached the Pope to repeat to him all these things and something of his own that he put into my mouth. Eight days later the Pope sent this same man to tell me that he no longer wished me to finish that Chalice, and that he wished for it exactly in that state and at that point to which I had brought it. To this Pompeo I answered: "This is not a thing like the Mint which can be taken from me; but it is true that the five hundred *scudi* which I had belong to His Holiness; these I will immediately give up to him; but the work itself is mine, and I will do with it as I please." Pompeo ran off immediately to report this, together with certain other biting words that I had with just cause levelled at himself. About three days after, one Thursday, there came to me two of His Holiness' most of medals, was, in 1534, in company with Giovanni Bernardi of Castel-Bolognese, appointed by *motu proprio* die-stamper at the Pontifical Mint. This document is published in Fasc. 2 of the *Archivio stor. artistico della città di Roma*, Roma, 1836. Cf. also BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, p. 251-252. This craftsman must not be confused with the Girolamo Fagioli, a Bolognese, mentioned by VASARI; nor with the celebrated Lautizio Rotelli of Perugia, who was also styled *Fagiolo* (cf. VASARI, *ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. V, p. 391 n. 1). Cellini was at the same time deprived of his post of sergeant-at-arms.

favourite chamberlains, one of whom is even now alive, for he is a bishop, who was called Misser Pier Giovanni,<sup>1</sup> and he was Keeper of the Wardrobe to His Holiness; the other man was of even higher lineage than this one, but I do not remember his name. Having come to me they spake thus: "The Pope has sent us, Benvenuto: he says that, since you are not willing to understand him by the more easy method, you must either give up to us his piece of work, or we take you to prison." Then I looked them most cheerfully in the face, saying: "My lords, if I were to give this piece of work to His Holiness, I should be giving up my own work and not his, and as yet I do not wish to give him my work; for having brought it so very forward by my own great labours, I do not wish it to fall into the hands of some ignorant beast, who with but little effort would spoil it." There was present when I said this that goldsmith called Tobbia above-mentioned, who presumptuously demanded from me even the models for this work;—the expressions worthy of such a rogue which I uttered to him it is not necessary to repeat here.—But since those lords of the Chamber pressed me that I should hasten (to do) whatever I wished to do, I told them that I was ready. Having taken up my cloak, before I left my workshop, I turned myself, with great reverence and with my cap in my hand, towards an image of Christ, and said: "Oh! Benign and Immortal One! Our Just and Holy Lord! All things that Thou doest are according to Thy Justice, which is without equal. Thou knowest that I have just reached in my life the age of thirty years, nor up to now have I ever been threatened with imprison-

<sup>1</sup> Aliotti, *cf. supra*, p. 229, n. 1.



ROCK CRYSTAL CUP MOUNTED IN GOLD AND ENAMEL

Cabinet of Gems, Uffizi, Florence

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ment for anything. Since now Thou willest that I go to prison, I give Thee thanks with all my heart." Then turning myself to the two chamberlains, I spoke thus with a certain somewhat lowering look: "A personage like me deserved police-officers of no less importance than your lordships. Set me therefore between you and take me as your prisoner wheresoever you like." Those two most courteous men burst out laughing, set me between them, and, continuing to chat agreeably, they conducted me to the Governor of Rome, who was called Maghalotto.<sup>1</sup> When we arrived, there was with him the Procurator Fiscal.<sup>2</sup> They were waiting for me, and those chamberlains still laughing said to the Governor: "We consign to you this prisoner, and do you take good care of him. We are very glad to have taken this duty from your followers, because Benvenuto has told us that since this is his first arrest, he did not deserve police-officers of lesser importance than we are." Departing immedi-

<sup>1</sup> Gregorio Magalotti, a Roman, and a celebrated lawyer and scholar. He was a great favourite with Clement VII, who in 1532 appointed him Bishop of Lipari, and in 1534 of Chiusi. He published a book entitled *Securitatis et Salviconducti Tractatus*: printed in Rome in 1538. Being appointed Legate of Bologna under Paul III, he died in that city in December 1537 (*cf.* UGHELLI, *Italia sacra*, *ed. cit.*, Vol. I, c. 782; III, c. 649). The events related by CELLINI must have occurred before March 13th 1534, because on that day he was the victim of a murderous assault on the part of one of the Cesarini.

<sup>2</sup> The Procurator Fiscal at this date was Benedetto Valenti, who continued in office under Paul III. He was a native of Trevi, where he accumulated a fine collection of antique statuary, described by Francesco Alighieri in two dialogues entitled *De Antiquitatibus Valentinis* (*cf.* G. C. AMADUZZI, *Aneddoti letterari*, Vol. II; and also UGHELLI, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, and TIRABOSCHI, *ed. cit.*, Vol. VII, 1366).

ately they went to the Pope, and when they told him everything exactly, at first he showed signs of wishing to fly into a passion, but he afterwards forced himself to laugh because there were present some lords and cardinals, friends of mine, who greatly favoured me. Meantime the Governor and the Fiscal partly bullied me, partly exhorted me, partly counselled me, saying that it was reasonable that a person who had ordered another man to do a piece of work could retake it of his own accord, and in any way that might be pleasing to him. To which arguments I replied that justice did not warrant this, nor could a Pope do it; for he (Clement VII) was not a Pope of that nature of which are certain little tyrant lordlings (*signoretti tirannelli*), who do the worst they can to their people, observing neither law nor justice; a Vicar of Christ, however, could do none of these things. Then the Governor with some of his police-agent's (*birreschi*)<sup>1</sup> manners and expressions said: "Benvenuto! Benvenuto! You are going about seeking that I should treat you as you deserve." "You will treat me with honour and courtesy if you desire to treat me as I deserve." Again he said: "Send for the piece of work at once, and see that you do not wait for a second command." At this I said: "My lords, grant me the favour that I may yet say four words in my own defence." The Fiscal, who was a much more discreet police-agent than was the Governor, turned to the Governor and said: "My lord, grant him the favour of one hundred words; so long as he gives up the piece of work, that will be quite enough for us." I said: "If there were any sort of

<sup>1</sup> *Birresco*; appertaining to a *birro* = "a police constable," i.e., rough and fierce.

man who directed a house or a palace to be built, he could justly say to the master-workman who was building it, 'I do not wish you to work any further upon my house or upon my palace'; and after paying him for his labours justly he could dismiss him. If also it were a nobleman who had ordered the setting of a precious stone worth one thousand *scudi*, when he saw that the jeweller was not serving him according to his wishes he could say, 'Give me back my precious stone, for I do not like your work.' But in this particular case there are none of these arguments; because it is neither a house nor a precious stone; nothing further can be required of me, except that I return the five hundred *scudi* that I have received. Therefore, my lords, do whatever you can, there is nothing to be had from me except the five hundred *scudi*. Tell the Pope so. Your threats cause me no fear at all; for I am an honest man, and have no fear of my own faults." The Governor and the Fiscal rising, told me that they were going to the Pope, and that they would return with his commands, which would be woe to me. So I remained under guard. I walked up and down a hall; and they stayed nearly three hours ere they returned from the Pope. During this time there came to visit me all the aristocracy of our tribe of merchants imploring me earnestly that I would not continue to dispute with a Pope,<sup>1</sup> because it might be my ruin. To whom I replied that I was very thoroughly resolved as to what I wanted to do. Directly the Governor, in company with the Fiscal, returned from the Palace, causing me to be summoned

<sup>1</sup> The passage from "imploring me" down to "Pope" is inserted in the MS. by CELLINI himself.

he spoke to this effect: "Benvenuto, I am certainly not pleased that I have returned from the Pope with a command such as I have received; therefore you must either find the piece of work at once or think about arranging your affairs." Whereupon I replied that "since I had never believed up to that time that a holy Vicar of Christ could perform an act of injustice, I should like to see it before I believed it; do therefore whatever you are able." The Governor then rejoined, saying: "I have to say two other words to you on behalf of the Pope, and then I will proceed with the commission given to me. The Pope says that you are to bring the piece of work here, and that I am to see it placed in a box and to seal it, then I am to carry it to the Pope, who promises on his oath not to break the enclosure under its own seal, but immediately to restore it to you; but this he wishes to have done in this way in order to secure also the question of his own honour." To these words I laughingly replied that I would very willingly give up my work after the manner in which he proposed, because I would like to know how to reckon what was the worth of a Pope's oath. And therefore, having sent for my work, I gave it over to him sealed up after the manner that he proposed. The Governor having returned to the Pope with the said work in the said condition, the Pope took the box, according to what the said Governor reported to me, turned it over several times; then he asked the Governor if he had seen it; who replied that he had seen it, and that in his presence it had been sealed up in that way; then he added that the thing had seemed to him very wonderful. Wherefore the Pope said: "Tell Benvenuto that the Popes

have the power of loosing and binding far greater things than this"; and whilst he said these words with some little annoyance he opened the box, removing the strings and the seal wherewith it was bound; then he regarded it very carefully, and from what I gathered showed it to that goldsmith Tubbia, who praised it much. Then the Pope asked him if he had the courage to make a work of that sort;<sup>1</sup> the Pope told him that he must follow that pattern exactly; then he turned to the Governor and said to him: "See if Benvenuto will give it up; for if he will thus relinquish it he shall be paid the entire price at which it is valued by men of knowledge (in these things); or if indeed he is willing to finish it let him fix a term (for its completion); and if you see that he is willing to do so, let those reasonable accommodations that he asks for be given to him." Then the Governor said: "Most Blessed Father, I that know the terrible nature of that young man, grant me authority that I may be able to give him a good scolding<sup>2</sup> after my own fashion." To this the Pope answered that he could do what he pleased as regards words, although he was certain that it would only make (the matter) worse; then when he saw that there was nothing else could be done, he must tell me to take his five hundred *scudi* to that Pompeo his jeweller above-mentioned. The Governor having returned, causing me to be summoned into his chamber, with one of his fierce looks

<sup>1</sup> The words, *egli rispose che si*, were added in the early published editions with the object of making sense; but they are rejected by Prof. BACCI. It is suggested that the amanuensis in turning p. 158 of the MS. omitted them by accident.

<sup>2</sup> *Sbarbazzata*, a metaphor drawn from the curbing of a restive horse.

said to me: "Popes have authority to loose and to bind the whole world, and such acts are immediately ratified in Heaven as well done; behold therefore your work unloosed and inspected by His Holiness." Whereupon I immediately raised my voice and said: "I thank God that I now know how to reckon the value of the oath of Popes." At that the Governor spoke to me and used many immoderate blusterings, and then perceiving that they profited him naught, in despair altogether at the business, he recovered a somewhat suaver manner and said to me: "Benvenuto, it distresses me very much that you will not understand your own advantage; go then and take your five hundred *scudi* when you like to the above-mentioned Pompeo." Taking up my work<sup>1</sup> I

<sup>1</sup> Of this unfinished Chalice (so greatly praised by VASARI) CELLINI speaks on a variety of occasions in his *Autobiography*, and in *Records and Petitions*. He relates how on February 19th 1552 he pledged it to Bindo d'Antonio Altoviti for two hundred *scudi* in gold, and that Duke Cosimo caused it to be redeemed by his chamberlain, Sforza Almeni. We learn further that it was subsequently completed by Niccolo di Francesco Santini. We read also in the *Diario Fiorentino* of AGOSTINO LAPINI (*cf. ed.* published by G. O. CORAZZINI, Firenze, pp. 167-8) that this same craftsman valued it on behalf of the said Duke, who presented it to Pius V on March 4th 1569, on the occasion of his Coronation as Grand Duke of Tuscany. There is no foundation therefore for the assertion of CICOGNARA (*Storia della Scultura*, Vol. II, Venezia, 1816) that "*the figures of this (chalice) being removed from it, because it was not finished, were fitted to a cross for Paul III.*" This mistake probably arose from the fact that CELLINI himself, both in his *Autobiography* (Chapter XVIII) and in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (Chapter VIII), relates that he suggested to that Pope that he should present to the Emperor Charles V "*a fine gold crucifix attached to a lapis-lazuli cross*," at the foot of which were to be fitted three golden figures of *Faith, Hope and Charity* that he had in his possession, and which were those for the Chalice. This

went away and immediately carried the five hundred *scudi* to that Pompeo. And because perhaps the Pope, thinking that for inconvenience or for some other reason I would not have brought the money so soon, and desirous of reuniting the thread of my servitude, when he saw that Pompeo came into his presence smiling with the money in his hand, the Pope covered him with abuse, and lamented very much that the matter should have turned out in this way; then he said: "Go and find Benvenuto at his workshop and show him as many civilities as your ignorant animal nature (*bestialità*) is capable of, and tell him that if he would like to finish that work to form a reliquary for me to carry therein the Host (*Corpus Domini*) when I go with it in procession, I will give him the accommodation that he desires to finish it; provided that he works." Pompeo coming to me, called me outside the workshop, and paid me the most repulsive asinine compliments,<sup>2</sup> telling me all that the Pope had commissioned him.

base to his Chalice CELLINI, in a letter dated November 21st 1562, begs Duke Cosimo to return to him, "*since I greatly desire to finish it before I am deprived of the remainder of the health of my poor old age.*"

BENVENUTO also describes this magnificent Work of Art (subsequently broken up and destroyed) in a *Petition* to the Grand-ducal Comptrollers under date September 20th 1570, as follows: "*The important feature of the said Chalice were three figures of gold, which were themselves a third of a braccio in height and which represented Faith, Hope and Charity, with many and divers ornamental festoons (ornamenti festivi) above their heads and three medallions in low relief, which were placed upon the foot of the Chalice and which were scenes of special merit, brought almost to completion, etc.*" Cf. TASSI, *op. cit.*, III, 192; and PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 162 e segg.

<sup>2</sup> *Le più isvenevoles careze d'asino.*



To which I replied at once, that "the greatest treasure that I could desire in the world was to have recovered the favour of so great a Pope, which had been lost for me, and not through my own fault, but indeed through the misfortune of my own overpowering ailment, and through the wickedness of those envious men who took pleasure in making mischief; and since the Pope has an abundance of servitors, don't let him send you round again, for your safety's sake; for mind well your own business. I shall never fail neither by day nor by night to consider how to do all that I can in the service of the Pope; and remember well that when you have related this of me to the Pope, that you do not interfere in any sort of way in any of my affairs, for I will make you remember your mistakes with the punishment that they deserve." This man related everything to the Pope in much more beastly terms than I had employed to him. Thus the matter rested for a space, and I attended to my workshop and my own business.

## CHAPTER XIII

(1533-1534)

Cellini falls in love with a Sicilian girl named Angelica.—He forms a friendship with a Sicilian priest who practises necromancy.—He enters into competition for a medal with Giovanni Bernardi of Castel Bolognese.—During a dispute he wounds a certain Ser Benedetto, a Florentine.—Being accused by mistake of killing his rival Tobbia, he flies to Naples in company with Antonio Solosmeo of Settignano.

THAT goldsmith Tobbia above-mentioned attended to the completion of the garniture and ornamentation of that unicorn's horn; and the Pope had besides told him to begin the chalice according to that same fashion that he had seen mine. And when he began to have exhibited to him by the said Tobbia what he had done, finding himself ill-satisfied, he grieved very much that he had broken with me in regard to it, and blamed the work of that craftsman and those who had introduced him; and Baccino della Croce<sup>1</sup> came many times to tell me on behalf of the Pope, that I ought to make that reliquary. To whom I replied that I begged His Holiness that he would let me rest on account of the severe illness that I had had, from which I was not yet wholly free; but that I would demonstrate to His Holiness that of those hours during which I could work I would spend all in his service. I had set myself to make his portrait,

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chapter X, p. 189, n. 4.

and I was making a medal<sup>1</sup> in secret; and those steel dies for stamping this said medal I was making at home; and in my shop I kept a partner who had been my shop-lad, who was named Felice.<sup>2</sup> At that time, as young men do, I was enamoured of a young Sicilian girl, who was very beautiful; and when she also showed that she liked me very much, her mother perceived the circumstance, suspecting that which could have occurred (this was that I had been planning for a year to elope with the said girl to Florence, very secretly from her mother): she having become aware of this fact, departed one night secretly from Rome and went in the direction of Naples; and, giving out that she was going by Civita vecchia, she went by Ostia. I went after them to Civita vecchia, and committed innumerable follies to find her again. Such matters would be too long to narrate here precisely; it is sufficient to say that I was on the point of either going mad or dying. At the end of two months she wrote to me that she was in Sicily very unhappy. In the meantime I had given myself up to all the pleasures that it is possible to imagine, and had taken up another love-affair,<sup>3</sup> if only to extinguish<sup>4</sup> that one.

It happened to me through certain curious chances

<sup>1</sup> This was the medal of *Peace*, of which we shall find a full description later on.

<sup>2</sup> Felice Guadagni, as we shall see presently, a very devoted friend of Benvenuto. BERTOLOTTI (*Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, 260) informs us that in June 1532 he recovered for Benvenuto the salary due from the Mint.

<sup>3</sup> *Amore*. We should perhaps say another subject of interest, judging from what follows.

<sup>4</sup> *Istigner* i.e., *estinguere*.

(*diverse stravaganze*) that I formed a friendship with a certain Sicilian priest, who was of a very lofty genius and very learned in Greek and Latin literature. It occurred on one occasion in the course of a conversation, that he chanced to speak of the Art of Necromancy; regarding which I said: that I had had throughout the whole course of my life a very great desire to see or hear something of this Art. To which remarks the priest rejoined: "That man who enters upon such an undertaking has need of brave and firm courage." I answered that of bravery and firmness of courage I should excel could I only find the means of carrying the matter out. Thereupon the priest answered: "If you have sufficient courage for this thing, I will satisfy you in all the rest." Thus we were in agreement to commence such an enterprise. The said priest one evening amongst others got everything in order and told me that I must find a companion or two. I invited Vincentio Romoli<sup>1</sup> my very great friend, and he (the priest) brought with him a man from Pistoia, who also studied Necromancy. Proceeding to the Coliseum (*Culiseo*), the priest having robed himself there after the manner of necromancers, set himself to drawing circles on the ground with the most elaborate ceremonial that it is possible to imagine in the world; and he had made us bring precious essences and materials for lighting a fire, and besides some evil-smelling drugs.<sup>2</sup> When all was in readiness, he

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*op. cit.*, I, pp. 253-4, 260) has discovered from the records of Criminal Courts that this Vincenzo Romolo was a Florentine, and brother to Alamanno, banker to the Mint; and further, that he was a broker to that same Department of State.

<sup>2</sup> This passage is full of minor corrections in the text; and at this point a word has been cancelled, and *saffetica* (a kind of drug

made the entrance into the circle; and taking us by the hand one by one he set us within the circle; then he allotted our duties; he gave the pentacle<sup>1</sup> into the hand of that other necromancer his companion; to us others the care of the fire for the perfumes; then he betook himself to his incantations. This business lasted more than an hour and a half; there appeared several legions (of spirits), to such an extent that the Coliseum was quite full of them. I was looking after the precious perfumes, when the priest became aware that there were so large a number present, and turning to me said: "Benvenuto, ask them some question." I told them to cause me to be with my Sicilian Angelica. On that night we received no answer; but I took the very greatest satisfaction from it so that I became very keen about such matters. The necromancer said that it would be necessary for us to go another time, and that I should be satisfied in respect of all that I asked, but that he wished me to take with me a little virgin lad. I took one of my shop-boys, who was about twelve years old, and I invited again that said Vincentio Romoli; and a certain Agniolino Gaddi, because he was our intimate companion, we took also to this affair. When we emitting a most unpleasant disagreeable odour, commonly known as *assafoetida*) has been inserted in the margin, apparently in the handwriting of CAVALLANTI. We read presently how this horrible perfume was employed.

<sup>1</sup> The *pintaculo* (a misspelling of *pentaculo*), i.e., "pentacle" was the name given by necromancers to a seal impressed upon virgin parchment or upon plates of metal precious or common. No magical operations were complete without it, and it was formed by placing a triangle within two circles to which were added certain cabalistic inscriptions. It is to be supposed from what follows that Cellini held it up in some way so that the little boy crept under it.

arrived again at the appointed spot, the necromancer having made the same preparations with that same and even more wonderful precision, set us within the circle, which he had again made with more wondrous art and more wondrous ceremonies; then to that friend of mine Vincentio he gave the charge of the perfumes and of the fire; and he (Vincentio) took with him the said Agniolino Gaddi; then he put the pentacle into my hand, which he told me that I must turn in the direction of those places where he pointed out to me, and beneath the pentacle I stationed that little lad, my shop-boy. The necromancer commencing to utter those very terrible invocations, summoned by name a great number of those demons, heads of those legions (of spirits), and commanded them by the Virtue and Power of God, the Uncreate, the Ever-Living and the Eternal, in the Hebrew language, and very frequently besides in Greek and Latin; to such purpose that in a short space of time they filled the whole Coliseum one hundred times more than they had that first time. Vincentio Romoli, together with that said Agniolino attended to keeping up the fire, and to the vast quantity of precious perfumes. I, by the advice of the necromancer, again asked that I might be with Angelica. The necromancer turning to me said: "Do you hear what they have told you? That within the space of one month you will be where she is," and he added again, that he begged me to keep steady,<sup>1</sup> for the legions were a thousand times more than he had summoned, and that they were of the most harmful (kind); and since they had carried out what I had asked for, it

<sup>1</sup> *Tenessi il fermo*, i.e., "that I would keep steadily beside him and not abandon him in his danger."

was necessary to be civil to them; and patiently get rid of them. On the other hand the lad who was beneath the pentacle, in greatest terror said, that there were in that place a million of the fiercest men who were all threatening us: he said besides that there had appeared four enormous giants, and they were armed, and showed signs of wishing to attack us. Upon this the necromancer, who was trembling with fright, endeavoured with suave and gentle manner the best he could to get rid of them. Vincentio Romoli, who was trembling violently,<sup>1</sup> looked after the perfumes. I, who had as much fear as the rest of them, endeavoured to show less, and was inspiring them all with the most marvellous courage; but I was certain that I was a dead man on account of the terror which I saw in the necromancer himself. The lad had placed his head between his knees, saying: "I wish to die like this, for we are all dead men." Again I said to the lad: "These creatures are all inferior to us, and what you see is but smoke and shadow; therefore raise your eyes." When he had raised his eyes, he cried out again: "The whole Coliseum is on fire, and the fire is coming down upon us;" and putting his hands to his face, he said again that he was dead, and that he did not wish to see any more. The necromancer implored me, begging me that I would keep steady, and that I would direct them to make fumes of assafoetida: so turning to Vincentio Romoli I told him to quickly burn some assafoetida. Whilst I was telling him this, I was looking at Agniolino Gaddi, who was so terrified that the pupils of his eyes were starting out<sup>2</sup> for he was more

<sup>1</sup> *A verga a verga*. Lit. "like a rod shaken in the wind."

<sup>2</sup> *Fuor del punto*, i.e., "right out of his head."

than half dead, so I said to him: "Agniolo, in these situations one should not be afraid, but should give oneself to action and to being of assistance; therefore put on quickly some of that assafoetida." The said Agniolo, in that moment that he wanted to move, made a flatulent trumpeting with so great an abundance of excrement as was much more powerful than the assafoetida. The lad at that horrible stench and that noise raised his face a little, on hearing me laugh a bit, and his fear being a trifle assuaged, he said that they were beginning to depart in great haste. Thus we continued up to the time when they began to ring for matins. Again the lad told us that but few remained, and those at a distance. When the necromancer had completed all the remainder of his ceremonies, having unrobed and repacked a great bundle of books that he had brought, we all together issued with him from the circle, huddling ourselves one beneath another; especially the lad, who was placed in the middle, and had taken hold of the necromancer by his robe and of me by my cloak; and continually whilst we were going towards our homes near the Banks, he kept on telling us that two of those (spirits), whom he had seen in the Coliseum were going skipping along (*saltabecando*) in front of us, sometimes running above upon the roofs, and sometimes along the ground. The necromancer said that in all the very many times that he had entered the magic circles, so great an adventure had never occurred to him, and he tried to persuade me to consent to join with him in enchanting a book,<sup>1</sup> from which we should derive infinite

<sup>1</sup> *Consacrare un libro*, i.e., "construct a magic book with which to control spirits good and evil."



wealth, because we should demand of the demons that they should show us some of the treasures of which the earth is full, and by that means we should become very rich; and that these love-affairs were vanity and craziness which did not amount to anything. I told him that if I knew the Latin language I would very willingly do such a thing. Nevertheless he continued to persuade me, saying that the Latin language would serve me to no purpose, and that if he had desired he could have found many persons well-instructed in Latin; but that he had never found anyone of as sound a courage as I had, and that I ought to listen to his counsel. With these discussions we arrived at our homes, and each one of us dreamed devils the whole of that night. And meeting again the next day, the necromancer pressed me that I should pay attention to that undertaking; wherefore I asked him, what time would be required to carry out such a business, and whither we should have to go. To this he replied that in less than one month we should conclude the matter, and that the place most adapted for it was in the mountains of Norcia; although one of his teachers had performed such an enchantment near here at a place called the Badia di Farfa;<sup>1</sup> but that he had had

<sup>1</sup> A small village in the Sabine district, thirteen miles distant from Rome, famous for its great Benedictine Abbey of Sta. Maria, concerning which the student is referred to the following works: MABILLON, *Annal. Benedict.*, I, xvii, c. 20; *La Cronica Farfense*, published by MURATORI in *Rerum Italicarum Scriptores*; *Regesto di Farfa compilato da Gregorio di Catino*, edited by I. GIORGI and U. BALZANI (Roma, Soc. di Stor. patria, 1878-1892); *La Rivista Storica Benedettina*, Anni I, II, III, IV, *passim*; G. BRIGANTE COLONNA, *La Badia di Farfa* (*La Stampa Internazionale*, IV, n. 20, 15 Novembre 1905); and P. KEHR, *Urkunden zur Geschichte von Farfa im XII. Jahrhundert* (*Quellen u. Forschungen v. k. Preuss.*

some difficulty, which would not occur in the mountains of Norcia;<sup>1</sup> and that those Norcian peasants are trustworthy persons, and have some practice in this kind of thing, to such purpose that they can in a case of necessity render a wonderful amount of assistance. This priestly necromancer had most certainly persuaded me so much that I was willingly disposed to do this thing, but I said that I wanted first to finish those medals that I was making for the Pope, and I confided about them to this said man and to no one else, begging that he would keep them secret. I continually asked him, however, if he believed that at the time indicated I should find myself with my Sicilian Angelica, and seeing that the time was drawing very near, it seemed to me a very remarkable thing that I did not hear anything *Histor. Instit. in Rom.*, Band IX, Heft I, 1906, pp. 170-184) with extracts from MS. 124 in the Library of Eton College, Windsor (already published by P. Grisar in *Analecta Romana*, 1899, p. 465 ss.).

<sup>1</sup> This district of the Central Apennines always bore a reputation as the favourite haunt of witches, poisoners and the like. As regards this belief in magic, we may recall a youthful letter from AENEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI to his brother which runs as follows: "In the ancient Duchy (of Spoleto) not far from the city of Norcia there is a spot where beneath a precipitous cliff there is to be found a cavern in which there is a stream of water. Here as I remember well to have heard was a meeting-place for witches (*striges*), demons, and shades of the night, and whoever has the courage, can see the spirits (*spiritus*) and converse with them and learn their magic arts."

ARETINO also speaks of an enchanted spring in which resided the sister of the Sibyl of Norcia and the aunt of the Fata Morgana. TRISSINO in Canto XXIV of *Italia liberata dai Goti* lauds this spot with all the splendour of poetry and allegory as the home of true prophecy. It is, however, interesting to observe also that Norcia itself was the birthplace of St. Benedict and of his sister St. Scholastica.

of her. The necromancer assured me that I should most certainly find myself where she was, because they (the spirits) never fail, when they make promises in the manner that they had then done; but that I must remain with my eyes open, and guard myself against any misfortune that might happen to me in that connection, and that I must strengthen myself to endure something against my own natural disposition, because he foresaw a very great danger therein; and that it would be a good thing for me if I went with him to enchant the book, for by that means that great danger of mine would pass away, and it would be the cause of making myself and him very lucky. I, although I was beginning to have more desire to do this than he had, said to him that, because there had come to Rome a certain master Giovanni da Castel Bolognese,<sup>1</sup> a very able craftsman in the execution of medals of the same sort that I made in steel, and because I desired nothing in the world so much as to enter into competition with this brilliant man, and to issue upon the world with such an undertaking; by the which I hoped through its great merit and not by the sword to confound those several enemies of mine. This man, however, continued saying to me: "For mercy's sake, Benvenuto mine, come with me and escape a great danger that I discern

<sup>1</sup> Giovanni Bernardi, a celebrated cutter of gems, and engraver on glass and steel. He was, says VASARI, urged by Giovio to visit Rome, where among many other works he made a medal bearing a portrait of *Pope Clement VII*, and on the reverse *Joseph declaring himself to his brethren*. For this fine work he was rewarded with the office of pontifical *bedel*, and also a post at the Mint (cf. BER-TOLOTTI, *Arch. stor. lomb.*, 1875, pp. 146-147, and *Art. lomb. cit.*, I, 253-269). He died in 1555, at the age of sixty, at Faenza (cf. besides, Chapter XII, p. 230 n. 3).

for you." Whilst I was disposed in all ways and by all means to wish to finish my medal first we were already nigh upon the end of the month; wherefore since I was so wrapped up in my medal I remembered nothing else, neither Angelica, nor any other such thing, but I was wholly intent upon my work. One day amongst the rest, near the hour of vespers I had occasion to repair, outside my regular hours, from my house to my workshop; for I had my workshop at the Banks and I occupied a cottage behind the Banks, and went very rarely to the workshop; for all the regular business I left in the hands of that partner of mine who was named Felice. Whilst I was thus a little while in the workshop I remembered that I had to go and speak to Lessandro del Bene.<sup>1</sup> Rising immediately and reaching the Banks, I met a certain great friend of mine, who was called by name Ser Benedetto. This man was a notary and had been born in Florence, the son of a blind man, who begged alms,<sup>2</sup> and who was a Sieneſe. This Ser Benedetto had lived many many years in Naples; then he had returned to Rome, and acted for certain merchants of the Figi<sup>3</sup> family. And ſince that partner of mine had many and many a time asked for certain ſums of money, that he ſhould have had from him for ſome rings that he had entrusted to him; on this particular day, meeting him at the Banks he demanded his money in a rather rough

<sup>1</sup> Alessandro di Piero del Bene (*cf.* Chapter VII, p. 129 n. 2); *cf.* BERTOLOTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, I, p. 244).

<sup>2</sup> *Diceva l'oratione.* This means "a person who sits in public places, at church-doors, etc., begging alms and reciting prayers."

<sup>3</sup> This is obviously a mistake on the part of the amanuensis for *Chigi*. There is no family record of the existence of any Sieneſe family named *Figi*. *Cf.* Chapter IV, p. 65 n. 3.

manner, which was his custom. Now the said Ser Benedetto was in company with his employers; so that they seeing him do that thing in such a way, scolded severely that Ser Benedetto, saying that they would like to be served by some one else, so as not to have to hear any more of such yelpings.<sup>1</sup> This Ser Benedetto tried to defend himself with them as best he could, and asserted that he had paid that goldsmith, and that he was not accustomed to curb the rage of mad people. The said Sienese took that expression in bad part and promptly drove him away. Departing then, he was going in haste to my workshop, perhaps to do some injury to the said Felice. It chanced that just in the middle of the Bank quarter, we met together: whereupon I, for I knew nothing about it, according to my accustomed manner, saluted him most civilly; he replied to me with many insulting words. For the which reason there occurred to me all that the necromancer had said to me; to such purpose that, keeping a bridle as much as I was able upon that which with his words the said man was urging me to do, I said: "Ser Benedetto my brother, do not try to vent your rage upon me, for I have done you no injury, and I know nothing of these affairs of yours; and since in all this you have to do with Felice, kindly go and finish it with him; for he knows very well how to answer you; wherefore, since I know nothing about the matter, you do me wrong in railing at me in this fashion, especially since you know that I am not the man to bear

<sup>1</sup> *Baiate*. This word according to most dictionaries means "railleries, jestings"; but TASSI, and following him Mr. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS and Miss MACDONELL, propose that our author means to use the word *abbaiate*: "barkings or yelpings."

insults." At this the said man said, that I did know everything and that he was a man able to make me bear a greater burden than that, and that Felice and I were two great blackguards. Already there were assembled many persons to watch this contest. Goaded by his ugly words, I quickly stooped down to the ground and took up a lump of mud (*un mozo di fango*) (for it had been raining) and I took it hastily in my hand to give him a volley in the face. He lowered his head, in such a way that with it I struck him upon the crown of his head. Within this mud was embedded a piece of hard stone with many sharp angles, and catching him with one of these angles upon the crown of his head he fell swooning to the ground like one dead; for seeing such an abundance of blood, it was thought by all the bystanders that he was dead. Whilst this said man was still upon the ground, and some people were giving orders to have him carried away, there passed by that jeweller Pompeo already spoken of above. The Pope had sent for this man to give him some commissions for precious stones. Seeing that man in bad case, he asked who had given him the blow. Wherefore it was told to him: "Benvenuto has given it him because the animal sought for it." The said Pompeo hurriedly coming into the Pope's presence said to him: "Most Blessed Father, Benvenuto has just now (*adesso adesso*) slain Tubbia; for I have seen it with my own eyes." At this the Pope infuriated gave commission to the Governor, who was there present, that he should arrest me, and that he should hang me immediately upon the spot where the homicide had been committed; and that he must use every diligence to catch me, and not to appear before

him until he had hanged me. When I saw that I had brought this unlucky man to the ground, I immediately bethought me of my own interests, recalling the power of my enemies, and what could be brought forth by such an event. Departing thence, I withdrew myself to the house of Misser Giovanni Gaddi, Clerk of the Camera, desiring to set my affairs in order with the most expedition, so that I could be off right away (*con dio*). On this head the said Misser Giovanni counselled me that I should not be in such haste to get away, for perhaps it might be that the danger was not so great as it appeared to me: and directing Misser Anibal Caro, who lodged with him, to be summoned, he told him to go and learn the upshot. Whilst he was giving the above-mentioned directions with regard to this matter, there appeared a Roman nobleman, who lived with Cardinal de' Medici,<sup>1</sup> and who was sent by him. This nobleman,

<sup>1</sup> Ippolito de' Medici, natural son of Giuliano, Duke de Nemours, and brother of Leo X. He was elected cardinal in 1529 at the age of eighteen. Of extremely handsome appearance he, like another Cardinal Ippolito—the first of the house of Este—was more inclined to warlike pursuits than to the Church. He surrounded himself with personages eminent in War, Literature, and the Arts, and often boasted that there were spoken at his table at one time more than twenty different languages. In 1532, at the head of ten thousand Italian troops, he was sent as Apostolic Legate into Hungary against the Turk, but so martial was his array that he aroused the suspicions of the Emperor, who put him under arrest for several days. Not content with his own immense wealth, he organized a conspiracy against the Duke Alessandro, which, however, failed in its effect; and he further favoured the Florentine exiles. Betrayed in his hopes and dishonoured before all Italy, he proposed to join the Emperor Charles V in his expedition against Tunis, but his overtures were not very favourably entertained by the Imperial party, and being seized by a violent fever (not without suspicions that his

having called Misser Giovanni and myself aside, told us that the Cardinal had related to him those words which he had heard said by the Pope, and that no one had any means by which they could help me, and that I must do all in my power to escape this first outburst of rage, and that I must not trust my safety in any house in Rome. Immediately upon this nobleman's departure, the said Misser Giovanni, looking me in the face, showed signs of tears, and said: "Alas! Woe is me! That I have no means of being able to help you." Whereupon I replied: "By God's help, I will help myself well enough by my own aid; I will only ask you that you supply me with one of your horses." There was already in readiness a black Turkish horse, the handsomest and best in Rome. I mounted upon it with a wheel-arquebuse<sup>1</sup> before me at the saddle-bow, ready prepared to defend myself with it. When I reached the Ponte Sisto, I found the whole of the Bargello's guard on horseback and on foot; so making a virtue of a necessity, having boldly urged the horse to a trot, by the favour of God, hidden from their eyes, I passed freely, and with as

death was hastened by poison administered to him by his steward, acting under the directions of Duke Alessandro) he died at Itri in Apulia in August 1555. Cf. Chapter X, p. 194, n. 1. VARCHI (*Stor. fior., ed. cit.*, XII, p. 434) speaks of him with enthusiasm (cf. SEGNI, Lib. VII, p. 188). He left a natural son named Asdrubale, who died during the siege of Malta in 1565. Cf. AMMIRATO, Lib. XXXV, p. 539. Various poems by Cardinal de' Medici are to be found in different poetical collections, and there exists an elegant translation in verse of the Second Book of the Aeneid, published in Rome in 1538, which on account of its high merit was even attributed to MOLZA. Cf. HAYM, *Bibliot. Ital.*, Vol. I, p. 322; TIRABOSCHI, Vol. VII, p. 1; CIACCONIO *cit.*, Vol. III, p. 502.

<sup>1</sup> This was an *arquebuse a ruota*, with a wheel to cock it.



much haste as I was able, I betook me to Palonbara, a place belonging to the lord Giovanbatista Savello,<sup>1</sup> and thence I sent back the horse to Misser Giovanni, nor did I in the least wish that he should know where I was. The said lord Gianbatista, when he had entertained me two days, counselled me that I should remove myself from thence and proceed towards Naples until this storm had passed away; and providing me with an escort he caused me to be set upon the road to Naples; upon which I found a sculptor friend of mine, who was going to San Germano to finish the tomb of Pier de' Medici<sup>2</sup> at Monte Casini.<sup>3</sup> This man was called by the name of Solosmeo.<sup>4</sup> He

<sup>1</sup> Palombara is a village in the Sabine district. We read of Giambattista Savelli in the works of VARCHI and GIOVIO. He was a Roman of high rank, and commanded a body of cavalry in the pay of Clement VII. He took part in the siege of Florence, and subsequently passed into the service of Duke Cosimo I, in which he remained until his death (1553). Cf. SEGNI, *Istorie fiorentine*, ed. cit., pp. 499 and 526.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chapter I, p. 15, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> The celebrated Benedictine Abbey of Montecassino. Cf. L. TOSTI, *Opere*, ed. PASQUALUCCI, Napoli, Civelli, 1842.

<sup>4</sup> A native of Settignano, a painter and a sculptor, pupil of both Andrea del Sarto and of Sansovino. Cf. VASARI, *Vite* ed. MILANESI cit., Vols. V and VI *passim*. From the documents published by CARAVITA (*I Codici e le Arti a Montecassino*, Vol. III) we learn that Antonio da San Gallo sent his brother Battista to Montecassino, bearing a letter, dated June 13th 1531, committing the execution of this tomb to the sculptor Antonio di Giovanni, called *il Solosmeo*. He had settled the terms of a contract whereby Antonio da San Gallo gave the plans to Solosmeo to carry out for a sum of not less than three thousand *scudi*, and that the latter had agreed to provide himself with seven assistant stonemasons. Of these but two are named; that is to say, Francesco da Chimento and Masino, who carried out the front and cornice of the monument. The names of some of the others may perhaps be recognized among the signa-

gave me the news, that Pope Clemente had that same evening sent one of his chamberlains to enquire how the tures of the witnesses, Giovanni di Silvestro Ciola, Fabio Gentile, and Marco d'Antonio, all Florentines. The model for the tomb was made by Battista da San Gallo for a sum of twenty-five gold *scudi*. This first plan was, however, set aside to make way for another, whether more or less handsome than the first we do not know. It appears that Solosmeo had as an assistant in this work M<sup>o</sup> Lante da Fiesole, of whom mention is also made in a letter of Paolo Emilio de Cesi, Cardinal of Sant' Eustachio. In another letter this same cardinal records the haste which Pope Clement VII displayed to see this monument completed, and how an agreement had been entered into by that same Pontiff with Francesco, son of Giuliano di San Gallo, to make the figures and other decorations. This Francesco demanded one thousand ducats of gold for the figures, promising within three years to make two figures of about four *braccia* apiece in size, *i.e.*, the figure of a dead man the size of life (that is to say, the effigy of Piero de' Medici); in the arch above the *Resurrection of Our Lord*; and beneath this group two curtains of white marble over the dead man's coffin. This was to be made of touchstone with lions' feet according to a design approved by the Pope. Up to the end of March 1546 Francesco had barely finished the figure of the dead man, and had scarcely sketched out the statues of St. Peter and St. Paul. Besides this Maestro Matteo Quaranta of Naples (in another document he is described as of "La Cava") undertook to make two lateral scenes, according to models supplied by M<sup>o</sup> Antonio, and one in the centre of the base, after a design to be sent from Rome.

It would appear that this monument was not completed until the year 1559, because it was not until December 10th in that year that the bones of Piero de' Medici could be solemnly deposited within it, as appears from a public document drawn up for that ceremony and published by CARAVITA. It is interesting and curious to observe that MILANESI in his notes to his edition of VASARI'S *Vite* (*ed. cit.*, Vol. IV, p. 287, n. 5) writes, "The Tomb of Piero de Medici at Monte Cassino was made by the direction of Pope Clement VII, who being a creditor of the monks of that monastery to the amount of 16,000 ducats, agreed with them that he should expend 4,000, and remit the rest of that sum."

above-mentioned Thubbia was; and on finding him at work, and that nothing at all had happened to him, nor that he even knew anything, when he reported this to the Pope, the said (pontiff) turned to Pompeo and said to him: "You are a scoundrel, but I declare to you indeed, that you have stirred up a serpent that will bite you and will give you your deserts." Then he turned to Cardinal de' Medici, and commissioned him that he should take a certain amount of care of me, for on no account did he wish to lose me. So Solosmeo and I proceeded singing towards Monte Casini, with the intention of going thence together to Naples.

## CHAPTER XIV

(1534)

Cellini finds Angelica at Naples.—He visits the antiquities of the city, and is well received by the Viceroy, to whom he sells a diamond.—He abandons Angelica, and returns to Rome to the house of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici.—He presents to the Pope a medal bearing the figure of *Peace*, and receives a commission to make another reverse for it representing an episode in the *Life of Moses*.

WHEN Solosmeo had inspected his works at Monte Casini we proceeded together towards Naples. When we had arrived at about half a mile from Naples, there met us an innkeeper, who invited us to his inn, and told us that he had lived many years in Florence with Carlo Ginori;<sup>1</sup> and that if we went to his inn he would have the very best entertainment made for us because we were Florentines. To that innkeeper we replied many times that we did not wish to go with him. This man, however, sometimes passed before and sometimes followed behind us, frequently repeating to us the same things, that he would like to have us at his inn. Wherefore since he became an annoyance to me, I asked him if he knew where to direct me to a certain Sicilian

<sup>1</sup> Carlo di Lionardo Ginori, Gonfaloniere of the Florentine Republic during the first two months of 1527. VASARI alludes to him many times as a friend of the Fine Arts and a protector of artists. Cf. AMMIRATO, *Stor. cit.*, Lib. XXX.

woman, who bore the name of Beatrice, and who had a beautiful young daughter of hers, who was called Angelica: and who were courtesans. This innkeeper, since it seemed to him that I was mocking him, said: "May God give ill-luck to courtesans and those who like them;" and setting spurs to his horse, he made as though determined to leave us. It seemed to me that I had lifted from my back in a fine fashion that animal of an innkeeper, although by that circumstance I had not greatly profited (*estessi in capitale*) because there was recalled to me that great love which I bore for Angelica, and while I was discoursing about it with the said Solosmeo, not without some amorous sighs, we saw the innkeeper returning to us in a great hurry, who, when he got up to us, blurted out "Two, or rather three, days ago it was that there arrived next door to my inn a woman and a young girl, who bore those names; I do not know whether they are Sicilians or from some other country." Whereupon I replied: "That name of Angelica has so great a power over me that I am willing in any case to come to your inn." We proceeded in agreement along with the innkeeper into the city of Naples and dismounted at his inn, and it seemed to me a thousand years that I was setting my affairs in order, which I did most expeditiously; and entering the said house next door to the inn, I found there my Angelica, who made me the most boundless endearments that it is possible to imagine in the world. So I remained with her from that hour of twenty-two of the clock until the following morning, with such enjoyment as I have never had equalled. And whilst I was revelling in this pleasure, I remembered

that upon that day precisely expired the month that was foretold to me by the demons when in the magic circle. Therefore let every man who entangles himself with these (spirits) consider the incalculable perils that I have passed through. I found in my purse by chance a diamond which I commenced showing about among the goldsmiths; and although I was still young I was so well known in Naples for a man of some merit, that very many courtesies were shown me. Among the others a certain most excellent fellow, a jeweller, who had the name of Misser Do(mo)menico Fontana. This honest man left his workshop for three days whilst I was in Naples, nor ever departed from my side, showing me many most beautiful antiquities that were in Naples and outside the city; and he took me besides to make my obeisance to the Viceroy of Naples,<sup>1</sup> who had let him know that he had a wish to see me. When I reached His Excellency he gave me a very honourable reception; and whilst we were doing this, the above-mentioned diamond caught the eyes of His Excellency: and having made me show it to him, he said that if I should have a desire to part with it, that I would kindly not prefer any one to himself. Upon which, when I had received back the diamond, I offered it again to His Excellency, and I told him that the diamond and I were both at his disposal. Whereupon he said that the diamond pleased him very much but that it would please him still more if I would stay with

<sup>1</sup> Pietro Alvarez di Toledo, Marchese di Villafranca, and uncle of the celebrated Duke of Alva, was, TASSI tells us, appointed Viceroy of Naples in 1532, and during the twenty years of his rule there, by his wisdom and ability, won for himself the title of the Great Viceroy (*Il Gran Viceré*). He died on February 12th 1553. Cf. GIANNONE, *Storia del Regno di Napoli*, Lib. XXXI.

him; for he would make such terms with me that I should be satisfied with him. We exchanged many civil words one to another; but when we afterwards came to the merits of the diamond, being commanded by His Excellency that I should ask in one single word the price for it that seemed good to me, I replied that two hundred *scudi* was its value exactly. To this His Excellency replied that it seemed to him that I had in no way exceeded its worth; but that since it had been set by my hands, knowing that I was the ablest craftsman in the world, it would not, if set by another hand, reach that excellence of effect that it now displayed. Thereupon I said that the diamond had not been set by me and that it was not well set; and such effect as it made, it made from its own fine quality; and that if I were to reset it, I should improve it very much from what it now was. And inserting my thumb-nail into the claw-setting<sup>1</sup> of the diamond, I withdrew it from the ring, and polishing it somewhat I handed it the Viceroy; he satisfied and astonished drew me an order,<sup>2</sup> so that I should be paid the two hundred *scudi* that I had demanded. Returning to my lodging I found letters which had come from

<sup>1</sup> ALBERTI explains the word *filetto* by "the slender thread of silver or similar material which holds the gems of a ring connected in their bezel"; but from the different meaning that CELLINI gives to the same word, when later on he speaks of the diamond shown to Duke Cosimo, CARPANI believes that by *filetto* he intends to signify "those angular ribs that are between one facet of a gem and another": a signification further modified by BIANCHI into "the angular points with which the facets of a jewel terminates." The *Vocabolario* of the Accademia della Crusca in its fifth edition gives the same explanation as ALBERTI.

<sup>2</sup> *Una polizza* = "an order for money"; pretty much corresponding to our "cheque."

Cardinal de' Medici, which told me that I must return to Rome with great speed, and at once go and dismount at the house of His Most Reverend Lordship. Having read the letter to my Angelica, with lovesick tears she besought me that out of my kindness I would either stay in Naples, or that I would take her with me; to which I replied that if she were willing to come with me I would give into her keeping those two hundred ducats that I had received from the Viceroy. When the mother saw us in this close conversation, she approached us and said to me: "Benvenuto, if you want to take my Angelica to Rome, leave me a (sum of) fifteen ducats, so that I can lie in, and then I will come also." I told the old rogue that I would gladly leave her thirty, if she were willing to give me my Angelica. Having thus made our compact, Angelica begged me that I would buy her a robe of black velvet, because it was cheap in Naples. I was content with all this; and having sent for the velvet, made the bargain and everything, when the old woman, who thought that I was more cooked than raw,<sup>1</sup> demanded of me a gown of fine cloth for herself, and many other charges for her daughter, and much more money than that which I had offered her. Upon which I turned to her pleasantly and said: "My dear Beatrice, is not that enough which I have offered you?" She answered: "No!" Thereupon I retorted that what did not suffice for her would suffice for me: and having kissed my Angelica, we parted, she with tears and I with laughter, and turned myself immediately towards Rome. Departing from Naples by night with my money upon my person, so that I should

<sup>1</sup> A proverbial expression founded on the colloquial *inamorato cotto*, meaning "a person head over ears in love."



not be waylaid nor assassinated, as is the custom of Naples, when I found myself at Selciata<sup>1</sup> I defended myself with great skill and valour of body against a number of horsemen who had come to assassinate me. Then some days after, having left Solosmeo to his works at Monte Casini, I arrived one morning to dine at the inn at Adanagni.<sup>2</sup> When near the inn I fired at some birds with my arquebuse, and killed them; and a small piece of iron that was in the lock of my gun had torn my right hand. Although it was not an injury of importance it seemed bad enough from the great quantity of blood that poured from my hand. Having entered the inn, and put my horse in his stall, mounting upon a large platform,<sup>3</sup> I found many Neapolitan noblemen, who were just sitting down to table; and with them was a young gentlewoman, the most beautiful that I ever saw. When I was come up, there mounted after me a very brave young servant-man of mine with a great halbert<sup>4</sup> in hand: in such a way that we, the weapon and the blood, struck so much terror into those poor noblemen, especially since that place itself was a haunt of assassins, that rising from the table, in a great fright they prayed to God to aid

<sup>1</sup> Ponte a Selice, twelve miles distant from Naples, between Capua and Aversa.

<sup>2</sup> Anagni, the *Alagna* of DANTE (*Purgatorio*, XX, 86), is a small city in the Campagna about fifty-four kilometres from Rome. It was here that the French Chancellor, Guillaume de Nogaret, acting under the orders of King Philip *le Bel*, and in concert with the Colonnas, on September 7th 1503 took prisoner and for three days cruelly entreated the aged Pope Boniface VIII.

<sup>3</sup> *Palcaccio*. Mr. J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS translates this, "A large gallery"; Miss MACDONELL "an upper floor."

<sup>4</sup> *Partigianone*, i.e., "a very large partizan" or "halbert."

them. At which I remarked laughing, that God had assisted them, and that I was the man to defend them against whoever should wish to injure them; and asking of them some little assistance to bind up my hand, that most beauteous gentlewoman took one of her kerchiefs, richly embroidered in gold, desiring to bind me up with it; I objected: she immediately tore it in half and with greatest tenderness bound me with her own hand. Thus being somewhat reassured we dined very merrily. After the dinner we mounted our horses and proceeded in company. Their fear was not yet quite subsided; wherefore those noblemen cleverly made me entertain that gentlewoman, remaining somewhat in the rear; and I rode alongside of her upon a handsome little horse of mine, warning my servant that he should remain at a little distance from me: in such fashion that we discoursed of those things that the druggist does not sell.<sup>1</sup> Thus I journeyed to Rome with the greatest pleasure that I have ever experienced.

When I was arrived in Rome I proceeded to dismount at the palace of the Cardinal de' Medici; and having found His Most Reverend Lordship I conversed with him, and thanked him much for having contrived my return. Then I begged His Most Reverend Lordship that he would make me secure from imprisonment, and, if that were possible, from the pecuniary penalty also. The said lord paid most willing attention to me; he told me that I need not trouble about anything; then he turned to one of his gentlemen-in-waiting, who was called Misser Pierant<sup>o</sup>

<sup>1</sup> A jocose method of signifying "things strange and unusual." Here it means "amorous and gallant conversation"; as we might say, "sweet nothings."

Pecci,<sup>1</sup> a Sienese, directing him that he should tell the Bargello in his name not to dare to touch me. Next he asked him how the man was faring whom I had struck on the head with the stone. The said Misser Pierant<sup>o</sup> said that he was doing very badly, and would do yet worse; the reason being that having learnt that I was returning to Rome, he said that he wished to die in order to do me a bad turn. At which words, with a loud laugh the Cardinal said: "The man could not have taken any other way than this to let us know that he was born a Sienese." Then turning to me he said to me: "For our credit and your own, have patience four or five days before you visit the Banks; from then onwards go where you wish, and let idiots die in their own way." I went to my own house, and set myself to work to finish the medal, which I had already commenced, of the head of Pope Clemente, which I made with a reverse representing a (figure of) *Peace*.<sup>2</sup> This was a small woman's figure clad in thinnest garments girded up, with a small torch in her hand, with which she was setting fire to a pile of weapons bound together in the form of a trophy; and there was visible part of a temple, in the which was displayed Fury bound with many chains, and around

<sup>1</sup> CARPANI informs us that this Pecci subsequently entered the service of Catherine de Medicis, and, having in 1551 schemed to transfer Siena from the Spaniards to the French, was declared a rebel.

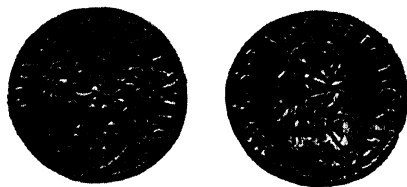
<sup>2</sup> A reputation for stupidity is enjoyed by the Sienese even at the present day. DANTE (*Inferno*, XXIX) calls them *gente rana* ("empty folk"); and Messer Maco in the *Cortigiana* of ARETINO will always remain their prototype.

<sup>3</sup> This medal was struck to commemorate the Peace in Christendom between 1530 and 1536.



MEDAL MADE FOR POPE CLEMENT VII

(With two varieties of Reverse, 1534)



GOLD SCUDO MADE FOR POPE PAUL III (1534)

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it was a lettered motto, which ran: *Claulduntur Belli Portae*. Whilst I was finishing the said medal the man whom I had struck was cured, and the Pope never left off asking for me: and since I avoided going near the Cardinal de' Medici, because it chanced that on all the occasions that I came into his presence His Lordship gave me some work of importance to carry out, by which means he hindered very much the completion of my medal, it happened that Misser Pier Carnesechi,<sup>1</sup> who was very greatly in favour with the Pope, took the pains to occupy himself about me: so in a diplomatic manner he told me how much the Pope desired that I should serve him. To whom I said that "in a few days I will demonstrate to His Holiness that I have never abandoned his service." A few days after, having completed my medal, I stamped (examples of) it in gold, silver, and copper. Having exhibited it to Misser Pietro, he immediately introduced me to the Pope. It was after dinner one day in the month of April, and it was fine weather: the Pope was in the Belvedere. When I arrived in the presence of His Holiness, I put into his hand the medals together with the steel dies. Taking them and recognizing immediately the great artistic power

<sup>1</sup> Pietro Carnesechi, a Florentine noble, Secretary to Clement VII, was a favourite of princes and much esteemed in his day for his sagacity, exquisite courtesy, and literary taste, as is proved by the writings of MURETO, BONFADIO, FLAMINIO, and others. Having contracted a friendship with Giovanni Valdes, a Spanish Protestant, who had taken refuge in Naples, and with Melancthon, he embraced their teachings; and after having been impeached many times, and finally condemned for contumacy by the Inquisition, Duke Cosimo gave him up to Pius V. He was beheaded in Rome and his body burnt as an impenitent heretic on October 3rd 1567.

that there was in them, he looked Misser Piero in the face, and said: "The ancients were never so well served in the way of medals." Whilst he and the others were examining now the dies and now the medals, I most modestly began to speak, and I said: "If the influence of my perverse planets had not met with a greater power that has hindered that which they were in the act of violently displaying against me, Your Holiness, without your fault or mine, would have lost one of his faithful and loving servants. However, Most Blessed Father, there is no mistake in these cases, where one risks everything (*dove si fa del resto*<sup>1</sup>), to employ that method to which certain poor simple men allude, when they say that one must mark off seven and cut off one.<sup>2</sup> Because a villainous lying tongue of one of my worst adversaries so easily aroused the anger of Your Holiness that you were provoked to so great a fury as to commission the Governor that he should immediately arrest and hang me; afterwards having seen the untowardness of such an act, doing (thereby) so great a wrong to your own self, by depriving yourself of one of your servants (for Your Holiness yourself says that he is one), I think most certainly that, as regards God and as regards the world, Your Holiness would then have had no small a remorse. However, good and virtuous fathers, likewise masters of the same kind, upon their sons and their servants ought

<sup>1</sup> An expression taken from a game and applied to human life.

<sup>2</sup> Another proverbial usage, signifying that it is necessary to reflect carefully on the consequences before taking a resolution, especially when under the influence of anger and indignation; because when once accomplished there is no going back. Like the tailor or the stonemason, who first mark out the design of their work seven times before proceeding to cut it out.

not to let their arm fall so precipitately; for it may chance that their regret may subsequently serve to no purpose. Since that God has hindered this malign course of the stars, and preserved me to Your Holiness, I pray you another time not to be so easily inflamed against me." The Pope stopped in his examination of the medals, and with close attention bent to listen to me; and because there were in the presence many lords of highest rank, the Pope, colouring somewhat, showed signs of being ashamed, and not knowing any other way of getting out of that confusion, said that he did not remember ever having given such an order. Then I perceiving this, entered upon other subjects of conversation, in order that I might divert (attention) from that confusion which he had exhibited. His Holiness having again entered into discussion about the medals, asked me how I had managed to stamp them so wonderfully, seeing that they were so large; that he had never seen any antique medals of so large a size. Upon that point we discussed a bit, and he being afraid lest I should read him another little lecture worse than the previous one, told me that the medals were most beautiful, and that they were most acceptable to him, and that he would like me to make another reverse according to his fancy, if such a medal could be struck with two reverse sides. I said, "Yes!" Thereupon His Holiness commissioned me that I should represent the scene of *Moses when he struck the rock so that water came out*, with a motto above, which said: "*Ut biba(t) populus.*" And then he added: "Go! Benvenuto, for you will scarcely have completed it ere I shall have given thought to your prospects." When I was gone away the Pope boasted in the presence of all that he would give me



so much that I should be able to live richly without ever labouring any more for other people. I attended with care to the completion of the reverse of *Moses*.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* CELLINI (Chapter XV) speaks again of this medal with the two reverses, of which the punches and dies are preserved in the Museo Nazionale in the Bargello at Florence. It bears on the obverse the Bust of the Pope turned to the left, with the inscription: CLEMENS . VII . PONT . MAX . AN . XI . MDXXXIII. On the first reverse is symbolized *Peace*, according to the description that CELLINI himself gives of it, with the motto CLAUDVNTUR . BELLI . PORTAE . and BENVENVTVS . F .

The other reverse is thus described by BENVENUTO in the same *Treatise*: "And on the other side I made a reverse representing when *Moses was in the desert with his tribes, and when they lacked water God succoured them, directing that Aaron the brother of Moses should strike a rock with his staff, from which leapt most abundant springs of water*. And this I fashioned most richly with camels, horses, and many animals very suitable to that multitude of people, with a little inscription of letters across it, which said: UT . BIBAT . POPULUS." A subject allusive of the celebrated "Pozzo di San Patrizio," constructed at Orvieto by Antonio da Sangallo, in accordance with the commands of Clement VII, when he resided in that city in 1528.

The diameter of the medal is thirty-nine millimetres.

## CHAPTER XV

(1534-1535)

Death of Pope Clement VII.—Cellini is insulted by Pompeo the goldsmith and kills him at the corner of the *Chiavica* in Rome.—He is protected by his friends and by Cardinals Cornaro and Medici.—Paul III desires him to undertake his coinage and provides him with a safe conduct from the consequences of the murder of Pompeo.—He makes *scudi* adorned with the design of the *Vas Electionis*.—Persecuted by Pier Luigi Farnese and his other enemies, Cellini receives warning from one of his intended assassins, and, realizing that his life is in serious danger, escapes to Florence.

AT this juncture the Pope fell ill; and the physicians being of opinion that the illness was likely to prove fatal, that adversary of mine<sup>1</sup> being afraid of me, commissioned certain Neapolitan soldiers that they should do to me what he was afraid that I should do to him. Therefore I had much trouble in protecting my poor life. Continuing (my labours) I completed the reverse entirely: when I carried it to the Pope I found him in bed in the very worst state of health. In spite of all this he paid me great compliments, and wished to see the medals and the dies: but though he directed them to give him his spectacles and lights in no way could he distinguish anything. He set himself to fumble them

*I.e., Pompeo.*

somewhat with his finger; then when he had done so for a little while he heaved a deep sigh, and said to certain people that he was very sorry on my account, but that if God restored him to health he would put everything right. Three days afterwards the Pope died,<sup>1</sup> and though I found that I had lost my labour, I took good heart, and said to myself that by means of those medals I had made myself so well known, that by any Pope that succeeded I should be employed with perhaps better luck. Thus I put good heart into myself, wiping out entirely (*in tutto e per tutto*) the great injuries that Pompeo had done me; and putting on all my armour,<sup>2</sup> I went to Sanpiero and kissed the feet of the dead Pope, not without tears. Then I returned to the Banks to reflect upon the great confusion that happens on such occasions. And whilst I was sitting at the Banks with many of my friends, Pompeo chanced to pass by in the midst of ten very well-armed men; and when he was directly opposite to where I was, he stopped, somewhat as if he wanted a quarrel with me. Those who were with me, brave and eager young men, were making signals to me that I ought to take it up, upon which I immediately considered that if I drew my sword some very serious injury would follow for those who had no fault at all in the matter; wherefore I judged that it would be better that I alone should put my life in jeopardy. When Pompeo had stood there the length of two Ave Marias<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Clement VII died on September 25th 1534.

<sup>2</sup> *In dosso e accanto*. Lit., "on my back and at my side," *i.e.*, "defensive and offensive armour."

<sup>3</sup> *Del dir dua avemarie*. Lit., "the time required in which to repeat two *Hail Marys*."

he laughed with derision in my direction; and when he had moved on those friends of his also laughed, tossing their heads; and with similar acts they displayed much insolence. Those comrades of mine wanted to take up the quarrel; to whom I angrily said that I was a man who knew how to carry out my own disputes, that I had no need of abler fighters than myself; so that each of them should go about his own business. Those friends of mine in indignation departed from me grumbling. Among them was my dearest friend, who bore the name of Albertaccio del Bene,<sup>1</sup> own brother to Alessandro and Albizo (who is to-day in Lyons extremely wealthy). This Albertaccio was the most admirable youth that I ever knew, and the most spirited, and loved me as much as his own self; and since he knew well that that act of self-restraint was not due to meanness of soul, but to the most daring bravery (for he knew me extremely well), in reply to my words he begged me, that I would do him so great a favour as to call upon him in everything that I had it in my mind to do. I said to him: "Albertaccio mine, dearest to me above all the others, a time will very soon come when you will be able to give me your assistance; but in this case, if you

<sup>1</sup> This Alberto del Bene, brother of the Alessandro to whom we have already had several allusions (*cf.* Chap. VII, p. 129, n. 2), was an elegant writer (see a Letter written to him by BEMBO published in the *Lettere Pittoriche* (*ed. Silvestri*, 1822, Vol. V, p. 192), and dated June 27th 1542) and very intelligent in matters connected with the Fine Arts. CELLINI again speaks of him as "my very dear friend" in a letter to Benedetto Varchi dated September 9th 1536, and in the *Trattati*, etc. (*ed. cit.*, p. 267). He perished in a skirmish which occurred near Marciano in 1554, between Pietro Strozzi and the Marchese di Marignano, known as the "Battle of Scannagallo," in which Strozzi was defeated. *Cf.* ADRIANI, *Ist. dei suoi tempi*.

love me, pay no attention to me, and go about your own business, and take yourself off quickly as the others have done, for there is no time to lose." These words were spoken hurriedly. In the meanwhile my enemies of the Banks were gone away at a slow pace towards the *Chiavica*<sup>1</sup> (a place called thus), and had reached a junction of streets which ran in different directions; but that (street) wherein was the house of my enemy Pompeo was the street which leads straight to the Campo di Fiore; and for some purpose the said Pompeo had entered into that druggist's shop which stands at the corner of the Chiavica, and he stayed with that said druggist some little time over some business of his; though I was told that he was boasting of that insult which it seemed to him that he had done me; but in every way that was indeed his ill-luck: because when I arrived at that corner, he was just coming out of the druggist's, and those ruffians of his had separated, and had just received him into their midst. Drawing a little sharp dagger, and forcing the rank of his ruffians, I laid my hands upon his breast with such quickness and coolness of spirit, that none of the said men were able to prevent me. As I aimed to strike him in the face, the fear that he experienced made him turn his countenance away, wherefore I caught him exactly under the ear; and there I struck him two blows only, for at the second he fell dead by my hand, which was never my intention; but as they say, "Blows are not struck according to bargains."<sup>2</sup> Withdrawing the dagger with my left hand, with my right I drew out my sword in defence of my life,

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, "the Sewer": corresponding to the Latin *Cloaca*.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, "You can't stop to measure the force of a blow."

whereupon all those ruffians ran to the dead body, and made no attack upon me; so I withdrew myself alone along the Strada Julia, thinking where I could take refuge.<sup>1</sup> When I had gone three hundred paces, there joined me Piloto,<sup>2</sup> the goldsmith, my very great friend, who said to me: "Brother, since the mischief's done, let us see about your safety." To whom I replied: "Let us go to the house of Albertaccio del Bene, for to him a little while ago I said that the time would soon come that I should have need of him." When we reached the house of Albertaccio, his kindnesses were unbounded; and soon there appeared the flower of the youths of the Banks of all nationalities, except the Milanese; and all of them offered to lay down their lives for the safety of mine. Misser Luigi Rucellai<sup>3</sup> besides sent to offer me

<sup>1</sup> This assassination took place on September 26th 1534, exactly *apud Clavicam Sancte Lucie*, as we read in the document of October 8th following, which is published in full by BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 253 *e segg.*) and by PLON (*op. cit.*, pp. 28 *e segg.*): and which contains the preliminary investigations made by the Treasury *contra Benvenutum Aurificem*; investigations not continued because *habet salvaconductum Camerarii et domini Gubernatoris*, procured for him immediately, whether by Cardinal Cornaro or Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici we do not know.

Although CELLINI takes so much trouble to maintain the contrary, it is difficult for him ever to convince anyone with the smallest knowledge of the history of the periods during which vacancies occurred in the Holy See in past centuries, that he slew his enemy without any sort of premeditation, within twenty-four hours of the Pope's decease. For it is well known that a general amnesty accompanied the nomination of every new Pope.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chap. VI, p. 117, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Luigi di Cardinale Rucellai (born in 1495), who, after the Fall of the Florentine Republic, disdaining to live in slavery, retired to Rome, where he died in 1549. He married Dianora di Pandolfo della Casa, sister and he res to Monsignor Giovanni Della Casa,

in a splendid manner the use of his possessions, and many other men of position like him; because they all with one accord blessed my hands, for it seemed to them that that man had put upon me too much, and they marvelled much that I had borne it so long. At that moment Cardinal Cornaro,<sup>1</sup> having learnt the circumstance, sent on his own account thirty soldiers, with as many great halberds, pikes and arquebuses, to escort me to his lodging with all proper respect; and I accepted the offer, went with them, and more than as many of those said young men kept me company. At this juncture that Misser Traiano, his relative,<sup>2</sup> first chamberlain to the Pope, being informed (of the facts), sent to Cardinal de' Medici a Milanese nobleman of rank, to tell the Cardinal of the great crime that I had committed, and that his most reverend lordship was under obligation to punish me. The Cardinal immediately answered and said: "He would have committed a great crime not to have committed this lesser

author of the *Galatea* (cf. PASSERINI *Genealogia e storia della famiglia Rucellai*, Firenze, 1861).

<sup>1</sup> Francesco, brother of Cardinal Marco Cornaro, mentioned above in Chap. IV, p. 84, n. 3. He was (TASSI tells us) originally trained as a soldier and, visiting Jerusalem, had several sharp encounters with the Infidel. Returning to Venice, he was sent in the name of the Republic on missions to Spain, Germany and Belgium. Appointed Cardinal in 1528,—when not even in Holy Orders,—Clement VII summoned him to Rome and conferred upon him the Bishopric of Brescia in 1531, which a year later he resigned to his nephew Andrea (also created a cardinal in 1544). He died at Viterbo in 1543 at the age of sixty-five (cf. CIACCONIO, Vol. III, p. 500).

<sup>2</sup> Traiano Alicorni, relative to the dead Pompeo. Cf. Chap. IX, p. 175, n. 1.

one. Thank Misser Traiano on my behalf, that he has informed me of that which I did not know." And turning suddenly he said, in the presence of the said nobleman, to the Bishop of Frulli,<sup>1</sup> his own gentleman in waiting and personal attendant: "Seek diligently for my Benvenuto and bring him here to me, for I wish to assist and protect him; and whoever does anything against him will do it against me also." The nobleman, colouring deeply, departed, and the Bishop of Frulli came to look for me at the house of Cardinal Cornaro; and, finding the Cardinal, he told him that Cardinal de' Medici had sent for Benvenuto, and that he wanted to be the person to protect him. This Cardinal Cornaro, who was as touchy as a bear cub, replied very angrily to the Bishop, saying that he was as fitted to protect me as Cardinal de' Medici. Upon this the Bishop said that, as a favour, would he allow him facilities to speak one word (with me) independent of that matter, regarding other concerns of the Cardinal. Cornaro said for that day he must reckon as having already talked with me. Cardinal de' Medici

<sup>1</sup> Frulli, *i.e.*, Forli. The Bishop of Forli at this period was Bernardo di Michelozzo Michelozzi, adopted by Leo X into the Medici family. VARCHI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Lib. III, c. XI) speaks of him as a "faithful, liberal and very obliging and obedient person." The high esteem in which he was held, by reason of these qualities, caused him to be employed in various important posts and embassies by Popes Leo X, Clement VII and Paul III. Cosimo I sent him to the Court of France to offer congratulations to Francis I on conclusion of the Peace between that monarch and the Emperor Charles V, upon which occasion he so attracted the good-will of the latter, that he secured for him the See of Forli from Julius III. On resigning that Bishopric he was translated to Cassano, and died at a very advanced age. Cf. AMMIRATO *ed. cit.*, Lib. XXXII, XXXIII.



was very indignant, but the very next night, without the knowledge of Cornaro, I went with a very good escort to visit him; I begged him then that he would do me so great a kindness as to leave me in the house of the said Cornaro, and I told him of the great courtesy that Cornaro had shown to me; wherefore that, if His Most Reverend Lordship would let me stay with the said Cornaro, I should have a friend the more in my necessities; or that, however, he might dispose of me in any way that was pleasing to His Lordship; who replied that I might do whatever seemed good to me. Having returned to Cornaro's house, a few days later Cardinal Farnese was made Pope,<sup>1</sup> and directly he had issued his commands on matters of the greatest moment, the Pope afterwards asked for me, saying that he did not want any one else but me to strike his coins. To these remarks there responded to His Holiness a certain nobleman, his most intimate acquaintance, who was called Misser Latino Juvinale:<sup>2</sup> he said that I was a fugitive on

<sup>1</sup> Alessandro Farnese, elected to the Chair of St. Peter, October 12th 1534, and crowned November 7th under the name of Paul III. His election was accomplished without written votes (an event which had not occurred for a very long time previously), the cardinals following the advice of Pope Clement VII, who, as death was approaching, had recommended to them such a choice as his successor.

<sup>2</sup> Latino Giovenale de' Manetti, a Roman (born in 1486), Canon of St. Peter's, and in 1534 nominated by Paul III Treasurer of Piacenza, and subsequently Commissary-General of the Antiquities of the City of Rome. A brilliant scholar and an intelligent admirer of the Fine Arts, he was selected to accompany the Emperor Charles V when visiting the ancient monuments thus placed under his charge. He was a poet of some distinction both in Latin and in his native tongue, and was a friend and correspondent of all the

account of a homicide committed on the person of a Milanese named Pompeo, and he added all the arguments on my behalf in a very favourable light. At which statements the Pope said: "I did not know of the death of Pompeo, but I know very well the arguments on Benvenuto's side, therefore make out immediately an order of safe-conduct<sup>1</sup> for him, with which he may be most secure." There was in the presence a great friend of that Pompeo, and a man very intimate with the Pope, who was called Misser Anbrugio,<sup>2</sup> and was a Milanese; and he said to the Pope: "In these first days of your Papacy it will not be a good thing for you to confer pardons of this kind." Upon which the Pope turning upon him, said to him: "You do not know the case as

principal writers of his time, especially of BEMBO, BERNI, BIBBIENA, CASTIGLIONE and TRISSINO (*cf.* MARINI, *Degli Archiatri pontifici*, Roma, 1784, Vol. I, pp. 384-5, n.). He filled many important posts in Rome and at other Courts, and would have obtained even higher ones had he been willing to take the vow of celibacy. He died in 1553 at the age of sixty-seven.

<sup>1</sup> Regarding this safe-conduct obtained by Cellini through the influence of Latino Giovenale from Paul III, during the first days of his pontificate (October 10th 1534), when the Treasury investigations had already been two days in progress, *cf.* BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, 289, and see also FRANCESCO CERASOLI, *op. cit.*, p. 373.

<sup>2</sup> Ambrogio Recalcatti, Prothonotary Apostolic, Provost of Bruzzano, Canon of Sant' Ambrogio at Milan, and first Secretary to Paul III, by whom he was sent, in company with Cardinals Trivulzio and Caracciolo, to arrange a reconciliation between Charles V and Francis I. VARCHI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Lib. XVI, c. 11) tells us that by his venality and abuse of pontifical favour he fell into disgrace, and was immured in the Castel Sant' Angelo; whence "having lost justly as much as he had acquired unjustly, and having become demented, he was released from prison and went, some say to his own house to live in obscurity, and some to become a hermit out of despair."

well as I do. Know then that men like Benvenuto, unique in their profession, ought not to be bound by the law; but much more so in his case, for I know how much reason he has." And directing the safe-conduct to be made for me, I immediately entered upon his service with the greatest attention.<sup>1</sup> That said Misser Latino Juvinale came to look for me, and commissioned me that I should make the Pope's coins. By the which circumstance all those enemies of mine woke up; they began to hinder me

The original order of safe-conduct—which confirms CELLINI'S account—was found by FRANCESCO CERASOLI in the *Archivio segreto* at the Vatican (*Diversorum Cameralium Clementis VII*, l. 19, c. 217, t.) and was published in the *Arch. sior. dell' Arte*, Anno VII, Fasc. V, Sett.-Ott. 1894, p. 373. BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 289) subsequently found various other documents dealing with this assassination which afford us further information forgotten, or purposely withheld, by CELLINI himself. In the first place, Monsignor Giovanni Gaddi interposed with a view to making peace between our hero and Lodovico de' Capitaneis, brother of the murdered man: a peace which was eventually concluded by a deed, dated October 17th 1534, executed in the house of Monsignor Gaddi himself (who promises on behalf of Cellini, then absent) by Pier Paolo Attavanti, notary to the Apostolic Treasury, *presentibus domino Georgio de Raphaelis de Ferrara et Carolo de Palonibus cive romano*. In this document it is stated that *Lodovico, sponte, gratis, et amore Dei, nec non intuitu reverendi p. domini Joannis de Gaddis, camere apostolice clerici, dedit ac fecit pacem et generalem remissionem dicti homicidii, et omnium iniuriarum*, etc. In the second place we learn that the said Lodovico was nominated Assayer to the Mint in the place of his dead brother, by a Brief dated November 28th 1534, and began to draw his monthly salary on January 13th in the following year. He renounced this post on November 4th 1551 in favour of a Genoese ecclesiastic, named Giovanni Cimino. It is probable that both this post and a loan of the 600 *scudi* necessary in order to take it up were procured by Monsignor Gaddi as recompense for Lodovico's consent to the proposed treaty of peace.

so that I should not carry out this commission. At which the Pope perceiving such an attempt, scolded them all, and desired that I should execute it. I began to fashion the dies for the *scudi*, upon which I made a half figure of St. Paul (*sanpagolo*), with a lettered inscription which ran: *Vas electionis*.<sup>1</sup> This coin gave much more satisfaction than the (coins) made by those who were in competition with me. In such a way that the Pope said that the others need talk no more about the coins, because he desired that I should make them and no one else. So I boldly applied myself to work; and that Misser Latino Juvinale presented me to the Pope, because the Pope had given him this duty. I was desirous of recovering the *motu-proprio* of the office of die-stamper at the Mint.<sup>2</sup> On this point the Pope allowed himself to take advice, saying that first it was necessary that I should receive pardon for the homicide, which I should have during the octave of St. Mary of August (*per le sante Marie di agosto*)<sup>3</sup> by commission of the *Caporioni* of Rome;

<sup>1</sup> On the obverse of this coin is the coat-of-arms of the Farnese family, with the inscription "PAULUS. III. PONT. MAX."; on the reverse a full-length figure of St Paul (*not* as CELLINI says "a half-length") with the inscription: "S. PAULUS. VAS. ELECTIONIS", in allusion to the fact that the Farnese Pope was elected by *general consent*, and not by the usual method of written votes. See PLON, *op. cit.* (Pl. XI, n. 6). The diameter of this coin is twenty-nine millimetres.

<sup>2</sup> GUASTI states that this post was never taken from Cellini. Among the *Diversorum Cameral. Clementis VII et Pauli III* CERASOLI found an order of payment in favour of Benvenuto Cellini, *impressoris zecchae*, dated January 5th 1535.

<sup>3</sup> The Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, held on August 15th. BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 256-7) informs us that a great number of the confraternities in Rome had obtained

for thus it is customary every year upon this solemn feast to bestow upon these *Caporioni* twelve outlaws; meantime another safe-conduct<sup>1</sup> would be made out for me, under which I could rest secure up to that said time. When these enemies of mine saw that they could not by any means hinder me at the Mint, they tried another expedient. The dead Pompeo having left three thousand ducats dowry to a young bastard daughter of his, they arranged that a certain favourite of the lord Pier Luigi,<sup>2</sup>

the privilege of procuring the pardon of a condemned criminal. Cellini was reprieved by the Confraternity of the Butchers, founded at the beginning of the century by Hadrian VI, and abolished in 1552 by Julius II, on account of the disorders committed by its members at this very festival.

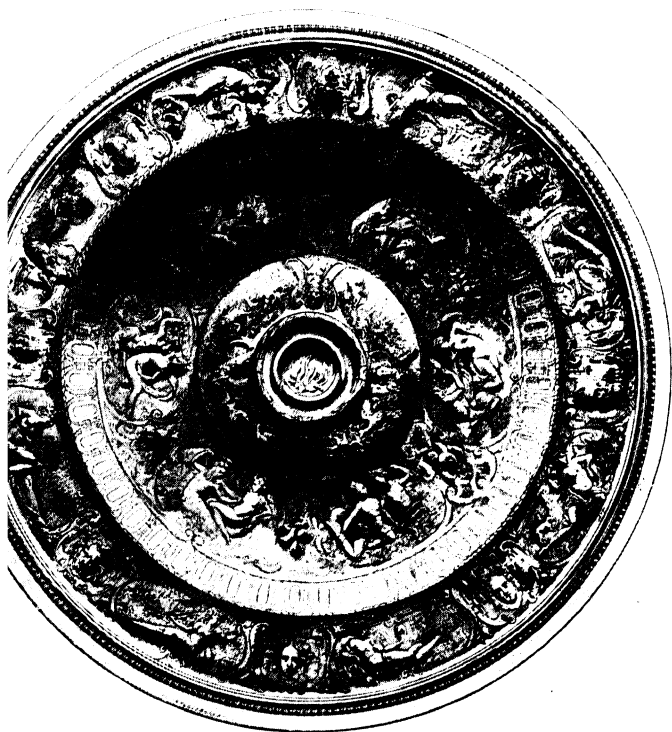
<sup>1</sup> CELLINI speaks of this document further on as an extended safe-conduct (*amplio salvacondotto*). It was sent to him in Florence where he was awaiting the Feast of St. Mary of August. It bears date March 20th 1535, and was valid for six months.

<sup>2</sup> Pier Luigi Farnese, natural son of Paul III, passionately beloved and raised to high honour and power by his father. Gonfalonier of the Church, Duke of Nepi and Castro, Marquess of Novara, and (in 1545) Duke of Parma and Piacenza, the only value that he set upon these high honours and power was that they enabled him to commit greater cruelties and more shameful crimes; so that he fully deserved his assassination at the hands of his own courtiers in September 1547. Cf. VARCHI, *op. cit.*, Lib. XVI; SEGNI, *Istor. fior.*, ediz. GARGANI, Libb. XI and XII; AFFO, *Vita di P. L. Farnese*; and G. GOSELLINI, *Congiura di Piacenza contro Pier Luigi Farnese*, Firenze, 1864.

From the Will of Pompeo de' Capitaneis (see Chapter IX, p. 174, n. 2), we learn that he married a certain Lucrezia (a Greek, according to the *Censimento* of ARMELLINI) and had by her a daughter, Claudia, to whom he bequeathed 600 *scudi* of dowry, exactly equivalent to the three thousand ducats mentioned by CELLINI. But why does CELLINI speak of her as a *bastard* daughter?

the Pope's son, should ask for her as his wife through the medium of the said lord; and thus it came about. This said favourite was a country lad, brought up by the said lord, and, from what they say, but little of that money reached him, for the said lord laid his hands upon it and wanted to use it himself. But since the husband of this girl many times, to please his wife, had besought the said lord that he would have me arrested, which the said lord had promised to do when he should see that the favour which I enjoyed with the Pope had somewhat diminished; and matters remaining in this condition for about two months, when that servitor of his sought to recover his (wife's) dowry, the lord did not respond accordingly, although he let the wife understand that in any event she should have vengeance for the death of her father. Although I knew something of this, I presented myself many times to the said lord, who made a show of conferring upon me the greatest favours. On the other hand he had arranged one of two courses, either to cause me to be murdered, or to have me arrested by the Bargello. He commissioned a certain little devil of a Corsican soldier of his that he should make as neat a job of it as he could; and those other enemies of mine, especially Misser Traiano, had promised to make a present of one hundred *scudi* to this little Corsican, who said that he would do it as easily as sucking a fresh egg. I, when I heard of this matter, went about with my eyes open, and with a good escort, and very well armed with a coat of mail and gauntlets, for I had obtained such permission. This said little Corsican, thinking out of greed to earn all that money without risk, believed that he could carry out such a business by himself alone; inasmuch

that one day after dinner he caused me to be summoned on behalf of the lord Pier Luigi; whereupon I immediately went, since the lord had spoken to me of his desire for making some large silver vases. Leaving my house in haste with, however, my accustomed armour, I went quickly along the Strada Julia, thinking that I should find no one about at that hour. When I reached the other end of the Strada Julia to turn to the Farnese Palace, since it is my habit to turn the corners widely (*i.e.*, at a wide angle), I saw this little Corsican, already referred to, rise from a seat and come out into the middle of the street: so that I did not disturb myself, but stood in readiness to defend myself; and slackening my pace somewhat, I drew near to the wall to give a wide passage to the said little Corsican. Whereupon, he having drawn himself near to the wall, when we presently came well up to each other, I recognized directly by his gestures that he had a wish to do me some mischief, and that seeing me alone in this way he thought that the matter would result in his favour. Wherefore I began to speak to him and said: "Brave warrior, if it had been night you could say that you had mistaken me, but since it is daylight you know very well who I am, that I am one who has never had anything to do with you, and has never done you any injury, but that I shall be well able to do you a service." At these words, in a bullying fashion, without removing himself out of my way, he told me that he did not know what I was talking about. Whereupon I said: "I know very well what you want, and what you are saying to me; but that business that you have undertaken to do is more difficult and dangerous than you think, and could perhaps lead in the opposite direction; and re-



SILVER DISH

Collection of Barone Pepoli, Trapani, Sicily

*[To face page 284, vol. 1]*





member that you have to deal with a man who would defend himself against a hundred men; and that this is not an undertaking to be admired by brave men, such as you are." Meanwhile I still stood in an attitude of defence (*cagniesco*), whilst both of us changed colour. Meantime people had appeared, who had already recognized that our words were warlike ones: for he, not having sufficient courage to lay hands upon me, said: "Another time we shall meet again." To which I replied: "I shall always meet again men of worth, together with those who bear a resemblance to such." Departing, I proceeded to the house of the lord Pier Luigi, who had not sent for me at all. Returning to my workshop, the said little Corsican let me know through one of his greatest friends and mine, that I need not be on my guard against him any more, for he wished to be a good brother (in arms) to me; but that I must keep a good look out with regard to the others, for I was in very great danger; for men of great influence had sworn to compass my death. Sending to thank him, I guarded myself in the best way I could. Not many days later I was informed by a great friend of mine that the lord Pier Luigi had issued an express commission that I was to be arrested that evening. This was told to me at twenty of the clock, wherefore I talked it over with some of my friends, who advised me that I should immediately depart. And because the order was given for the first hour of the night, at twenty-three I mounted into the post (waggon) and hied me to Florence; for since that little Corsican had not had the courage to carry out the undertaking that he had promised, the lord Pier Luigi on his own personal authority had given orders that I should be arrested, merely to appease a little that

daughter of Pompeo's, who wanted to know where her dowry was. Not being able to satisfy her revenge by either of the two methods that he had planned, he thought of another, of which we will speak in its proper place.

## CHAPTER XVI

(1535)

From Florence Cellini, in company with the sculptor Tribolo, proceeds to Venice.—At Ferrara he has an encounter with the Florentine exiles and answers their insults with his sword.—On the way to Venice he is again molested by a Florentine named Magalotti, and defends himself from his attacks.—At Venice he visits the sculptor Sansovino.—On the way back to Florence he has an altercation with an inn-keeper, and takes somewhat too ample a revenge.—Arriving in Florence he fashions coins and other works of art for Duke Alessandro de' Medici.—Receives annoyance from Ottaviano de' Medici.—Recalled by the Pope, Cellini returns to Rome against the will of the Duke, for whom, however, he promises to make a medal, bearing on its reverse a device invented by Lorenzino de' Medici.

I ARRIVED in Florence, and I had an audience with the Duke Lessandro, who gave me a wonderful reception and sought that I should remain with him. And because there was in Florence a certain sculptor called Tribolino,<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Niccolò di Raffaello, a Florentine sculptor and architect. According to some authorities he sprang from the family of *Braccini*, according to others of *Pericoli*. VARCHI (*op. cit.*) frequently alludes to the Florentine custom of affixing nicknames, and it would appear that the nickname of *Tribolo* was applied to this artist at so early an age, and clung to him so firmly, that any other name that he may have had became lost. We learn from VASARI that it arose "because he was always teasing and worrying himself and others" (*che sempre travagliava e tribolava sè e gli altri*). In any case the nickname became so well established an appellation that

and he was a gossip of mine, since I had stood god-father to a son of his;<sup>1</sup> whilst talking with him, he told me that one Jacopo del Sansovino,<sup>2</sup> who had once been his first master, had sent to summon him; and because he had never seen Venice (*Vinetia*), and for the profit that he expected (to make out) of it, he was going thither very willingly. And when he asked me if I had ever seen Venice, I replied, "No!" Whereupon he begged me that I would go with him for pleasure (*aspasso*); to which I agreed. I therefore replied to Duke Lessandro that I wished first to go as far as Venice; after which I would return willingly to his service; and he desired me to promise this, and commanded me that before I departed I would come and talk to him. The next day after I had got myself in readiness, I went to take my permit from the Duke, whom I found in the Palazzo de'

his children were known as *Tribolini*. He was a pupil of both Nanni Unghero and of Jacopo Sansovino. In 1529 he made a plan of the City of Florence in relief for Pope Clement VII; and amongst his finest works is the mosaic pavement of the Laurentian Library in that city. Cf. VASARI, *ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. I, p. 201 and Vol. VI, pp. 55-99. According to the *Libri dei Battezzati* he was born in 1500. He died on September 7th 1550.

<sup>1</sup> This child was named "Raffaello," but he did not pursue his father's profession.

<sup>2</sup> Jacopo Tutti, called "Jacopo del Sansovino," or simply "Sansovino," from the circumstance of his having been the pupil of Andrea Contucci of Monte Sansovino. Brought to Rome by Giuliano di San Gallo he fled thence to Venice at the time of the Sack, and being appointed architect of the Procuratie gave little further attention to sculpture. He held this post with such ability that the Procurators of St. Mark esteemed him very highly. He was born on July 3rd 1486, and died on November 27th 1570. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, *ed.* MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 485 *e segg.* and *passim*.

Pazi, in which at the time were lodging the wife and daughters of the lord Lorenzo Cibo.<sup>1</sup> Having let His Excellency know that I wanted, with his kind permission, to go to Venice, there returned with his reply Cosimino de' Medici<sup>2</sup> (to-day Duke of Florence), who told me that I must go and find Nicholò da Monte Aguto,<sup>3</sup> and that he would give me fifty gold *scudi*, which money His Excellency the Duke was presenting to me out of his affection, that I might the better enjoy myself, and afterwards I must return to serve him. I received the money from Nicholò, and I went home for Tribolo, who was all ready; and he asked whether I had packed up my sword. I answered him that whoever went mounted upon a journey ought not to pack up his sword. He said that in Florence it was customary to do so,

<sup>1</sup> Brother of Giambattista Cibo, Archbishop of Marseilles and Cardinal, Lorenzo Cibo was Marquess of Massa and held a high reputation in arms. He served the Church in the Milanese War of 1526, took part in the defence of Bologna during the imprisonment of Clement VII, and died in 1549, having been then but recently appointed Captain-General of the Pontifical troops. VARCHI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Lib. XIV) tells us that in 1535, being suspicious of the assiduous attentions paid by the Duke Alessandro de' Medici to his wife, Ricciarda Malaspina (then residing in Florence with her brother-in-law, the Cardinal-Archbishop), he entered into conspiracy with Cardinal de' Medici against that prince. The plot was discovered, and being thrown into prison he languished in confinement until the arrival of the Emperor Charles V.

<sup>2</sup> Until his accession to power Cosimo de' Medici was always known by the diminutive *Cosimino*, although in the MS. of the *Autobiography* the text has been changed by some unknown hand to *Cosimo*.

<sup>3</sup> This Niccolò da Monte Aguto is frequently mentioned by our author as one of his great friends. He was very intimate with the Duke Alessandro, and was in high favour at his Court,

because there was a certain Ser Maurizio,<sup>1</sup> who for the very slightest thing (*ogni picchola cosa*) would give the rope's-end to San Giovanbatista himself; it was therefore needful to carry our swords packed up until we were outside the city-gate. I laughed at this, and thus we set out. We joined company with the courier to Venice, who was called by the surname of Lamentone.<sup>2</sup> We went on in company with him, and having passed Bologna one evening amongst the rest we arrived at Ferrara; and there when lodged at the inn in the Piazza, the said Lamentone went to find some of the exiles, to carry them letters and messages on behalf of their wives; for it was so arranged with the consent of the Duke that the courier alone could speak to them, and no one else, under pain of the same ban<sup>3</sup> that they were under. At this juncture, it being a little after twenty-two of the clock, we went, Tribulo and I, to see the return of the Duke of Ferrara,<sup>4</sup> who had been to Bel fiore to see the

<sup>1</sup> Ser Maurizio da Milano, Chancellor to the Eight. SEGNI, *Ist. fior. ed. cit.*, p. 271, describes him as "a cruel and bestial man, who administered the duties of that office with a high hand and as if he were the ruler of the magistracy instead of serving them in those duties; for without its knowledge he caused men to be arrested and kept in a prison which was confined and prepared specially for further punishment, without any one for a long period of time obtaining any news of them." VARCHI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Lib. XII) says that the very sight of him "struck terror into society (*alla brigata*), nor did any one who by his ill-luck met him in the morning prosper all that day."

<sup>2</sup> In the *Libri dei Salariati* of Duke Cosimo for 1545 this "Lamentone" appears again as the Venice courier. (Cf. TASSI, *op. cit.*)

<sup>3</sup> *Contumacia*, used here to express the consequences arising from contumacy.

<sup>4</sup> This Duke of Ferrara was Ercole II, son of Alfonso I. He

jousting. At (this spectacle of) his return we met many exiles who stared fixedly at us, as if to compel us to speak to them. Tribolo, who was the most timorous man that I ever knew, never left off saying: "Don't look at them, and don't speak to them, if you wish to return to Florence." Thus we waited to see the Duke's return; then we went back to the inn, where we found Lamentone. And when it was nearly one hour of the night, there appeared Nicholò Benintendi,<sup>1</sup> and his brother Piero, and another very old man, who I believe was Jacopo Nardi,<sup>2</sup> along with several other young men; and directly

married Renée of Anjou, daughter of Louis XII of France. Belfiore was a magnificent Ducal villa outside the walls of Ferrara. (Cf. A. A. DEMOLLO, *Marietta de' Ricci*).

<sup>1</sup> Niccolò Benintendi was the husband of Marietta de' Ricci. He had been one of the Eight, and Captain of the Florentine troops in 1529. Leaving Florence, in defiance of the prohibition of the Signoria, from hatred of the Medici, he and his brother Piero were "confined" (in 1530) first "to the city and district of Venice" and later, "to Lecco in Lombardy." Cf. BUSINI, *Lettere a B. Varchi*, ed. MILANESI, pp. 77, 151, 164: (in Letter XV this writer tells us that "these Florentines, followed blindly the opinions of others, whether it might be good or bad."): VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. II, pp. 409-413.

<sup>2</sup> The celebrated historian, who was born in Florence in 1476, and died in exile at Venice on March 11th 1563. He held many high offices under the Republic, but, being fiercely opposed to the Medici, he was banished in 1530 to Leghorn, and since the ban was not revoked, he was constrained to retire to Venice, which city he only left to repair to Naples to present to the Emperor Charles V the complaints of the Florentine exiles against Duke Alessandro; complaints that were repelled by FRANCESCO GUICCIARDINI. (Cf. BUSINI, *Lettere cit.* XXIX<sup>a</sup>, and VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit. passim.*) He is described as a strenuous defender of the liberties of Florence. It is worth observing here that although CELLINI continues to speak of him as a very old man (*vecchione*), when he was at Ferrara,



they came in they each asked the courier after their own families<sup>1</sup> in Florence; Tribolo and I kept apart, so as not to speak to them. After they had conversed a bit with Lamentone, that Nicholò Benintendi said: "I know those two very well; why do they make so much bones<sup>2</sup> about not wishing to speak to us?" Tribolo, however, told me to keep quiet. Lamentone told them that that licence which had been given to him was not extended to us. Benintendi rejoined saying that that was donkey-stuff (*asinità*), calling down plagues<sup>3</sup> upon us and a thousand other pretty things. Whereupon I raised my head with as much self-control as I could and knew, and I said: "Good gentlemen, you can harm us very much, and we are able to gain no advantage from you; and although you have uttered certain words that are not becoming, not even on this account do we wish to be angry with you." That old man Nardi said that I had spoken like a young man of worth as I was. Nicholò Benintendi

he was but fifty-nine years of age; older certainly than his companions, and perhaps also elderly in appearance.

<sup>1</sup> *Brigata*, as used here to describe the "family," seems to have been an expression in common use among Florentines at this period, particularly when speaking to the exiles of those at home, and it includes not merely the family circle, but also the more distant relatives, and even old friends and the domestics. ALESSANDRA MACINGHI NEGLI STROZZI in her letters to her sons in exile (*Lettere di una Gentildonna Fiorentina del secolo XVI ai figliuoli esuli*, pub. by CESARE GUASTI, Firenze, 1877) speaks continually of *la mia brigata*.

<sup>2</sup> *Fanno tante merde*. The student can perhaps translate this coarse expression best for himself. The whole of this episode is full of coarsenesses which, while they add unutterable force to the narrative, will not bear to be represented in even approximate "Billingsgate."

<sup>3</sup> *Cancheri*. Another most unpleasant form of malediction.

thereupon said: "I despise both them and their Duke."<sup>1</sup> I replied that he wronged us, for we had nothing to do with his affairs. That old man Nardi took our part, telling Benintendi that he was wrong: whereat he continued to utter insulting words. For the which reason I told him that I would both say and do things that he would not like; therefore he should mind his own business and leave us alone. He replied again that he despised both the Duke and us, and that we and he were a pack of donkeys (*un monte di asini*). At which words giving him the lie in his throat (*mentitolo per la gola*), I drew out my sword; and the old man who wished to be downstairs first, fell down a few of the steps and they all one upon another on the top of him. For the which reason I bounding forward laid about my sword along the walls with greatest fury, crying out: "I will slay you all;" and I took the greatest care not to do them any harm, which I could too easily have done. At this noise the landlord cried out: Lamentone shouted: "Don't do that;" some of them screamed: "Oh, my head;" others: "Let me get out of this;" it was an indescribable muddle (*bussa*); they seemed a herd of swine: the landlord came with a light; I withdrew upstairs and put up my sword. Lamentone told Nicholò Benintendi that he had done wrong; the landlord said to Nicholò Benintendi: "It is a question of life and death to draw weapons here, and if the Duke knew of these insolences of yours, he would have you hanged by the neck; so that I do not wish to do to you that which you deserve; but

<sup>1</sup> *Io ò in culo*. The actual equivalent of this expression might be overheard even nowadays in the conversation of navvies or dock labourers, but scarcely in polite society.

let me never catch you again in this inn, or woe betide you." The landlord came up to me, and when I wished to excuse myself to him, would not permit me to say anything, telling me that he knew that I had a thousand reasons, and that I must guard myself well from them during my journey. When we had supped there appeared a boatman to transport us to Venice; I asked him if he were willing to give me the boat to myself (*la barca libera*); he was glad to do this, and in such a way we made our bargain. In the morning at an early hour we took our horses to go to the landing-stage, which was I know not how few miles distant from Ferrara; and when we reached the landing-stage we found the brother of Nicholò Benintendi with three other companions, who were waiting until I came up; amongst them they had two pikes (*dua pezi di arme in asta*), and I had bought a fine big spear<sup>1</sup> in Ferrara. Being also very well armed, I was not at all terrified, as was Tribolo, who said: "God help us! These people are here to murder us." Lamentone turned to me and said: "The best thing that you can do is to return to Ferrara, for I see that the business is a dangerous one. For mercy's sake, Benvenuto, let the anger of these mad beasts pass." Whereupon I said: "Let's go on, for God helps those who are in the right; and you shall see how I will help myself. Is not that boat engaged for us?" "Yes," said Lamentone. "And we shall be in it without them, as far as my valour can accomplish it." I urged forward my horse, and when I was fifty paces off I dismounted and went boldly forward with my spear. Tribolo stayed behind, and was crouched up on his horse, so that he seemed to be the very cold

<sup>1</sup> *Giannettone* = a very large kind of halberd or lance.

itself; and Lamentone the carrier puffed and blew, so that he seemed to be a gale of wind; for that was his usual way of acting; but he did it more than usual, whilst he remained considering at what end that devil's business would arrive. When I reached the boat the boatman set himself in front of me, and told me that those several Florentine gentlemen were desirous of joining our party in the boat, if I had no objection. To which I replied: "The boat is engaged for us and not for any one else, and it grieves me to the heart not to be able to be with them." At these words a bold youth of the Magalotti (family) said: "Benvenuto, we will arrange so that you will be able to do so." Whereupon I said: "If God and the right that I have, together with my own strength, have any will or power, you will not make it possible for me to do what you say." And as I said these words I leapt into the boat. Turning the point of my weapon towards them I said: "With this I will show that I cannot do it." When that Magalotti, desiring to make a little show-off, drew his weapon and came forward, I jumped up on the edge of the boat, and gave him such a violent thrust, that if he had not fallen backwards to the ground, I should have run him through and through. His other comrades instead of assisting him, retreated backwards, and when I saw that I could kill him, instead of giving him (another blow), I said to him: "Get up, brother, and pick up your arms and begone. You have seen clearly that I cannot do what I do not want to do, and that which I could do I have not wanted to do." Then I summoned into the boat Tribolo and the boatman and Lamentone; thus we proceeded toward Venice. When we were ten miles along the course of the Po, those young men had gone

on board a light vessel<sup>1</sup> and caught us up; and when they came level with us that fool Pier Benintendi said to me: "Come along now, Benvenuto, for we shall see each other again in Venice." "Go forward, for I am coming," said I, "and I permit you to see me again anywhere you like." Thus we reached Venice. I took advice from a brother of Cardinal Cornaro, asking him that he would procure me the favour that I might be able to wear my arms; he told me that I might carry them freely, for the worst thing that could occur to me was to lose my sword. So wearing our weapons, we went to visit Jacopo del Sansovino, the sculptor, who had sent for Tribolo; and to me he displayed great courtesies and wished to give us some dinner, and we remained with him. On speaking with Tribolo he told him that he had no wish for his services at that moment, and that he must come again another time. At these words I burst out laughing, and jokingly said to Sansovino: "Your home is too distant from his if he is to come again another time." Poor Tribolo, in dismay, said: "I have here the letter in which you wrote to me that I was to come." To this Sansovino replied, "that men like himself, of worth and talent, might do that and even greater things." Tribolo shrugged his shoulders and said "Patience" several times. Upon this, paying no attention to the abundant dinner that Sansovino had given to me, I took the part of my comrade Tribolo, who had right on his side. And while at that board Sansovino had never ceased chattering about his great exploits, speaking ill of Michelagnuolo, and of all those who practised that

<sup>1</sup> *Fusoliera*. The Venetian term for "a little vessel of small draught."

same art, praising himself alone exceedingly; this circumstance caused me so much annoyance, that I had not eaten a mouthful that I enjoyed, and I merely uttered these two words: "Oh, Misser Jacopo, men of worth perform the acts of men of worth, and those talented beings who execute beautiful and brilliant works are recognized much better when they are praised by others, than when they are praised so confidently by themselves." At these words he and we rose from the table murmuring.<sup>1</sup> That same day when I was about in Venice, near the Rialto I met Piero Benintendi, who was with a number of people; and when I saw that they were seeking to do me some harm, I retired into a druggist's shop, so that I might let that danger pass by. Subsequently I heard that that young man of the Magalotti family, to whom I had shown courtesy, had scolded them severely; and so that matter passed.

A few days after that we returned towards Florence, and when we were seeking accommodation at a certain place which is on this side of Chioggia on the left-hand side coming towards Ferrara, the inn-keeper wanted to be paid according to his mode (of reckoning) before we went to sleep; and when we told him that in other places it was customary to pay in the morning, he said to us: "I want to be paid in the evening and in my own way."<sup>2</sup> At these words I said that men who wanted to act in their own way must needs make a world after their own way, for in this world it was not customary (to do) so. The inn-keeper retorted that I need not go

<sup>1</sup> *Bofonchiando*. At this point CELLINI himself has taken up the pen, and continued the MS. to "in my own way."

<sup>2</sup> Here the amanuensis returns to his work.

bothering his brains, for he wished to act in that particular way. Tribolo was trembling with fright and nudging me that I should keep quiet, lest things should be worse for us; so we paid him according to his way: then we went to bed. We certainly had very fine beds, entirely new, and truly clean. For all this I did not sleep at all, meditating all that night how I must act to revenge myself. Once it came into my thoughts to set fire to the house; at another to cut the throats of four fine horses that he had in his stable: I saw clearly that it would be easy enough for me to do this, but I did not see that it would be easy to secure the safety of myself and my comrade. I took a last expedient of putting my property and my party on board the boat, and so I did; and having attached the horses which drew the boat to the tow-rope<sup>1</sup> I told them not to start the boat until I returned because I had left a pair of my slippers in the place where I had slept. So returning to the inn, I called to the inn-keeper; who replied that he had nothing to do with us, and that we might go to blazes.<sup>2</sup> There was there a youngster stable-lad of his who told me very drowsily: "The landlord would not move for the Pope himself, for there is sleeping with him a certain little slut whom he has much coveted;" and he asked me for a tip (*la bene andata*); whereupon I gave him several of those small Venetian coins, and told him to delay awhile

<sup>1</sup> *Alzana*. The Venetian equivalent for the Tuscan *alsaia*, which means "the rope attached to the mast of a barge by which it is drawn along against the stream." This word *alsaia* is also applied to the man who directs the draught horses employed for this purpose.

<sup>2</sup> *Andassimo al boraiello*. Another pretty example of Italian expletive.

the man who drew the tow-rope, until I should hunt for my slippers and return thither. Going upstairs I took a small knife that cut like a razor; and the four beds that were there I cut all to bits with that knife, in such a way that I knew that I had done a damage of more than fifty *scudi*. And returning to the boat with certain pieces of that bed-furniture<sup>1</sup> in my pocket<sup>2</sup> I hastily said to the guide of the tow-rope that he must quickly get ready to start. When we had got some way from the inn my gossip Tribolo said that he had left certain small straps (*coreggine*) which bound up his travelling-bag, and that he wanted to return for them at any cost. Upon which I told him not to worry about two small straps,<sup>3</sup> for I would make him as many big ones as he would want. He told me that I was always on the joke, but that he wanted to turn back for his straps at any cost, and he was for compelling the tow-rope man to stop; and I said that he must go forward, the while I related the great havoc that I had wrought upon the landlord; and when I showed him a sample of certain pieces of the bed-furniture and the rest, there fell upon him so great a trembling, that he did not leave off saying to the tow-rope-man: "Move along, move along quickly," and he never reckoned himself safe from this danger until we were returned within the gates of Florence. When these were reached, Tribolo said: "Let us pack up our swords

<sup>1</sup> *Sargi*. Lit., "serge." Here a kind of linen or woollen material of different colours employed for bed-hangings. Nowadays the word is usually applied to a quilt of cotton: generally striped, and adorned with a fringe.

<sup>2</sup> *Saccoccia*, i.e., a wallet.

<sup>3</sup> The student will doubtless recognize the coarse *double entente* intimated here.

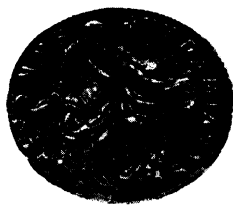
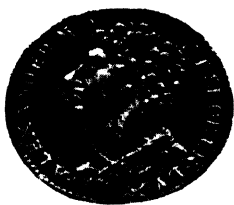


for the love of God, and don't you do anything more;<sup>1</sup> for it has seemed to me that I have had my entrails always in a basin."<sup>2</sup> I answered him: "My gossip Tribolo, you need not pack up your sword, for you have never loosened it"; and I said this to him by accident, for I had never seen him show a sign of manhood during that journey. At which remark, looking down at his sword, he said: "Before God, you speak the truth, for it remains packed up in that very manner that I arranged it before I came out of my home." To this gossip of mine it seemed that I had been unfortunate company, because I resented and defended myself against those who had desired to do us injury; and to me it seemed that he had done much worse by me in not setting himself to aid me in such needs. Let anyone who stands outside judge this without prejudice. When I was dismounted, I immediately went to find Duke Lessandro, and I thanked him warmly for the present of the fifty *scudi*, telling His Excellency that I was most ready in all that I was good for to serve His Excellency. He immediately commanded me that I should make the dies for his coins; and the first that I made was a coin of forty *soldi*, with the head of His Excellency upon one side, and on the other a san Cosimo and a san Damiano.<sup>3</sup> These were silver coins,

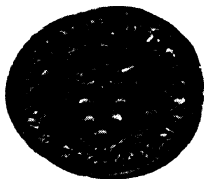
<sup>1</sup> *Non mene fate più*; i.e., "play no more tricks."

<sup>2</sup> *Le budella 'n un catino*; i.e., "my heart in my boots."

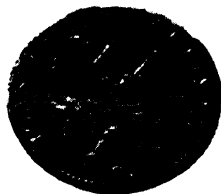
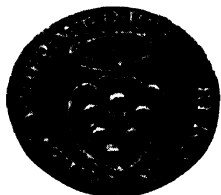
<sup>3</sup> On the obverse of this coin is the head of the Duke Alessandro, together with the inscription: ALEXANDER . M . R . P . FLOREN . DVX . ; and on the reverse the full-length figures of SS. Cosmo and Damiano, protectors of the House of Medici, with the legend: S. COSMUS . S. DAMIANUS. CELLINI, in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (ed. MILANESI cit., Chap. XIV), speaks of this coin as



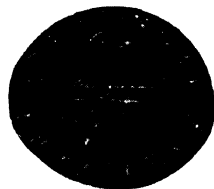
SILVER PIECE



SILVER HALF-JULIUS



SILVER JULIUS



GOLD SCUDO

COINS MADE FOR ALESSANDRO DE' MEDICI (1535)

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and they pleased him so much that the Duke ventured to say that they were the most beautiful coins in Christendom. So said all Florence, and every one who saw them. For the which reason I asked of His Excellency that he would confirm to me a pension, and cause the rooms of the Mint to be allotted to me. He told me that I must attend to serving him, and that he would give me much more than that which I was asking for; and in the meantime he told me that he had given directions to the Master of the Mint, who was a certain Carlo Acciaiuoli,<sup>1</sup> and that I must go to him for all the money that I wanted; and this I found to be true; but I drew out the cash so thriftily, that there always remained something due to me, according to my own account. I made, besides, the dies for the *julius*, which was a san Giovanni in profile, sitting with a book in his hand,<sup>2</sup> such that it seemed to me that I had never made a work as beautiful; and upon the other side were the arms of

follows: "Afterwards in Florence I made all the coins of the Duke Alexandro, the first duke of Florence; they were coins of forty *soldi* apiece; and since the Duke had curly hair (*ricciuto*), they were called Duke Alexandro's "curls" (*ricci*): on one side was the head of the said Duke, and upon the other a san Cosimo and a san Damiano." And VASARI (*Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. VII, p. 622) speaks thus of them: "they were so beautiful . . . that some of them are treasured to-day like the finest antique medals, and deservedly so, because in these he surpassed himself." The diameter of this coin is twenty-nine millimetres.

<sup>1</sup> Carlo di Roberto Acciaiuoli was Master of the Mint from the year 1530. Cf. ORSINI, *Storia delle monete della Repubblica Fiorentina*.

<sup>2</sup> Around the Medici arms upon this coin is the inscription: ALEXANDER . MED. R. P. FLOREN. DVX.; and upon the reverse: S. JOHANNES . BAPTISTA. Its diameter is twenty-six millimetres,

the said Duke Lexandro. After that I made the die for *half-juliuses*, upon which I fashioned a head in full face of a youthful san Giovanni.<sup>1</sup> This was the first coin with the head in full face on so thin a piece of silver (*in tanta sottigliezza di argento*) that was ever made, and this particular difficulty does not appear except to the eyes of those who are skilled in such a profession. After this I made the dies for the gold *scudi*, upon which was a cross on one side, together with certain little cherubim, and on the other side were the arms of His Excellency.<sup>2</sup> When I had made these four kinds of coins, I begged His Excellency that he would determine upon my pension and allot to me the above-mentioned rooms, if my service was pleasing to him; to which petition His Excellency replied kindly that he was very satisfied, and that he would give orders to that effect. Whilst I was speaking to him, His Excellency was in his Wardrobe (*guardaroba*), and was examining a wonderful fowling-piece that had been sent to him from Germany, which beautiful weapon, when he saw that I was looking at it with close attention, he put into my hands, saying that he knew very well how much I delighted in such things, and that in earnest of that which he had promised to do for me, I might take from his Wardrobe any arquebuse to my taste except this one; for he knew very well that there were many there handsomer and as good. This offer I accepted and thanked him for; and when he saw

<sup>1</sup> This coin bears the same inscriptions as the *julius*, but it is two millimetres less in diameter.

<sup>2</sup> The inscription on the obverse and the Medici coat-of-arms are the same as on the two last-mentioned coins; on the reverse is shown a Greek cross with four cherub heads fitted into the angles,

me commencing to search around with my eyes, he directed the Wardrobe keeper, who was a certain Pretino da Lucca,<sup>1</sup> to allow me to take exactly what I liked; and when he had with most kindly words departed, I remained and chose the handsomest and best arquebuse that I had ever seen and that I ever possessed, and this I took home with me. Two days later I took to him certain small designs, for his Excellency had asked me to fashion some articles in gold, that he wished to send as a gift to his wife, who was still in Naples.<sup>2</sup> Again I asked him regarding my self-same affairs, that he would hasten them on. Whereupon His Excellency told me that he wished first that I would make the dies for a fine portrait of himself, such as I had made for Pope Clemente. I commenced the said portrait in wax, for the which reason His Excellency gave orders that at whatever hour I went to portray him, I was always to be admitted. I, for I saw that this business of mine was going to be a long one, summoned a certain Pietro Pagolo of Monte Ritondo,<sup>3</sup> in the district of Rome, who had been with me and around it run the words: VIRTUS . EST . NOBIS . DEI. The diameter of this coin is also twenty-six millimetres.

<sup>1</sup> TASSI found also this "*messer Francesco di Lucca, detto Pretino, guardaroba di Sua Eccellenza*" in the *Giornale del Salariati* in charge of the Depositeria Generale from 1543-1545. (*Archivio Generale delle rendite*.)

<sup>2</sup> The marriage of Duke Alessandro with Margaret of Austria, natural daughter of the Emperor Charles V by Margherita Vangesi, was celebrated at Naples in February 1536; but it was not until May 31st that the fourteen-year-old bride arrived in Florence, where she was received with greatest pomp. Cf. SEGNI, *Istor. fior. ed. cit.*, p. 245, and VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 164 *e segg.*

<sup>3</sup> This Pietro Paolo of Monte Rotondo, who was Cellini's companion in Rome in 1535, then at Ferrara in 1540, and subsequently

in Rome from early boyhood; and finding that he was with a certain Bernardonaccio,<sup>1</sup> a goldsmith, who did not treat him very well, I therefore took him away from him and trained him very carefully to stamp those dies<sup>2</sup> for the coins; and meanwhile I made the Duke's portrait: and many times I found him dozing after dinner along with that Lorenzino of his,<sup>3</sup> who subsequently

in Florence at the time of the casting of the *Perseus* (1552), appears on the *Registers of the Goldsmiths' Guild* from 1532 to 1549. From these entries we learn that his family name was Pietro Paolo del Pozzo. GUASTI and others had thought that he might be the Pietro Paolo "Galeotti," also styled Pietro Paolo "romano"; a goldsmith and engraver of medals and coins, to whom reference is made by VASARI in the *Lives of Valerio Vicentino* and *Leone Leoni* (ed. MILANESI cit., Vols. III, p. 27, and VII, pp. 542, 543). In a *Report* of the Ducal Comptrollers dated "19 d'Aprile" and "23 Maggio 1554" we read (extracted from "a notebook of Benvenuto himself") "*A di primo di dicembre 1552 pagati a Pietro Polo Romano per avere servito 15 giorni a nettare le figure dell' opera del Perseo, sc. 2, 1.*" This record is found in the quoted edition of the *Trattati*, p. 255 *e segg.* He died in Florence on Sept. 19th 1584.

<sup>1</sup> This must be (according to the opinion of TASSI) Bernardo or Bernardone Baldini ("a most skilful jeweller," says AMMIRATO, *Ist. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 394d), who valued the gold, silver and jewels taken from the churches during the necessities of the siege (VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 261), but refused to unmount the precious stones, "because" (AMMIRATO, *ibid.*) "he had not the heart to lay hands upon them on account of their sanctity." He was, as CELLINI relates further on, purveyor to the Mint in Florence (1 Sett. 1560, Febbraio 1562), a fact which is confirmed by a *Relazione* made by the Comptrollers to Duke Cosimo on October 29th 1555. (Cf. TASSI, Vol. I, pp. 351-2). CELLINI also accuses him later of immorality and of but little skill in his trade.

<sup>2</sup> *Mettere quei ferri, i.e.,* "prepare and adjust the dies for striking the coin."

<sup>3</sup> Son of Pier Francesco de' Medici and Maria Soderini, he was born on March 22nd 1514. He murdered his cousin the Duke

slew him and no one else; and I marvelled much that a Duke of that kind was so confiding. It chanced that Ottaviano de' Medici,<sup>1</sup> who seemed to have the control of everything, desirous of favouring, against the Duke's will, the old Master of the Mint, who was named Bastiano Cennini,<sup>2</sup> a man of antiquated type (*all' anticaccia*) and of limited knowledge, had mixed his clumsy iron tools together with mine among the dies for the *scudi*; wherefore I complained to the Duke, who, recognizing the truth of the matter, took it very ill, and said to me: "Go tell Ottaviano de' Medici this, and show it all to him." Whereupon I went immediately; and when I showed to him the harm that had been done to my beautiful coins, he said to me in an asinine way: "It pleases us to do so." I answered him that it ought not to be so, and that it did not please me. He said:

Alessandro on January 6th 1537, and was himself assassinated in Venice in 1548. He was author of the famous *Apologia* (cf. LISIO, *Or. scelte del sec. XVI*. Firenze, Sansoni, 1897, p. 133 e seg.).

<sup>1</sup> He was not of the family of Cosimo, nor of that of Lorenzo. A strong partisan of the princes, he held high positions and authority, especially since he had married Francesca di Jacopo Salviati, sister of the Cardinal; but he was proud and arrogant with his inferiors, as CELLINI here depicts him. Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 199.

<sup>2</sup> Bastiano di Domenico di Bernardo Cennini was born in 1481, and died in 1535. In the *Introduction* to the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith* (*ed. cit.*, p. 8) CELLINI speaks very differently concerning him, as follows: "Bastiano di Bernardetto Cennini was a goldsmith, and laboured besides in a great variety of work. His ancestors and he for many years made the dies for the coinage of the City of Florence, up to those that were struck by Duke Alessandro de' Medici, nephew of Pope Clement. This Bastiano was in his youth a very clever craftsman in large plate and in chasing; and in truth this man was an artificer of great brilliance."



"And what if it should please the Duke to have it so?" I answered him: "It would not be pleasing to me; for such a thing is neither just nor reasonable." He said that I had better take myself off, and that I must swallow (*mangeret*) it in that way<sup>1</sup> even if I burst." Returning to the Duke I narrated to him all that we, Ottaviano de' Medici and I, had argued so disagreeably: for the which reason I besought His Excellency not to let them harm the fine coins that I had made, and that he would give me leave to go away (*buona licentia*). Thereupon he said: "Ottaviano wants too much, and you shall have what you want, for this is an insult that he pays to me." This same day, which was a Thursday, there came to me from Rome an ample safe-conduct<sup>2</sup> from the Pope, telling me that I must go quickly to obtain the pardon at the Feast of St. Mary of Mid-August, so that I could free myself from that charge of homicide that I had committed. Going to the Duke, I found him in bed, for they told me, that he had been dissipating; and having finished in a little over two hours what I needed to his wax medal, on showing it to him completed, it pleased him very much. Whereupon I showed to His Excellency the safe-conduct that I had received by the Pope's directions, and that the Pope had summoned me back that I might do certain work for him; on this account I was going to regain that beautiful city of Rome, and in the meantime I would serve him in the matter of his medal. At

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, "put up with it."

<sup>2</sup> This document is published by BERTOLOTTI. It bears the date of March 20th 1535, and is made out for six months, in consideration of the fact that the pardon would be obtained upon August 15th. Cf. Chap. XV, p. 279, n. 1.

this the Duke said half in anger: "Benvenuto, do as I wish you, do not go away, for I will pay you the pension, and will give you the rooms in the Mint, with much more of that which you do not know how to ask of me, for you ask what is just and reasonable; and who would you like to use the beautiful dies that you have made for me?" Whereupon I said: "My lord, everything has been thought out, for I have here a pupil of mine, who is a young Roman, and whom I have trained; he will serve Your Excellency very well, until I return with your medal finished, to stay with you then for always. For I have in Rome my shop still open, with workmen and other business; when I have received the pardon I will leave all the devotion<sup>1</sup> of Rome to one of my pupils, who is there, and then with the kind favour of Your Excellency I will return to you." At this conversation there was present that Lorenzino de' Medici above mentioned, and no one else; the Duke several times signed to him that he also should combine in making me stay; upon the which subject the said Lorenzino never said anything else except: "Benvenuto, you will do the best for yourself by staying." To which I replied that I wished to regain Rome at any cost. He said nothing more, and stood regarding the Duke continuously with a most evil expression. I having completed the medal to my satisfaction, and having locked it up in its small casket, said to the Duke: "My lord, be of good cheer, for I will make you a much finer medal than I made for Pope Clemente, for it is reasonable that I should do better, since that

<sup>1</sup> *Divotione*. As Mr. J. A. SYMONDS points out, it is not very clear what this exactly means. It may mean either "all the affection and reverence that I have for the city of Rome," or "my ties in that city."

was the first that I ever made; and Misser Lorenzo here, as a person of learning and of very great ingenuity, shall provide me with some very beautiful reverse for it. To these words the said Lorenzo immediately replied, saying: "I have been thinking of nothing else, but how I could supply a reverse that might be worthy of His Excellency." The Duke smiled evilly, and, looking at Lorenzo, said: "Lorenzo, you shall supply him with a reverse, and he will make it here, and will not go away." Lorenzo answered quickly, saying: "I will make it as rapidly as I can, and I hope to create something that will make the world marvel."<sup>1</sup> The Duke, who sometimes looked upon him as a crazy creature and sometimes as a coward, turned himself in his bed and laughed at the words that he had said. I departed without any other ceremonies of leave-taking, and left them alone together. The Duke, who did not think that I should go, said nothing further to me. When he learnt subsequently that I had left, he sent after me one of his servants, who caught me up in Siena, and gave me fifty gold ducats on behalf of the Duke, telling me to enjoy them out of affection for him, and to return as quickly as I could; and, "on behalf of Misser Lorenzo I tell you that he is devising a wonderful reverse for that medal which you want to make."<sup>2</sup> I had left all the directions with Pietro-

<sup>1</sup> The commentators on CELLINI maintain that in this reply Lorenzino was hinting at the plan that he had formed for murdering the Duke. The scene and dialogue, if true, certainly sound prophetic.

<sup>2</sup> In the Museo Nazionale in Florence there is preserved a medal, which bears upon the obverse the bust of the Duke Alessandro, facing to the right, with the inscription: ALEXANDER . MED . FLORENTIAE . DVX . P .; and on the reverse a crown with the motto:

pagolo, the Roman above-mentioned, as to the way in which he was to apply the dies; but since the operation was a very difficult one, he never succeeded too well. I remained a creditor of the Mint for labour and tools to the amount of more than seventy *scudi*.

SOLATIA . LUCTUS . EXIGUA . INGENTIS. Although GIULIANELLI (*Memorie degli intagliatori moderni, etc.* Livorno, Fantechi, 1753, p. 133) attributes this medal to Francesco da Prato, whilst other authorities give it to Domenico di Polo (called "of the *Sign of Mars*"), PLON inclines to allot the authorship to CELLINI and gives a reproduction of it from a bronze example in the British Museum (*op. cit.* Pl. LXI, n. 1, and p. 326 *e segg.*). It is possible that Benvenuto may have executed it to the order of Margaret of Austria, and that the motto alludes to her husband's untimely fate.

## CHAPTER XVII

(1535)

Arrived in Rome Cellini defends himself against the police officers sent by Pier Luigi Farnese to arrest him.—The fright experienced by him upon that occasion results in an illness for which he is badly treated by an ignorant quack.—He receives solemn pardon for the homicide of Pompeo.—He falls ill and is treated by Francesco Fusconi of Norcia.—A false report gets abroad that he is dead.—He cures himself by drinking a large quantity of water and by this means producing a violent perspiration.

I PROCEEDED to Rome, and I carried with me that most beautiful wheel-arquebuse that the Duke had given me, and made use of it many times upon the way with very great satisfaction to myself, deriving remarkable results from it. I arrived in Rome;<sup>1</sup> and though

<sup>1</sup> Cellini arrived in Rome at some date between March 20th, the date of the safe-conduct, and June 12th, upon which day Mattia Franzesi wrote to Benedetto Varchi in Florence as follows: "I read the passage concerning the medal to messer Benvenuto, who is waiting for it, and to you . . . he infinitely commends himself."

On June 25th following—the Feast of Sant' Eligio—as we learn from a protocol of the Capitoline Notaries, existing in the *Arch. di Stato Romano* (n. 139, c. 37), the Goldsmiths' Society proceeded to vote for the purpose of electing a successor to Pompeo de' Capitaneis who at the time that Cellini slew him was their *consul*; and they chose Francesco Ispano. Benvenuto was present upon this occasion and paid his quota for the Feast of the Assumption:—*m. bevenuto Jul. 6—per laño passato e pnte.*

I owned a cottage in the Strada Julia, since it had not been set in order, I dismounted at the house of Misser Giovanni Gaddi, Prelate of the Camera, with whom at my departure from Rome I had left in charge my many fine arms and many other things that I greatly valued; moreover I did not wish to dismount at my own workshop; and I sent for that Felice, my partner, and made him immediately set in most excellent order that cottage of mine. The next day afterwards I went to sleep therein, in order to prepare very carefully my clothes and all that was necessary for me, wishing the following morning to go and visit the Pope to thank him. I had two little serving-boys, and below my house there was a laundress who cooked for me in a most cleanly manner. Having that evening given a supper to several of my friends, and that supper having passed off with greatest enjoyment, I retired to sleep; and the night had perhaps barely passed, for the morning was still more than an hour before daybreak, when I heard a knocking with greatest violence at the door of my house, so that the blows were in quick succession.<sup>1</sup> Wherefore I called to the elder of my servants, who bore the name of Cencio; (he it was whom I took into the magic circle).<sup>2</sup> I told him to go and see who that madman was who at that hour was knocking so savagely. Whilst Cencio was going

<sup>1</sup> *Che l'un colpo non aspectava l'altro*: lit. "that one blow did not wait for the next."

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chap. XIII, p. 243, n. 1. This obviously could not have been *Vincenzo Romoli*, as Mr. J. A. SYMONDS suggests. BERTOLLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 255) suggests that the Cencio here spoken of was a certain *Vincenzo Mantovano*, who became a goldsmith of merit after the School of Cellini, and who sold to the Pope a *Head of the Emperor Octavian*, imitated from the antique.

I, having lit another lamp, for I always kept one (burning) continuously at night, immediately put on, over my shirt, a fine shirt of mail, and over that, a few clothes at random. Cencio returning, said: "Alas! alas! my master, it is the Bargello with all his guard, and he says that if you do not open quickly he will break down the door; and they have torches and a thousand things with them." Upon which I replied: "Tell them that I am putting on a few clothes, and I will come thus in my shirt." Imagining that this was an attack, such as had already been made upon me by the lord Pierluigi, in my right hand I took a wonderful poniard that I had, and in my left the safe-conduct. Then I ran to the window at the back, which looked over certain gardens, and there I saw more than thirty police officers; wherefore I realized that I could not escape upon that side. Having set those two young lads in front of me, I told them that they must open the door exactly when I should tell them. Getting myself ready, the poniard in my right hand, and the safe-conduct in my left, in regular attitude of defence, I said to those two young lads: "Don't be afraid, open." Vittorio, the Bargello,<sup>1</sup> with two others, immediately sprang inside, thinking that they could easily lay hands upon me; but when they saw me thus prepared, they drew back, and said: "Something else besides barking is needful here."<sup>2</sup> Whereupon I said, throwing to them the

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 256) points out that there was no Bargello at this date of the name of *Vittorio*, those who held office in 1534 and 1535 being *Nardo Castaldo* and *Pier Francesco*, alias *Riccio de' nobili de Baro* respectively. A certain *Vittorio Puliti*, a Roman, was appointed Bargello for 1539.

<sup>2</sup> *Qui bisogna altro che baie*, i.e. (as we might say), "This is no laughing matter."

safe-conduct, "Read that; and since you cannot arrest me, still less will I allow you to touch me." The Bargello thereupon told several of them that they were to arrest me, and that he would see to the safe-conduct later. At this I boldly brandished my weapons and said: "Let God be for the right; either I escape alive, or am taken a corpse." The space was narrow: they showed signs of coming upon me with force, and I was well prepared for defence; for the which reason the Bargello recognized that he could not secure me in any other way than that which I had said. Summoning his clerk (*canciliere*), whilst he was making him peruse the safe-conduct, he two or three times made as though he would make them lay hands upon me; wherefore I never stirred from the resolution that I had made. Giving up the undertaking, they threw the safe-conduct upon the ground before me, and went away without me. Returning to rest, I felt extremely worn out, nor could I recover my sleep; I had made up my mind that when it was day I would have myself blooded; wherefore I took counsel with Misser Giovanni Gaddi, and he provided me with a leech (*mediconzolo*)<sup>1</sup> of his own,<sup>2</sup> who asked me if I had had a fright. Now you know what sort of medical tact this was when I had related a case of such magnitude, for him to ask such a question? He was a kind of fop (*civettino*) who laughed almost unceasingly, and about nothing; and laughing after that fashion, he told me that I should

<sup>1</sup> *Mediconzolo* means a practitioner of but small ability and repute.

<sup>2</sup> CELLINI speaks of this man by name further on as *Master Bernardino*. It is supposed that he may have been Bernardino Lilli of Todi, physician to the Curia from 1528. Cf. MARINI, *Degli Archiatri pontifici*, Roma, Pagliarini, 1784, I, 3434.



take a good glass of Greek wine, and that I should strive to be merry and not be afraid. Misser Giovanni, however, said: "Master, a man who was of bronze or marble would under such circumstances be afraid; much more an ordinary man." To this that little leech (*mediconzolino*) replied: "My lord, we are not all made after one pattern: this is not a man of either bronze or marble, but he is of pure iron;" and laying his hand upon my pulse, with those meaningless giggles of his, he said to Misser Giovanni: "Feel now here. This is not the pulse of a man, but it is that of a lion, or of a dragon." Whereat I, who had a strong pulse, irritated, perhaps, beyond that point which that stupid doctor had learnt from neither Hippocrates nor Galen, felt very ill, but in order not to cause myself more fear, nor more injury than that which I had experienced already, showed myself to be of good courage. Meanwhile the said Misser Giovanni was causing them to make preparations for dinner, and we all ate together. We were in company with the said Misser Giovanni, a certain Misser Lodovico da Fano, Misser Antonio Alleghretti, Misser Giovanni Ghreco, all persons most skilled in letters, Misser Anibal Caro, who was very young,<sup>1</sup> nor did they talk of anything else during that dinner but of this bold performance. And besides, they made that Cencio, my small servant, who was exceptionally clever, bold, and very handsome in appearance, recount it; for every time that he related this mad performance of mine, assuming the attitude that I had taken, and repeating very excellently also the words that I had used, he always recalled to me something new; and they often asked him if he had been afraid; to which questions he

<sup>1</sup> For all these personages cf. Chap. X, pp. 186-187, notes.

replied that they must ask me if I had been afraid, because he had had exactly the same (amount of fear) that I had had. This nonsense became annoying to me, and because I felt very upset, I rose from the table, saying that I wanted to go to dress myself and him afresh in blue cloth and silk, for I wanted to walk in the procession there in four days' time, when the Feast of St. Mary (*le Sante Marie*) arrived, and I wanted the said Cencio to carry for me the white lighted torch.<sup>1</sup> Departing, therefore, I went to cut out the blue clothes, together with a handsome little gown of sarcenet, also blue, and a little jerkin of the same; and I made for him (Cencio) a jerkin and a gown of taffetas, also blue. When I had cut out the said articles, I went to the Pope, who told me that I must speak to his Misser Ambruogio; for he had given orders that I should carry out an important work in gold. So I went to find Misser Ambruogio:—who had been fully informed of the affair

<sup>1</sup> From very early times, it was customary on the Eve of the Assumption to form a procession by night in which were mingled elements both of the Pagan and of the Catholic. The image of Our Saviour from the Church of St. John Lateran and that of the Madonna from Sta. Maria Maggiore were borne along, accompanied by a vast number of torches, etc. Ten members of the Confraternity of the Butchers, vulgarly designated "the fire-brands" (*stizzzi*), clad in cuirasses and helmets, and bearing lighted fire-brands surrounded the Saviour's image to protect it from the violence of the throng. This Confraternity was, however, on account of the disorders that took place on these occasions, suppressed by Pope Julius III, and a troop of thirty-nine nobles was substituted to take its place in this procession, until they also were disbanded by order of Pius V. Later still Pius VII withdrew from the Confraternities their privileges of pardon for the condemned. Cf. BERTOLOTTI in *Archivio di Storia e Archeologia della Città di Roma*, Anno 1875.

of the Bargello, and had himself been in accord with my enemies to make me return to Rome, and had scolded the Bargello because he had not arrested me:—who made excuses, for in the face of a safe-conduct of that kind he could not do it. The said Misser Ambruogio began to talk to me about the business that the Pope had committed to him; then he told me that I must make the designs for it, and that in any event everything would be put right. Meanwhile the day of the Feast of St. Mary arrived; and because it is the custom for those who acquire such pardons as these to surrender themselves to prison, for this reason I repaired to the Pope and told His Holiness that I did not wish to put myself in prison, and that I besought him that he would grant me such a favour that I might not go to prison. The Pope replied that such was the custom, and such I must conform to. At this I knelt down again, and thanked him for the safe-conduct that His Holiness had executed for me; and that with it I would return to serve my Duke of Florence, who was awaiting me with so much longing. At these words the Pope turned to one of his confidential servants and said: "Let the pardon be granted to Benvenuto without the imprisonment. Prepare thus his *motu-proprio* that all may be right." When they had prepared the *motu-proprie*, the Pope counter-signed it: they had it registered at the Capitol; then, on that appointed day, between two noblemen, I walked with much honour in the procession, and received the complete pardon.

Then four days after a very violent fever overtook me with extreme chill; and taking to my bed, I immediately thought the attack mortal. I had the first doctors in Rome summoned, amongst whom was a certain Master



ENGRAVED ROCK CRYSTAL CUP  
MOUNTED IN GOLD AND ENAMEL  
Collection of the Marquis of Salisbury, Hatfield, Herts.

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Fran<sup>co</sup> da Norcia,<sup>1</sup> a very aged doctor, and bearing the highest reputation of those they had in Rome. I recounted to the said doctors what I thought might be the cause of my severe illness, and that I had wished to be blooded, but that I had been advised not; and that if I was in time I begged them to bleed me now. Master Francesco replied that it would not be wise to draw blood now, but that had it been done at the time I should not have been at all ill; now it would be necessary to treat me in another way. So they set to work to doctor me with as much diligence as they were able and knew of; and every day I grew rapidly worse, to such an extent that at the end of eight days the illness had so greatly increased that the doctors, despairing of the case, gave orders that I must be humoured, and that everything that I asked for must be given to me. Master Francesco said: "As long as there is breath in him summon me at any hour, for one cannot tell what Nature is able to do in a young man of this kind; moreover, should it happen that he swoon, employ these five remedies one after the other, and send for me, for I will come at any hour of the night; for it would be more pleasing to me to save this man than whichever you please of the cardinals of Rome." There came to visit me two or three times every day Misser Giovanni Gaddi, and every time he kept picking up (some one) of those handsome fowling-pieces of mine and my coats of mail and my swords, and kept continually saying: "This is a beautiful thing and this other

<sup>1</sup> Francesco Fusconi, physician to Adrian V, Clement VII, and Paul III. He was very highly esteemed, was very rich, and survived until 1550. He loved artists and the Fine Arts, and he made a collection of antique statuary. Cf. MARINI, *Archiatři pontifici*, *cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 325-327.

thing is more beautiful:" likewise my other sketch-models and nick-nacks, in such a way that he became a nuisance to me. And with him used to come a certain Mattio Franzesi,<sup>1</sup> who seemed to think that it was for him also a thousand years ere I died; not because he would chance to derive anything from me, but it seemed as if he desired that whatever Misser Giovanni showed he had a great wish for (should come to pass). I had that Filice, already spoken of as my partner, who afforded me the greatest assistance that one man could ever in this world give to another. My constitution was entirely weakened and brought down, and there did not remain in me sufficient strength, that when once my breath had issued from me I could recover it again; but nevertheless the soundness of my brain stood firm, just as it did when I was not ill. Therefore, whilst thus conscious, there came to see me in bed a terrible old man who wanted to drag me by force into a very large boat of his; wherefore I called to that Felice of mine, that he should come near me and drive away that old scoundrel. That Felice, who was most affectionate to me, ran up weeping, and said: "Go away, you old traitor! who wants to rob me of every good thing that I possess." Misser Giovanni Gaddi, who was there present, then said: "The poor fellow raves, and there are but a few hours left for him." That other, Mattio Franzesi, said: "He has read Dante,<sup>2</sup> and from this great weakness there

<sup>1</sup> A Florentine and a writer of humorous poetry of some merit. He resided at the Court of Rome on terms of considerable intimacy with many of the literary personages of the period. In no less than six out of the eleven letters by him, published in *Prose Fiorentine raccolte dallo Smarrito* (1661), allusion is made to Cellini.

<sup>2</sup> This refers to the following passage from DANTE, *Inf.*, Canto III, 82-84:

has come upon him this rambling." And so he said laughing: "Go away, you old scoundrel, don't annoy our Benvenuto." Perceiving that they were scoffing at me, I turned to Misser Giovanni Gaddi, and said to him: "My dear master, you know that I do not rave, and that it is true about this old man, who is giving me this great annoyance; but you will do me the greatest kindness in taking away from my presence this wretched creature of a Mattio, who laughs at my misfortune; and then when your lordship deigns that I see him again, would you come with Misser Antonio Allegretti or with Misser Annibal Caro, or with some of those others of your talented friends, who are persons of a different discretion, and different talent from this animal." Thereupon Misser Giovanni said in jest to that Mattio, that he must take himself off for ever; but since Mattio laughed, the jest became in earnest, for Misser Giovanni never wanted to see him again, and caused them to summon Misser Ant<sup>o</sup> Alleghretti and Misser Lodovico and Misser Annibal Caro. When these worthy men had arrived I took greatest comfort thereat, and talked with them sensibly for a while, nevertheless urging Felice to drive away the old man. Misser Lodovico asked what it was that I seemed to see and what was the appearance of the man. Whilst I was drawing him accurately in words, this old man took me by an arm, and forcibly drew me towards himself, wherefore I cried out that they should help me because he

*Ed ecco verso noi venir per nave  
Un vecchio bianco per antico pelo.*

"And lo! towards us, coming in a boat,  
An old man, hoary with the hair of eld."

*Longfellow's Translation.*



wanted to throw me beneath the decks of that terrifying boat of his. When I had uttered this last word, there came upon me a very great swoon, and it seemed to me that he threw me into that boat. They say that then during this swoon I tossed myself about and uttered evil words to Misser Giovanni Gaddi, that he had come to rob me, and not out of any sort of charity, and many other most ugly expressions, which caused shame to the said Misser Giovanni. Then they said that I stayed still as one dead; and having stayed beside me more than one hour, when it seemed to them that I was growing cold, they left me for dead. And when they returned to their homes, that Mattio Franzesi got to know it, who wrote to Florence to Misser Benedetto Varchi,<sup>1</sup> my very dear friend, that at such and such an hour of the night they had seen me expire. For the which reason that very talented man and my very great friend, Misser Benedetto, composed an admirable sonnet upon the not true but so generally believed (report of my) death, which I will insert in its

<sup>1</sup> One of the most learned and elegant writers of the period; born in Florence on March 19th 1503, he died at Monte Varchi (from which place his family had their origin) on December 18th 1565. He was a strong partizan of the Strozzi, and followed them during their various wanderings; to Bologna, Venice, Padua, etc., and in 1536 into Tuscany on the expedition that ended in their defeat at Sestino. Notwithstanding this he was recalled to Florence by Cosimo I in 1543, and commissioned by him to write the History of the City of Florence during those later years; a task which he carried out, as is well known, with fidelity, but also with a praiseworthy and singular freedom from bias. Cf. MILANESI'S *Introduction* to the Edition of the *Stor. fior.*, to which constant reference has been made here. Regarding his relations with Cellini reference is made in this same *Introduction* and by PLON, *op. cit. passim*.

proper place. More than three full hours passed before I came to myself again, and having tried all the remedies of the above-mentioned Master Fran<sup>co</sup>, when he saw that I did not revive, my very dear Felice hastily ran to Master Fran<sup>co</sup> da Norcia's house, and knocked so much that he awoke him and made him get up, and, weeping, besought him to come home with him, for he thought that I was dead. At which Master Fran<sup>co</sup>, who was very irritable, said: "My son, what do you think that I can do by coming thither? If he is dead it grieves me more than it does you; do you think that by coming thither with my medical skill I can pump breath into him with an enema,<sup>1</sup> and restore him to life?" When he saw that the poor youth was going away weeping, he called him back, and gave him a certain oil wherewith to anoint my pulses and my heart, and (told him) that he should pinch very sharply my little toes and fingers (*le dita migniole de' piedi e delle mane*); and that, if I revived, he must immediately send to summon him. Felice departing, did as Master Fran<sup>co</sup> had told him; and when it was almost full daylight, and they seemed to be deprived of hope, they gave orders for the making of my shroud, and for washing me. All of a sudden I revived, and summoned Felice that he should very quickly drive away that old man who was annoying me so. Felice wanted to send for Master Fran<sup>co</sup>, but I told him not to send for him, and that he must come close to me, for that old man was going away directly, and was afraid of him. When Felice came near me, I took hold of him, and it seemed to me that that old man, infuriated, departed; however I besought

<sup>1</sup> *Io li possa soffiare in culo.*

him that he would stay always beside me. When Master Fran<sup>co</sup> appeared, he said that he wished to cure me at any cost, and that he had never in his life seen in a young man greater strength than mine; and setting himself to write, he prescribed for me fomentations, lotions, unguents, plasters, and many innumerable things. Meantime I revived, with more than twenty leeches on my backside, bored, bound up and ground to powder (*forato, legato e tutto macinato*). Many of my friends having come to see the miracle of the dead restored to life, there appeared men of great eminence, and many of them too; in their presence I said that that small quantity of gold and of money (which might amount to about eight hundred *scudi* in gold, silver, precious stones and cash), these I wished to be for my poor sister who was in Florence, who bore the name of Mona Liperata:<sup>1</sup> all the remainder of my goods, as much my weapons as everything else, I wished to be for my very dear Filice, and fifty ducats of gold besides, so that he might be able to clothe himself.<sup>2</sup> At these words Filice flung himself upon my neck, saying that he did not want anything, except that he wished me to live. Whereupon I said: "If you wish me to live, hold on to me after this manner, and rebuke that old man who is afraid of you." At these words some of them were terrified, recognizing that I was not raving, but that I was speaking on purpose, and rationally. So my serious illness went steadily on, and I got but little better. That most excellent Master Francesco came four or five times a day; Misser Giovanni Gaddi, for he was ashamed, came into my presence no more. There appeared my brother-in-law, the husband

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. VIII.

<sup>2</sup> *I.e.*, in mourning.

of my said sister: he came from Florence for the inheritance; and since he was a very worthy man, he was very pleased to have found me alive; it gave me unbounded comfort to see him, and he immediately showed me attentions, saying that he had come with the sole object of taking care of me with his own hands; and so he did for several days. Afterwards I sent him away, having almost certain hope of health. Then he left me the Sonnet of Misser Benedetto Varchi, which ran as follows:

ON THE SUPPOSED BUT FALSELY-REPORTED DEATH OF  
BENVENUTO CELLINI.<sup>1</sup>

Mattio, who shall all our grief console,  
And bid our tears and lamentation cease?  
Alas! 'tis true, our friend hath found release;  
Leaving us here, to heav'n hath soar'd his soul.  
His gentle, kindly spirit could not stay;  
In art had he no rival here below,  
Nor shall this world a greater craftsman know,  
This world, from which the best pass first away.  
Sweet spirit, if beyond our mortal veil  
Love yet is thine, look down from realms above  
On him that upon earth thou once didst love;  
My loss, not all thy bliss, do I bewail.  
Th' august Creator dost thou now behold  
Whom here with cunning hands 'twas thine to mould.<sup>2</sup>

The ailment had been so severe that it did not seem

<sup>1</sup> The sentiments of this sonnet read oddly beside our hero's own confessions; but they display the real affection that VARCHI bore for his friend, and they are scarcely more fulsome than the general run of obituary poetry in all times.

<sup>2</sup> An allusion to the representation of the *Eternal Father*, wrought by Cellini upon Clement VII's Morse. In the MS. this Sonnet is signed by VARCHI himself.

possible that it could come to an end; and that excellent man Master Fran<sup>co</sup> da Norcia, made greater efforts than ever, and every day kept bringing me fresh remedies, seeking to strengthen the poor broken-down machine,<sup>1</sup> and with all those endless efforts it did not seem that it would be possible to bring this spite (*indegnazione*) to an end; in such measure that all the doctors were well-nigh in despair, and did not know what more to do. For I had a raging thirst, but I was restrained (from drinking) according to their orders for many days; and that Felice, to whom it appeared that he had done a fine work in saving me, never left me; and that old man no more gave me so much annoyance, though he visited me sometimes in my dreams. One day Felice had gone out, and there remained on duty one of my shop-boys and a servant maid, who was called Beatrice. I asked that shop-boy what had become of that lad of mine, Cencio, and what was the explanation that I had never seen him in my need. This shop-boy told me that Cencio had had a much more severe illness than I had had, and that he was at the point of death. Felice had commanded them that they should not tell me this. When he had told me this circumstance I was very greatly distressed by it; then I summoned that said servant maid Beatrice (a native of Pistoia), and begged her to bring me a great wine-cooler<sup>2</sup> of crystal that was there near me, full of clear and fresh water. This woman ran immediately and brought it to me full. I told her to put it to my mouth, and that if she would let me drink a draught according to my own desire, I

<sup>1</sup> *Consolidare povero istemperato istrumento.*

<sup>2</sup> *Infrescatoio* = "A large vessel for cooling water or wine."

would give her a gown.<sup>1</sup> This servant maid, who had robbed me of certain small articles of some importance, for fear lest I should discover the theft, would have been very pleased that I should die; wherefore she let me drink of that water in two draughts, as much as I could, so much that in good sooth I drank more than a flask of it; then I covered myself up and began to perspire and to doze. When Felice returned, after I must have slept about an hour, he asked the boy how I did. The boy replied: "I don't know; Beatrice brought him that wine-cooler full of water, and he drank almost all of it; I do not know now whether he be alive or dead." They say that this poor youth was ready to fall to the ground from the great distress that he felt; then he took an ugly stick, and with it he madly thrashed that servant maid, saying: Oh! you traitress! You have killed him for me." Whilst Felice was thrashing her, and she was crying out, I was dreaming, and it seemed to me that that old man had cords in his hand; and as he was wishing to give directions for binding me, Felice had come upon him, and struck him with a hatchet, in such a way that this old man fled, crying out: "Let me go, for I will not come to him for a long time." Meanwhile Beatrice, screaming loudly, had rushed into my chamber; whereat, I awaking, said: "Let her alone, for perhaps in order to do me harm she has done me as much good; for you have never been able with all your efforts to do anything of that which she has done. Attend to helping me for I am covered with perspiration, and do it quickly." Filice recovering

<sup>1</sup> *Gamurra* = "A long sort of under garment, more resembling a cassock; but the word is generally applied to a woman's *petticoat*."

his courage, dried me and made me comfortable; and I, since I felt the greatest improvement, promised myself restored health. When Master Francesco appeared, seeing this great improvement, and the servant maid in tears, and the shop-boy running in and out, and Filice smiling, this confusion made the doctor think that some extraordinary event had taken place, which had been the cause of this my great improvement. Meanwhile there appeared that other (physician), Master Bernardino, who at the outset had objected to bleeding me. Master Francesco, that most clever man, said: "Oh, power of nature! She knows her own needs, and doctors know nothing at all." Immediately that idiot (*cervellino*) of a Master Bernardino answered and said: "If he had drunk a flask more he would immediately have been cured." Master Fran<sup>co</sup> da Norcia, an old man and a person of great weight, said: "That were a misfortune that may God bestow upon you." And then he turned to me and asked me if I could have drunk any more; at which I replied: "No, for I had entirely quenched my thirst." Then he turned to the said Master Bernardino, and said: "Do you see that nature has taken precisely what was necessary, and neither more nor less? Thus was she asking what she needed, when the poor young man begged you to bleed him; if you knew that his health depended now upon the drinking of two flasks of water, why did you not say so before? and you would then have had something to boast of." At these words the leech angrily departed, and never came there any more. Then Master Francesco said that I must be removed from that chamber, and that I must have myself conveyed towards one of the Roman hills. Cardinal Cornaro, having heard of

my improvement (in health), had me taken to a place of his that he possessed upon Monte Cavallo; the same evening I was borne with great care upon a chair well covered up and closed in. When I arrived there I began to vomit; during that vomiting there issued from my stomach a hairy worm, a quarter of a *braccio* in length; and the hairs (upon it) were long, and the worm was most hideous, marked in divers colours, green, black and red. They kept it for the doctor, who said that he had never seen such a thing; and then he said to Felice: "Take great care now of your Benvenuto, for he is cured, and do not allow him to commit any indiscretions; for though he has escaped this one, another indiscretion now would kill him for you; you see, the disease has been so severe, that we should not even have been in time to bring to him the Holy Oil. Now I know that with a little patience and time he will yet execute other works of art." Then he turned to me and said: "My Benvenuto, be prudent and do not commit any indiscretions: and when you are cured, I want you to make me an *Our Lady* with your own hands, for I wish to adore her always out of affection for you." Wherefore I promised him that thing. Then I asked him whether I might transport myself as far as Florence. Whereat he told me that I must get myself a little stronger, and then we would see what nature would do.



## CHAPTER XVIII

(1535-1537)

In the month of November Cellini goes to Florence, and encounters difficulties with the Duke through the machinations of Vasari and of Ottaviano de' Medici.—While still in weak health he presents himself before the Duke to defend himself.—He returns to Rome, where he works upon the Duke's medal, for the making of which he is upbraided by the Florentine exiles.—He goes to the chase in company with his shop-lad, Felice.—Whilst returning thence one day he receives warning of the murder of Duke Alessandro by the vision of a conflagration in the air in the direction of Florence.—Delight of the Florentine exiles.—Cellini's reflections regarding the accession of Cosimo I.—He proposes to the Pope that he should make a gold crucifix as a gift to the Emperor Charles V on the occasion of his visit to Rome; but fashions, however, instead, the cover for a Book of *Offices of the Madonna*.—He presents this Book to the Emperor.

WHEN we (had) passed eight days, the improvement was so slight that I became as it were a weariness even to myself; for I had been more than fifty days in that great suffering; and having made a resolution I got myself ready; and in a pair of panniers,<sup>1</sup> my

<sup>1</sup> BIANCHI explains these to mean "a kind of carriage"; spoken of in the plural here, because it was perhaps formed of two baskets joined together. GUASTI, however, with more reason observes that *cesta* was the name applied to certain types of *baroccini* and *barocchi*; and also to certain "carriers' waggons," called at one period *cestai*.

dear Felice and I proceeded towards Florence; and since I had not written anything I arrived in Florence at my sister's house, where I was wept and laughed over at one and the same moment by that same sister.<sup>1</sup> Upon that day there came to see me many of my friends; amongst the others Pier Landi,<sup>2</sup> who was the greatest and dearest friend that I ever had in the world; the next day there came a certain Nicholò da Monte Aguto,<sup>3</sup> who was my very great friend, and since he had heard the Duke say: "Benvenuto would have done much better to have died, for he is come here to put his head in a noose,<sup>4</sup> and I will never pardon him for it," Nicholò coming to me said to me despairingly: "Ah me! my dear Benvenuto, what have you come here for? Don't you know what you have done against the Duke? For I have heard him swear, saying that you were come to thrust your head into a noose at all costs." Thereupon I said: "Nicholò, remind His Excellency that already Pope Clemente wished to do the same thing to me, and as wrongfully; and if I am taken care of and allowed<sup>5</sup> to get well, I will show His Excellency that I have been the most faithful

<sup>1</sup> From a letter of VARCHI to BEMBO, dated November 10th 1535, we learn that Benvenuto had arrived in Florence on the previous day. He writes as follows: "*Our* Master Benvenuto (for so we can truly call him) came here yesterday evening from Rome in *ceste*, not entirely free from fever, but in such condition that there is no further anxiety in the world nor is there any danger to his life." And BEMBO replied to VARCHI under date the 28th of the same month, evincing great satisfaction at the good news. BEMBO, *Lett.* Vol. III, Lib. IX.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chap. III, p. 60 n. 3.

<sup>3</sup> Cf. Chap. XVI, p. 289 n. 3.

<sup>4</sup> *Dare in una cavezza*, i.e., "Place himself in danger of being hanged."

servant that he will ever have during the course of his life, and since some enemy of mine has out of envy done me this ill turn, let him wait my recovery of health, for as far as I can I will render such an account of myself as I will make him wonder." Giorgetto Vassellario,<sup>1</sup> an Aretine and a painter, had done me this ill turn, perhaps as a recompense for so many great benefits bestowed upon him; for having entertained him in Rome and paid his expenses, he had thrown my household into confusion. For he had a kind of dry leprosy,<sup>2</sup> which his hands were always scratching, and whilst sleeping with an excellent shop-lad that I had, who was called Manno,<sup>3</sup> thinking that he was scratching himself,

<sup>1</sup> This is CELLINI's name for the celebrated Giorgio Vasari, artist, courtier, and Father of Art-History, who was born at Arezzo in 1512, and died in 1574. As an artist he was but mediocre, but achieved undying fame through his *Vite de' più eccellenti pittori, scultori ed architettori*. CELLINI alludes to him frequently in his *Autobiography* and in the *Rime* printed at the end of the MILANESI's edition of the *Trattati* quoted above (pp. 324, 326, 381, and 398), but always with slight esteem, and often with bitterness. VASARI on the other hand is more kindly to our hero and in the *Vite* above alluded to refers to him with justice and impartiality. Cf. VASARI, *Opere*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vols. III, V, VII, *passim*.

<sup>2</sup> *Lebbrolina secca*. Evidently some unpleasant skin complaint; perhaps the itch.

<sup>3</sup> Manno Sbarri, a Florentine goldsmith. Cf. VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI cit., Vol. V, p. 373, and VII, p. 10: who tells us how at the commencement of the siege of Florence in 1529 he and Manno took refuge together in Pisa. In the *Life of Francesco Salviati* the same writer relates that Manno was a great friend of that melancholy painter, praising him as *a man of rare merit in his profession and most excellent for manners and goodness of heart*. CARO in a letter to M. Alessandro Cesati speaks of him with commendation; and RONCHINI has published an important Memoir regarding him (*Manno, orefice fiorentino*) in the *Atti e memorie della Deputazione*

he had scraped one of the legs of the said Manno with some of his dirty claws, of which the nails were never cut. The said Manno gave me notice, and wanted to kill him at any cost. I made peace between them; then I placed the said Giorgio with Cardinal de' Medici, and constantly helped him. This is his return (*merito*), that he told Duke Lessandro that I had spoken ill of His Excellency, and that I had boasted of wishing to be the first to leap on to the walls of Florence in alliance with the exiled enemies of His Excellency. These words, according to what I subsequently heard, that fine gentleman (*galant'uomo*)<sup>1</sup> Ottaviano de' Medici had caused him to repeat, being desirous of taking revenge for the vexation that the Duke had shown towards him with reference to the coins, and at my departure from Florence; but since I was innocent of this falsehood laid to my charge, I had no fear in the world; and the clever master Fran<sup>co</sup> da Montevarchi<sup>2</sup> doctored me with the greatest skill, and it was my

*di Storia Patria della provincia dell' Emilia* for 1873. Cf. also BERTOLOTTI, *Artisti lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 258; MUNTZ, *Ricerche intorno ai lavori archeologici di Giac. Grimaldi*, Firenze, 1881, p. 87; FABRICZY, *Arch. Stor. dell' Arte*, 1894; and PLON, *op. cit.*, pp. 297-8 and *passim*.

<sup>1</sup> This is of course ironical. Cf. Chap. XVI, p. 305 n. 2. VASARI tells us himself that he was in high favour with Ottaviano de' Medici, and gives us to understand further that the Medici had appropriated him to themselves.

<sup>2</sup> Francesco Catani da Montevarchi; a physician distinguished not merely in his own profession, but also as a lover of the Fine Arts. VARCHI in the *Ercolano* alludes to him thus: "Having gone to Ferrara with master Francesco Catani da Montevarchi, who is that great and worthy man whom you know, in order to prescribe for the most illustrious and most excellent lady, the Duchess;" and later on "the most excellent Master Francesco Catani to whom they are indissolubly bound by many and the closest ties."

very dear friend Luca Martini,<sup>1</sup>—who remained with me the greater part of the day,—who had brought him to me. Meanwhile I had sent back to Rome my most faithful Felice to take charge of my affairs there. When I could raise my head somewhat from the bolster,<sup>2</sup> which was at the end of fifteen days, although I could not walk upon my feet, I had myself carried into the Palazzo de' Medici up to where there is a small upper terrace: thus I had myself set down (*mettere a sedere*) to wait until the Duke should pass by. And many of my court friends coming to talk with me marvelled much that I had taken that trouble to have myself carried in that fashion, being in so weak a condition from illness; telling me that I ought to have waited to be cured, and then visited the Duke. There being a number of them assembled together, they all looked upon me as a miracle; not only from their having heard that I was dead, but still more did I appear to them a miracle, because I (yet) seemed to them like a dead man. Thereupon I related in the presence of them

<sup>1</sup> Highly esteemed for learning and judgement, Luca Martini employed the authority and favour which he enjoyed at the Court of Cosimo I (who appointed him in 1555 *Provveditore* at Pisa), for the advancement of learning and of men of merit. He was also a poet himself, and two of his humorous odes are to be found in the *Appendix* to the *Poesie* of BERNI (Leyden, 1824). In 1536 Cellini corresponded with him regarding a medal for Bembo (see *Trattati*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, p. 270). He also addressed to him the poem which he composed in prison, and he subsequently wrote a sonnet upon his death, published by MORENI; *Sonetti d'Angiolo Allori*, 1823, p. 21. Cf. also *Trattati cit.*, p. 390; PLON, *op. cit. passim*; and GIGLI, *Studi sulla Divina Commedia*, pp. xxxi e *seq.*

<sup>2</sup> *Primaccio* or *piumaccio* is the small pillow upon which one rests one's head in bed, *i.e.*, in modern Italian *capezzale* = "a bolster," in contradistinction to *guanciale*, a pillow of any sort.

all, how it had been told to my lord the Duke by some wicked scoundrel that I had boasted of wishing to be the first to leap on to the walls of His Excellency, and that I had spoken ill of him besides; for the which cause there was in me no courage to live nor to die until I had purged myself of that infamy, and knew who was that rash scoundrel who had spread that false report. To hearken to these words there were assembled a vast number of those nobles, and when they showed that they had very great compassion for me, and some said one thing and some another, I said that I never more wished to depart from that place until I knew who he was that had accused me. At these words there came from among all those noblemen, Master Agostino, the Duke's tailor, and said: "If that is all you want to know, now, even now, you will know." At that moment there passed by the above-mentioned Giorgio, the painter. Thereupon Master Agostino said: "There is the man who has accused you. Now you know yourself if it be true or not." I fiercely, being thus unable to move, asked Giorgio if such a statement were true. The said Giorgio said: "No, that it was not true, and that he had never said such a thing." Master Austino (*sic*) said:<sup>1</sup> "Oh, gallows bird! do you not know that I know it for absolute certainty?" Giorgio immediately departed, saying: "No, that it was not he." A short time elapsed, and the Duke passed by; upon which I immediately had myself held up before His Excellency, and he stopped. Thereupon I said that I had come thither in that fashion merely to justify myself. The Duke gazed at me and marvelled that I was alive.

<sup>1</sup> In the MS. the passage from "Master Austino said" down to "getting well" is in Cellini's own handwriting.

Then he said that I must attend to being an honest man and getting well. Returning home, Niccolò da Monte Aguto came to see me, and told me that I had escaped one of the greatest dangers in the world, a thing which he had never believed possible, for he saw my downfall written in unchangeable ink; and that I must see to getting well quickly and then depart at once, for it (the danger) came from a direction and from a man who would do me evil. Then, having said "Take care of yourself," he added: "What annoyance have you given to that big scoundrel of an Ottaviano de' Medici?" I replied that I had never caused him any annoyance, but that he had done so to me; and when I recounted the whole story of the Mint, he said to me: "Go away as quickly as you can, and be of good courage, for sooner than you think you will see your revenge." I attended to curing myself: I gave advice to Pietro Pagolo in the matter of the dies for the coin; then I took my departure, returning to Rome, without speaking with the Duke or any one else.

When I had arrived in Rome and had diverted myself sufficiently with my friends, I commenced the Duke's medal; and in a few days I had already completed the head in steel, the finest work that I had ever fashioned of that kind,<sup>1</sup> and there came to see me once at least every day a certain big fool, named Misser Fran<sup>co</sup> Soderini;<sup>2</sup> and when he saw what I was doing he said

<sup>1</sup> Cf. I. B. SUPINO, *L'Arte di Benvenuto Cellini con nuovi documenti sull'oreficeria fiorentina del secolo XVI*, Firenze, Alinari, 1901, p. 60.

<sup>2</sup> VARCHI (Lib. XII, *ed. cit.*, Vol. II, p. 412) records this man amongst the other enemies of the Medici banished to Spello in 1530. He died in 1551. BUSINI (*Lettere cit.* XXII) writes to VARCHI on April 27, confirming CELLINI'S epithet, as follows:

to me many times over: "Oh! cruel wretch! Do you want to immortalize for us that raging tyrant? and since you never made so fine a work, by this we know that you are our cordial enemy, and very much their friend, although the Pope and he have twice wrongfully wished to hang you; that was the father and the son; beware now of the holy spirit." It was held as a certain fact that the Duke Lessandro was the son of Pope Clemente.<sup>1</sup> The said Misser Fran<sup>co</sup> used to say besides and to swear positively that if he were able he would have robbed me of the dies for that medal. To which I replied that he had done well to tell me so, for I would keep them in such a way that he should never see them again. I caused it to be known in Florence that they should tell Lorenzino to send me the reverse for the medal. Niccolò da Monte Aguto, to whom I had written, wrote to me thus, saying that he had asked that mad melancholy philosopher,<sup>2</sup> Lorenzino, who had told

"There died a short while since that big fool of a Messer Francesco Soderini, who never did a better job than to leave a thousand *scudi* of income to Messer Tommaso, and the Sicilian Cecca will do well out of it."

<sup>1</sup> SEGNI (*Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, p. 5) definitely states that he was the natural son of Lorenzo, Duke of Urbino, but both AMMIRATO and VARCHI also report certain rumours, then current, that he was the son of Giulio de' Medici, that is to say, Clement VII. Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior. ed. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 379 and Vol. II, p. 433.

<sup>2</sup> Duke Alessandro was also stigmatized *filosofo*, on account of his studious and taciturn disposition, and because he apparently cared neither for riches nor honours. At Rome in 1531, according to VARCHI, he behaved like a madman in cutting off the heads of certain antique statues: for which reason he incurred the anger of Clement VII, was banned by the Caporioni and the Senate, and a price was set upon his head.

The following passage from GIOVIO, *Istorie del suo tempo*, I,



him that day and night he thought of nothing else, and that he would make it as soon as he was able; nevertheless he told me not to set hope upon his reverse, and that I must make one for myself from my own original invention; and that when I had finished it, I must bring it freely to the Duke, for it would be to my advantage. Having made a design for a reverse which seemed to me suitable, with as much care as I could I proceeded with it; but since I was not yet recovered from that inordinate illness, I took great pleasure in going to the chase with my fowling-piece in company with that dear Filice of mine, who knew nothing whatever about the practice of my trade, but since we were together continually day and night, every one imagined that he was most skilled in the business. For the which reason, he being excessively amusing, we laughed together a thousand times over this great credit that he had acquired; and since he was called Filice *Guadagni* (Profits), he used to say, in conversation with me: "I should call myself Filice *Guadagnipoco* (Small-Profits); but you have caused me to acquire so great a renown that I can call myself *De' Guadagni assai* (i.e., of the noble family of Great-Profits)." And I used to say to him that there were two methods of making profits; the first is, that which one earns for oneself, and the second, that which one earns for others; wherefore I praised in him much

xxxviii, may be compared with CELLINI's remark here: "Lorenzino with pallid countenance and melancholy look walked about alone, speaking very little and with but few persons. He used to frequent the lonely and out-of-the-way places of the city, and showed such manifest signs of melancholy humour that some began silently to make fun of him, whilst others more shrewd suspected that he was designing and planning in his mind some terrible undertaking."

more that second method, than the first, since he had gained for me my life. These talks we had many and many a time, but amongst other occasions one day at Epiphany-tide we were together near the Magliana,<sup>1</sup> and it was already almost at the close of day; a day upon which I had slain with my fowling-piece a large number of ducks and geese; and having almost decided not to shoot any more, while daylight lasted we were steadily moving towards Rome. Calling up my dog, who bore the name of Barucco, not seeing him ahead of me, I turned round and saw that the said dog,—as he was trained to do,—was watching certain geese that had settled in a ditch. I therefore immediately dismounted; and getting ready my good fowling-piece, I fired at them from a long distance, and brought down two with a single shot; for I never cared to fire with more than one single bullet, with which I used to fire two hundred *braccia*, and the majority of times struck (my object); [for one cannot do thus by any other methods]; wherefore having brought down both geese, one almost dead and the other wounded, and though thus badly wounded it flew clumsily away until my dog following it brought it to me; when I, observing that the other was plunging down into the ditch, sprang upon it. Trusting myself to my boots, which were very high ones, thrusting forward my foot, I sank beneath the soil; and though I secured the goose, I got the boot of my right leg entirely filled with water.

<sup>1</sup> A hunting-box on the bank of the Tiber, not far distant from Rome. It was built by Innocent VIII and enlarged by Julius III; Leo X, who was passionately fond of the chase, went there very frequently. Raphael painted a *Martyrdom of St. Cecilia* in the chapel of this pleasure-house.

Raising my foot in the air, I emptied out the water, and, mounting my horse, we hurried along upon our return to Rome; but since it was very cold, I felt my leg in a state of freeze, so that I said to Filice: "I must relieve this leg here, for I do not know how to endure it." The excellent Filice, without saying anything further, dismounted from his horse, and having collected thistles and twigs, got ready to make preparations for a fire, and whilst I waited, having placed my hands among the breast feathers of those geese, I felt them very warm; for the which reason I would not let him make a fire after all, but I filled that boot of mine with the feathers of that goose, and I immediately felt so much relief that it gave me life. Remounting our horses we came steadily towards Rome. When we had arrived at a certain small eminence, it was already night. Gazing in the direction of Florence, we both with one accord uttered a loud cry of astonishment, saying: "Oh, God of Heaven! what great thing is that which we see above Florence?" It was like a great beam of fire that shone and emitted very great radiance. I said to Filice: "We shall certainly hear to-morrow that some great event has taken place in Florence." So we reached Rome; it was very dark; and when we got into the neighbourhood of the Banks and near our own home, I was mounted upon my nag, which was proceeding at a most rapid amble, to such purpose that, there having been that day made in the middle of the road a mound of rubbish and broken tiles, that horse of mine, not seeing the mound, nor I either, climbed it at that furious pace, and then went headlong in the descent, in such fashion as to cause a tumble. He put his head between his legs;

whereat I, by the special mercy of God, suffered no hurt in the world. When lights had been brought out by the neighbours at that great noise, I had sprung to my feet; therefore, without mounting again, I ran home, laughing at having escaped the misfortune of breaking my neck. When I reached my house, I found certain of my friends, to whom, whilst we supped together, I recounted the disasters of my sport and that devilish affair of the beam of fire which we had seen; and they said: "What will this signify to-morrow?" I replied: "It must be some new event that has occurred in Florence!" Thus the supper passed pleasantly for us; the next day at a late hour the news came to Rome of the death of Duke Lessandro.<sup>1</sup> Wherefore many of my acquaintances came to me, saying: "You said well, that upon Florence must have chanced some great event." At this there came bouncing along, mounted upon a wretched mule of his, that Misser Fran<sup>co</sup> Soderini. Laughing loudly on the way like a madman, he kept saying: "This is the reverse of the medal of that wicked tyrant, which your Lorenzino de' Medici<sup>2</sup> promised you;" and he added further: "You wanted to immortalize the Dukes for us; we want no more Dukes;" and then he

<sup>1</sup> The murder of the Duke Alessandro, which occurred during the night of the 5th 6th of January 1537, was the work of his so-greatly-trusted Lorenzino, assisted by a certain Michele del Tavo-laccino, surnamed *Scoroconcolo*. Cf. LISIO, *Oraz. scelte del sec. XVI*, Firenze, Sansoni, 1897, p. 134, *e seg.*; VARCHI, *Stor. fior.*, ed. cit., Vol. III, 182-188, and SEGNI, *Istor. fior.*, ed. GARGANI, p. 315.

<sup>2</sup> Lorenzino after the crime fled to Constantinople, thence into France, and finally in 1547 to Venice, where on February 26th 1548, at the age of thirty-two, he was slain by two soldiers, one of whom had belonged to Duke Alessandro's guard.

mocked at me as if I had been the leader of those factions that set up the Dukes. At this juncture there came up a certain Baccio Bettini,<sup>1</sup> who had a thick skull like a basket, and he also began to mock at me about these Dukes, saying to me: "We have unDuked them (*isducati*), and will have no more Dukes; and you wanted to make them immortal;" with many of this sort of ugly words. These men becoming too much of a nuisance to me, I said to them: "Oh! silly fools! I am a poor goldsmith, who serves whoever pays me, and you are mocking me as if I were the head of a faction; but I do not want on that account to tax you with the insatiability, madresses, and inability of your predecessors; but I tell you plainly in reply to those many silly jeers in which you are indulging, that before two or three days are passed at the longest you will have another Duke perhaps much worse than this last one." The next day following there came to my shop that Bettini, and said to me: "It would be useless to spend money in couriers, for you know things before they take place. What spirit is it that tells you?" And he told me that Cosimo de' Medici, son of the Lord Giovanni, had been made Duke; but that he was made so under certain conditions,<sup>2</sup> which would have to be kept by him, so that he should not be able to fly about

<sup>1</sup> This must be the Bartolomeo Bettini, for whom, according to VASARI, Michelangelo made "a cartoon of *Cupid kissing Venus*, which is a thing divine"; and whom BUSINI employed in the transmission to VARCHI of his celebrated *Lettere sull' assedio di Firenze*.

<sup>2</sup> Cosimo de' Medici was chosen Duke on January 9th 1537, when barely seventeen years of age. Although he bore the title of Duke," he was at first only styled "Head and Governor of the

in his own way. Thereupon it was my turn to laugh at them, and I said: "These men of Florence have set a youth upon a wonderful horse; then they have put spurs upon him, given the bridle with his freedom into his hand, and set him in a most beautiful meadow, where are flowers and fruits and very many delights. Then they have told him that he must not pass certain prescribed boundaries. Now tell me, you! who can hold him back when the wish to pass them comes to him? One cannot enforce laws upon the man who is the master of those laws." So they left me alone and gave me no more annoyance.

Having attended to my shop, I continued some of my orders that were not indeed of great moment, because I was attending to the restoration of my health, and besides, I did not seem to be recovered from the great sickness through which I had passed. Meanwhile, the Emperor was returning victorious from the Tunis expedition,<sup>1</sup> and the Pope sent for me, and took counsel

Republic." It is remarkable how exactly events turned out as CELLINI predicted. SEGNI (*Istor. fior.*, Lib. VIII), speaking of the conditions imposed upon the new ruler, says: "Those conditions were all eventually after two days observed after that fashion in which the more powerful and the armed observe them with regard to those who have neither the strength nor the arms." VARCHI (*Istor. fior.*, Lib. XV) also says: "I would like to leave testimony there was not in Florence a single citizen, so humble or of so small importance, as well as the nobles and powerful personages, but was made to believe that he not only knew how and could, but that it was his duty, to control the lord Cosimo with a rod; in the which matter how much they were all deceived, his actions from time to time declared; wherefore they . . . found one who . . . wanted, knew how to and could, command them."

<sup>1</sup> TASSI points out here with some appetiteness that CELLINI,

with me what sort of honourable gift I advised him to present to the Emperor. To which I replied that it seemed to me that a cross of gold with a (figure of) Christ upon it would be the most appropriate thing to give to His Majesty, an ornamental piece of work which I had almost completed, the which would be very appropriate, and would do very great honour to His Holiness and to me. Having already fashioned three little figures of gold, in full relief, of about one palm in size (these said figures were those which I had begun for the chalice of Pope Clemente), they were fashioned for Faith, Hope, and Charity,<sup>1</sup> whereto I added in wax all the rest of the foot of the said cross; and having carried it to the Pope with the Christ in wax and with many most beautiful ornaments, it greatly satisfied the Pope; and before I parted from His Holiness we remained in agreement with regard to all that I had to do, and afterwards we valued the workmanship of the said work of art. This occurred one evening at the fourth hour of the night: the Pope had given commission to Misser Latino Juvinale that he should cause the money to be given to me the following morning. It seemed to the said Misser Latino, who had a great streak in him of the madman, that he would like to suggest a new idea to the Pope, which came simply out of his own head; for he

desiring to speak of the reverse to his medal promised by Lorenzino de' Medici in 1535, carries on that episode so as to anticipate events by relating here the murder of Alessandro, which took place in 1537. He then retraces his steps, and picks up the real sequence of contemporary history with the arrival in Naples, on November 30th 1535, of the Emperor Charles V, victorious from the siege of Tunis.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. XI, p. 215, and Chap. XII.

upset all that had been arranged; and in the morning, when I thought of going for the money, he said with that beastly presumption of his: "It is our business to be the designers, and yours the workmen. Before I left the Pope last evening, we thought of something much better." To these first words, without allowing him to proceed further, I said to him: "Neither you nor the Pope can ever think of anything better than those things wherein the (figure of) Christ is introduced. Therefore tell me now how much courtier nonsense you know." Without saying anything further he departed from me in anger, and sought to hand over the said work of art to another goldsmith; but the Pope would not, and immediately sent for me, and said to me that I had spoken well, but that they wanted to make use of a Book of Offices of the Madonna which was wonderfully illuminated, and which had cost Cardinal de' Medici more than two thousand *scudi* to have illuminated; <sup>1</sup> and this would be appropriate for employment as a gift to the Empress, and that they would subsequently make for the Emperor that thing which I had prepared, for it was truly a present worthy of him; but this was caused by their having so little time, for the Emperor was expected in Rome within a month and a half. For the said book he wanted a cover made of solid gold, richly worked, and adorned with many precious stones. The precious stones were valued at about six thousand *scudi*; so that when the precious

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI speaks at considerable length regarding this Crucifix and Book of Offices in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*. He adds, however, that the latter had been made by order of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici for Giulia Gonzaga. (Chap. VIII. *ed. cit.*, p. 52 *e segg.*)



stones and the gold were given to me, I set myself to the said work, and applying myself to it, in a few days I made it appear of such beauty, that the Pope marvelled and showed me the greatest favours, with an agreement that that beast of a Juvinale should not come near me. When the said work was near to completion, the Emperor appeared, for whom there were made many wondrous triumphal arches, and he arrived in Rome with a marvellous pomp, such as it behoves others to write about, because I do not want to dwell except upon such matters as concern myself.<sup>1</sup> Immediately upon his arrival he presented to the Pope a diamond, which he had bought for twelve thousand *scudi*. The Pope sent for me and gave me this diamond in order that I might fashion with it a ring, to the measure of His Holiness's finger; but he desired that I would first of all bring him the Book at the point at which it then was. When I brought the Book to the Pope he was greatly satisfied;

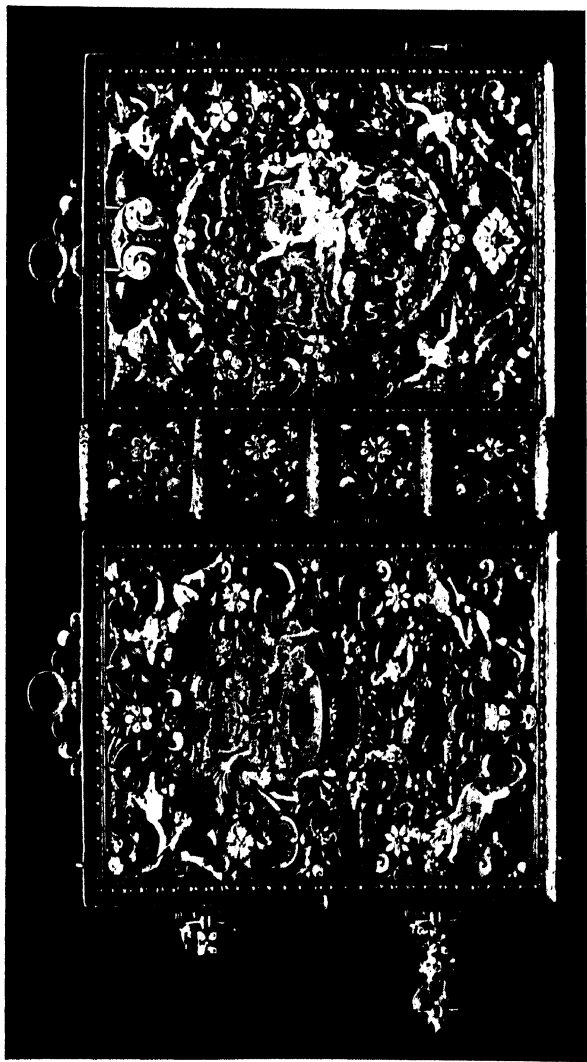
<sup>1</sup> The Emperor Charles V, attended by a suite of about 6,000 persons, arrived in Rome on April 5th 1536. He entered by the Porta San Sebastiano, and passing through the arches of Constantine, Titus and Septimius Severus, and over the Capitoline Hill, proceeded to the Vatican. The splendour of the decorations prepared for his reception, upon which some of the most famous artists and craftsmen were employed, were worthy of the Pontifical Court and of the City of Rome. A full description of them, and of the pomp and circumstance displayed upon this occasion, may be found in the *Diario* of BIAGIO BARONIO MARTINELLI of Cesena, Master of the Ceremonies to Popes Leo X, Adrian VI, Clement VII, and Paul III (published by B. PODESTA in *Arch. della Soc. rom. di stor. patr.*, Vol. III, p. 304 *e segg.*, under the title of *Carlo V a Roma nell' anno 1536*). The Emperor sojourned in Rome in the pontifical pavilion, built by Innocent VIII, called the *Belvedere*, near the Vatican Palace, until April 18th.

then he consulted me as to what excuse he could find with the Emperor, which might be a valid one, because that said work of art was incomplete. Whereupon I said that the valid excuse was that I had told him about my illness, which His Majesty would very easily believe when he saw how wasted and pale I was. Upon this the Pope said that he was much pleased (at the idea), but that I must add on behalf of His Holiness, when presenting the Book, that he was making a gift of me myself; and he told me exactly the manner that I was to assume, the words that I had to say, which words I repeated to the Pope, asking him, that if they pleased him, he would say so. He said to me: "You will speak too well if you have the courage to speak to the Emperor in the way that you are speaking to me." Whereupon I said that I had the courage to speak with much greater confidence to the Emperor; for it happened that the Emperor went about clad just as I went about myself, and that to me it would seem that I was speaking to a man who was made like myself; a fact which did not so happen to me when speaking with His Holiness, in whom I perceived a much greater divinity, as much on account of his ecclesiastical adornments, which displayed a certain royalty (*diadema*)<sup>1</sup> to me, as on account of His Holiness' handsome old age; all these attributes caused me more awe than those of the Emperor. At these words the Pope said: "Go, Benvenuto mine, for you are a clever man. Do us credit, for it will be to your advantage." The Pope ordered two Turkish horses, which had belonged to Pope Clemente, and they

<sup>1</sup> By the word *diadema* CELLINI means a sort of "aureole" or "halo."

were the most beautiful that had ever come into Christendom. These two horses the Pope committed to Misser Durante,<sup>1</sup> his chamberlain, that he should take them down into the corridors of the Palace, and there present them to the Emperor, employing certain expressions that he enjoined upon him. We went down together; and when we reached the presence of the Emperor these two horses entered those halls with so much dignity and with such nobility (of appearance), that the Emperor and everyone marvelled. Upon this the said Misser Durante came forward in so awkward a manner and with some of his Brescian dialect, tying up (*annodandosigli*) his tongue in his mouth in such a way that one never saw or heard anything worse; the Emperor was moved somewhat to laughter. At this moment I had already uncovered my said work of art; and when the Emperor, perceiving me, with a most gracious gesture turned his glances in my direction, I came forward immediately and said: "Sacred Majesty, Our Most Holy Father Pope Paulo sends this Book of the Madonna to be presented to Your Majesty, which is engrossed and illuminated by the hand of the greatest man who ever practised such a profession; and this rich cover of gold and precious stones is thus imperfect on account of my illness; for the which reason His Holiness presents me also, along with the said Book, that I may come after

<sup>1</sup> TASSI tells us that this Messer Durante was a certain Durante Duranti of Brescia, a prelate of great erudition in the Fine Arts in Literature, and in Jurisprudence. He was Prefect of the Apostolic Chamber to Paul III, who in 1544 created him a cardinal, and subsequently appointed him Bishop of his native town. He died in December 1557 at the age of seventy-one. Cf. CIACCONIO, *op. cit.*, Vol. III, p. 703.



MISSAL COVER IN FINE GOLD  
Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington

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your Majesty in order to finish his Book; and beyond that, in everything that you have a mind to have done as long as I live, I will serve you." To this the Emperor replied: "The Book is acceptable to me and you also; but I want you to finish it for me in Rome; and when it is finished and you cured, bring it along and come and see me." Then in discoursing with me he called me by name, at which circumstance I marvelled, because no words had passed wherein my name had occurred; and he told me that he had seen that Morse belonging to Pope Clemente, whereon I had made so many wonderful figures. Thus we extended our conversation for an entire half-hour, speaking of many divers things all clever and agreeable: and so it seemed to me that matters had turned out for me with much greater credit than that which I had promised for myself. When a little pause occurred in the conversation, I made a bow and departed. The Emperor was heard to say: "Give Benvenuto five hundred gold *scudi* immediately," in such a way that he who brought them up asked which was the Pope's man who had spoken to the Emperor. Misser Durante came forward, who robbed me of my five hundred *scudi*. I complained to the Pope, who told me that I must not trouble, for he knew all about it, how I had conducted myself excellently in my conversation with the Emperor, and that of that money I should in any case get my share.

## CHAPTER XIX

(1537)

Cellini sets a diamond in a ring for Paul III.—He finds the Pope in suspicious private converse with the Marchese del Guasto.—He is calumniated by Latino Manetti.—Completes the book-cover for the Emperor Charles V.—Resolves to go to France.—Has a violent quarrel with his shop-lad Ascanio.

RETURNING to my shop, I set to work with great assiduity to finish the diamond ring; regarding which<sup>1</sup> there were sent to me (four persons), the principal jewellers in Rome;<sup>2</sup> because it had been told to the Pope that that diamond had been set in Venice by the handiwork of the first jeweller in the world, who was called Master Miliano Targhetta,<sup>3</sup> and since that diamond was

<sup>1</sup> The use of *il quale* here is one of CELLINI'S common idioms for *per il quale oggetto*.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*, Chapters VIII and IX (*ed. cit.*) CELLINI dwells at some length upon his experiments in colouring this diamond, and he gives the names of *three*, not *four* jewellers: that is to say, Gaio, Raffaello del Moro, a Florentine, and Guasparre Romanesco—otherwise Gasparo Gallò, who was Papal jeweller from 1519 to 1549 (*ibid.*, p. 56).

<sup>3</sup> CELLINI in the above-quoted *Treatise* (p. 56) makes Gaio tell the Pope that Miliano Targhetta "is an old man, nor has there ever been record in the world of another man who understood better how to arrange precious stones upon a foil (*foglia*), or upon colouring matter; whilst Benvenuto is young, and, although he is

somewhat thin, it was an undertaking too difficult to execute without great consideration. I was very pleased to see these four jewellers, amongst whom was a Milanese, named Gaio. This man was the most presumptuous beast in the world, and the one who knew the least; and it seemed to him that he knew the most:<sup>1</sup> the others were most modest and most able men. This Gaio in the presence of us all began to talk, and said: "You

spirited in this branch of the art, and therein works extremely well, this question of colouring a stone is of so great an importance that it is a bone too hard for his tender teeth." Further on in the same *Treatise* (p. 61) BENVENUTO speaks of the same Miliano as "an admirable man."

<sup>1</sup> The anger which CELLINI displays against this man for his interference in his affairs, causing him to give vent to abusive words, somewhat scandalizes BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, pp. 258-9), who from the records finds him to have been a most excellent goldsmith. But it is not BENVENUTO'S custom to spare anyone, be they Pope, Cardinal or humbler folk; and he frequently—even after almost exaggerated praise—vilifies them, whensoever wrongly or rightly they offend or cause him injury. And this is certainly the case with regard to Giovanni Pietro Marliano of Milan, surnamed *Gaio*. We find him recorded along with Paulo d'Arsago and Gasparo Gallò (*Guasparre Romanesco*) among those jewellers present at the Congress of the Guild of Goldsmiths, which was held on June 25th 1516 (BERTOLOTTI, *Art. Subalp.*, 114). In 1523, in company with Caradosso, he valued the jewels that the Pope pledged with the Augsburg firm of Jacopo Fuccaro (*Fugger*) and Nephews. He was private jeweller to His Holiness from 1528 to 1548; and he also held for a time the office of Solicitor of Letters Apostolic. Among works of his of which record still exists, we hear of a casket presented by the Pope to the Vice-reine of Naples: and he provided the Papal Court with rings and with rubies, sapphires and other precious stones; upon which account and for his high deserts he enjoyed a pension of ten ducats per month until the date of his death: an event which, judging from the latest recorded payment, took place in 1548.



must keep Miliano's colouring material (*tinta*)<sup>1</sup> and to that, Benvenuto, you must just take off your hat; for as the colouring of a diamond is the most beautiful and the most difficult process that there is in the art of jewellery, Miliano is the greatest jeweller that there ever was in the world, and this is the most difficult diamond." Thereupon I said that so much was it the greater glory for me to compete with so able a man in such a profession. Then I turned to the other jewellers and said: "Observe that I have preserved Miliano's colouring material, and I will try if in my work I can improve upon it; if not we will recolour it with the same as before." That animal Gaio said that if I did succeed by that means, he would gladly take off his cap to it. To which I replied: "Then if it is better done it will deserve two liftings of your cap." "Yes," said he, and so I began to compose my colourings. I applied myself with greatest diligence to the composition of my colours, the details of which I will describe in their own place. Most certainly the said diamond was the most difficult that ever before or since had come before me, and that colouring of Miliano was cleverly made; however, I was not yet dismayed. Having sharpened the tools of my brain (*mia ferruzzi dello ingegno*) I did it so well that I not merely came up to it, but I very much surpassed it. Then, having realized that I had surpassed him, I started trying to surpass myself, and with new methods I composed a colouring material that was by a long way better than that which I had (previously) made. Then I sent

<sup>1</sup> A full description of this colouring material—which was a kind of stucco inserted within the setting of the stone—is to be found in Chapter IX of the *Treatise* above-mentioned.

to summon the jewellers, and I coloured the diamond with Miliano's colour; afterwards, when thoroughly cleaned, I retinted it with my own. When I showed it to the jewellers, the leading brilliant man amongst them, who was named Raffael del Moro,<sup>1</sup> having taken the diamond in his hand, said to Gaio: "Benvenuto has surpassed Miliano's colour." Gaio, who did not want to credit it, took the diamond into his hand and said: "Benvenuto! this diamond is two thousand ducats better than with Miliano's colouring." Thereupon I said: "Then I have surpassed Miliano, let us see if I cannot surpass even my own self;" and begging them to wait a little while I went up into my closet, and outside their presence I recoloured the diamond, and when I brought it to the jewellers, Gaio immediately said: "This is the most wondrous thing that I ever saw in all my life, for this diamond is worth more than eighteen thousand *scudi*, whereas we valued it at barely twelve." The other jewellers turning to Gaio said: "Benvenuto is the glory of our profession, and deservedly both to his colours and to himself we ought to take off our caps." Gaio then said: "I want to go and tell the Pope, and I want him to have a thousand *scudi* in gold for the setting of this diamond." And hurrying to the Pope he told him everything; for the which reason the Pope sent three times that day to see if the ring were finished. Then at twenty-three of the clock I took up the ring; and since the door was not closed to me, as I was discreetly raising the curtain, I saw the Pope together with the Marchese del Guasto,<sup>2</sup> who

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. IX, p. 168 n. 2.

<sup>2</sup> Alfonso d'Avalos, Marchese del Vasto, successor and heir to the famous Ferdinando d'Avalos, Marchese di Pescara, an illustrious

must have been urging upon him things that he did not want to do, and I heard him say to the Marchese: "I tell you No, for it behoves me to be neutral and nothing else."<sup>1</sup> When I hastily drew back a little, the Pope himself called to me; whereupon I quickly entered, and carrying that fine diamond in my hand, the Pope drew me thus aside, whereat the Marchese retired. The Pope, whilst he examined the diamond, said to me, "Benvenuto, keep up a conversation with me that may seem to be of some importance, and don't ever leave off as long as the Marchese remains here in this room." And beginning to walk up and down—since the matter was to my advantage it pleased me—and I began to talk with the Pope regarding the method that I had employed in colouring the diamond. The Marchese stood upright apart leaning against a tapestry hanging, and twisted himself about now upon one foot and now upon another. The subject of this discussion was of such importance that if one wished to discuss it fully, it might have been carried on for three whole hours. The Pope derived such great pleasure out of it that he forgot the annoyance

commander, lieutenant-general to the Emperor Charles V at the taking of Tunis, and Governor in his name of the Milanese. In 1544 he lost the celebrated Battle of Ceresola, and died two years later (on March 30th 1547, the same day as Francis I, King of France) at the early age of forty-two. Cf. VARCHI, *Libb. XIV* and *XV*; SEGNI, *Lib. XI*; AMMIRATO, *Lib. XXXII*.

<sup>1</sup> This is an allusion to the war that Charles V desired to re-open with the King of France, and to which he had alluded in his speech before the Consistory on his arrival in Rome, with the object of inducing the Pope to combine with him. Nothing, however, came of it, since Paul III—mindful of the misfortunes of Clement VII—desired to retain his neutrality amid the Princes of Christendom, and even offered himself as peace-maker between the belligerents.

that he had received from the Marchese, who stood there. I had intermingled in the discussion that part of philosophy which belongs to that profession (of ours), in such a way that, when we had conversed thus for nearly an hour, it became an annoyance to the Marchese, and he departed half in a rage; thereupon the Pope showed me the most friendly courtesies that it is possible to imagine in the world, and he said: "Wait, Benvenuto mine, for I will give you another reward for your skill than the thousand *scudi* that Gaio has told me your labour deserves." When I had thus departed the Pope praised me in the presence of those servants of his, amongst whom was that Latino Juvenale, whom I have spoken of before. This man, since he had become my enemy, sought with every effort to do me harm; and when he saw that the Pope spoke of me with so much affection and praise, he said: "There is no doubt that Benvenuto is a person of wondrous skill: but although every man is naturally supposed to like better those of his own country than outsiders, one ought still to consider in what way one should speak regarding a Pope. He has been heard to say that Pope Clemente was the finest ruler that ever was, and equally talented, but indeed cursed with ill luck; and he says that Your Holiness is exactly the opposite, and that that *tiara* weeps on your head,<sup>1</sup> and that you appear like a dressed-up bundle of straw, but that for you there is nothing but good-luck" These words were of such weight, spoken by one who knew exceedingly well how to express them, that the Pope believed them. I had

<sup>1</sup> A curious expression meaning that "the Papal tiara fitted badly upon his head."

not only not said them, but such a thing had never come into my mind. If the Pope could have done so with credit to himself, he would have done me very great injury; but since he was a person of very great tact, he made pretence to laugh at it; none the less he preserved in himself a dislike towards me so great as to be boundless, and I began to perceive it, for I did not obtain access to his apartments with the facility of heretofore, but rather with very great difficulty. And since I had been for many years a frequenter of those courts, I fancied that some one had done a bad turn against me; and after dexterous inquiry I was told the whole story, but I was not told who the mischief-maker was; and I could not imagine who would have said such a thing, for had I known I would have taken my revenge to a measure of charcoal.<sup>1</sup> I set myself to the completion of my little Book; and when I had completed it I carried it to the Pope, who truly could not refrain himself from praising me greatly. Upon which I told him that he must send me to carry it (to the Emperor) as he had promised me. The Pope answered me, that he would do whatever might seem good to him to do, and that I had done what appertained to me. So he gave directions that I should be well paid. For these works in little more than two months I gained five hundred *scudi*; for the diamond I was paid at the rate of one hundred and fifty *scudi* and no more; all the remainder was given me for the fashioning of that little Book, the making of which was worth more than a *thousand*, since it was a work rich in many figures and

<sup>1</sup> *Io nearei fatte vendette a misura di carboni, i.e., "I would not have put limits to my vengeance."*

foliages, and enamels and precious stones. I took what I could get and made a plan to depart altogether from Rome.<sup>1</sup> In the meantime the Pope sent the said little Book to the Emperor by the hand of one of his nephews, called the lord Sforza,<sup>2</sup> to whom, on his presenting the book, the Emperor was most grateful, and immediately asked after me. The youthful lord Sforza, being instructed, said, that on account of my being ill I had not come. All this was reported to me. Meantime I got myself in readiness to go towards France, and I wanted to go alone; but I could not do so, because of a lad who lived with me,<sup>3</sup> who was called Ascanio.<sup>4</sup> This

<sup>1</sup> M. PLON (*op. cit.*, p. 291 *e segg.*) states that this precious Book is no longer to be found either in Rome, Vienna, or Madrid. Nevertheless he records the covers of three books; one of which belonged to Francis II, King of Naples, but ultimately disappeared at the overthrow of the Bourbon Dynasty; another is in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington; whilst a third is in the Friedenstein Museum at Gotha. But it is easy to see from the considerations brought forward by M. PLON that none of these can be the cover executed by Cellini as a gift for the Emperor Charles V.

<sup>2</sup> Sforza Sforza was the son of Bosio, Count of Santa Fiora by Costanza Farnese, natural daughter of Pope Paul III. He was at this period but sixteen years of age, and had given such proofs of valour in the army of the Emperor Charles V, that he had been appointed Captain-General of the Spanish and Italian cavalry. He distinguished himself under Charles IX of France at the defence of Poitiers and Moncontour, and died in the fortress of Arquato in October 1575. Cf. DAVILA, Lib. VIII, and THUANI, *Hist.*, Vol. II, Lib. XLV.

<sup>3</sup> Here we have another of CELLINI'S confused and rambling statements; sentences and clauses begun and never completed.

<sup>4</sup> Ascanio de' Mari: as we learn presently, a native of Tagliacozzo. He was the son of one Giovanni, and in the *Dictionnaire critique de Biographie et d'Histoire* of JAL, under the heading *De*

youth was of very tender age, and he was the most admirable servant that there ever was in the world; and when I took him he had left his former master, who was called Francesco,<sup>1</sup> and who was a Spaniard and a goldsmith. I, for I had not wanted to take this lad, so as not to come into collision with the said Spaniard, said to Ascanio: "I don't want you, lest I cause annoyance to your master." And he did so much that his master wrote me a note that I might freely take him. Thus he had been with me many months; and since he had come away thin and pale, we called him "the little old man" (*il vechino*); and I thought that he was (really) a little old man, because he served me so well; for he was so skilful, that it did not seem reasonable that at his age of thirteen years, which he said that he was, there should be in him

*Mari, Ascanio*, is to be found important information regarding him. He followed Cellini, as we shall eventually hear, to Paris, and remaining behind there, became one of the Court goldsmiths to Henry II of France. His name of *de' Mari* transpires from French documents, and it was in France that he married Costanza, a daughter of Girolamo di Andrea della Robbia, a member of the celebrated Florentine family of potters. This Girolamo della Robbia had settled at the French Court, and died in Paris in 1566, four days after his daughter, Costanza de' Mari. Records of Ascanio are extant up to 1566, and in one of the French documents he is styled *Seigneur de Beaulieu*.

<sup>1</sup> In the Registers of the Pontifical Treasury BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 259) finds, amongst other goldsmiths bearing the name of Francesco, one from Valentia, who at this very period fashioned the sword to be ceremonially blessed upon the Feast of Christmas; and he believes this Francesco to be the man here spoken of by CELLINI. And it might well be alleged that he is one and the same person as that *Francesco Valentini* (from Valentia), who was the fourth (or fifth person) to boast of having slain the Constable de Bourbon in 1527.

so much ability. Now to return, he in those few months put on flesh, and being removed from want became the handsomest youth in Rome; and since he was so excellent a servant as I have said, and because he learnt the business marvellously, I set upon him a very great affection as a son, and I kept him clad as if he had been my son. When the youth saw himself restored, it seemed to him that he had had a great piece of good luck to fall into my hands. He often went to thank his former master, who had been the cause of his great luck; and since this master of his had a handsome young woman for his wife, she said to him: "Surgetto, what have you done to yourself that you have become so handsome?" (For so they called him when he lived with them.) Ascanio answered her: "Madonna Fran<sup>ca</sup>, it is my master who has made me so handsome and much more good." She in petty spite took it very ill that Ascanio should speak thus; and since she bore the reputation of being an immodest woman, she knew how to employ to this lad some caresses perhaps beyond the customs of honesty; for the which reason I observed that this lad went many times more often than was his custom to see his (late) master's wife. It happened that one day, he having cruelly beaten a little shop-boy, when I arrived (for I came in from out-of-doors), the said lad, weeping complained, telling me that Ascanio had beaten him without any reason. At these words I said to Ascanio: "Whether with reason or without reason, never do you come to beating any one of my household, for you shall feel in what manner I know how to beat." He answered me back; whereupon I immediately threw myself upon him, and with my fists and my feet I gave him the



heaviest blows that he ever felt. As soon as he could escape from my hands, without his cloak and without his cap he fled from the house, and for two days I did not know where he was, nor still less did I hunt for him; but at the end of two days, there came to speak with me a Spanish nobleman, who was called Don Diego. He was the most liberal man that I ever knew in the world. I had made for him and was making certain works of art, in such measure that he was very much my friend. He told me that Ascanio had returned to his old master, and that if it seemed good to me, would I give him his cap and the cloak that I had presented to him. To these words I replied that Fran<sup>co</sup> had behaved ill, and that he had acted like a low-born fellow; for if he had told me directly that Ascanio had gone to him (since he was in his house), I would very willingly have let him go; but since he had kept him two days without informing me of it, I did not wish him to stay with him; and that he must manage that I should not in any way see him in his house. So much Don Diego reported; whereupon the said Fran<sup>co</sup> jested at the matter. The next morning following I saw Ascanio, who was working upon certain rubbishing articles (*pappolate*) in wire beside his said master. As I passed by the said Ascanio made me a bow and his master a gesture of derision. He sent to me by that nobleman, Don Diego, to ask me if I would be pleased to send back the clothes to Ascanio that I had given him; if not, he did not mind, and that Ascanio should not want for clothes. At these words I turned to Don Diego and said: "My lord Don Diego, in all your undertakings I never saw any one more liberal nor more

worthy than you are; but this Fran<sup>co</sup> is exactly the opposite of what you are, for he is a dishonest renegade. Tell him thus from me, that if before they ring vespers he has not himself brought Ascanio back here to my shop I will kill him at any cost; and tell Ascanio that if he does not leave that house at that hour fixed for his master I will do but little less for him." To these words that lord Don Diego answered me nothing, rather he went and set in operation that threat against the said Francesco, who did not know what to do. Meantime Ascanio had gone to look for his father, who had come to Rome from Tagliacozzi, of which place he was; and he hearing of this disturbance, also counselled Fran<sup>co</sup> that he should bring Ascanio back to me. Fran<sup>co</sup> said to Ascanio: "Do you go of your own accord, and your father will go with you." Don Diego said: "Fran<sup>co</sup>, I foresee some great trouble: you know better than I do what Benvenuto is like; take him back without fail, and I will come with you." I, when I had put myself in readiness, walked up and down the shop, awaiting the stroke of vespers, having prepared myself to carry out one of the most destructive proceedings that I had ever committed during the course of my life. At this juncture there came up Don Diego, Fran<sup>co</sup> and Ascanio and his father, whom I did not know. As Ascanio entered, I regarded them all with an eye of fury. Fran<sup>co</sup>, his face the colour of death said: "See, I have brought back Ascanio, whom I kept, unaware that I was causing you displeasure." Ascanio humbly said: "Master mine, pardon me, I am here to do all that you command me." Thereupon I said "Are you come to complete the period for which you are bound to me?" He replied, "Yes;" and never more

to depart from me. I then turned and told that shop-lad whom he had beaten to bring out that bundle of clothes; and I said to him, "Here are all the clothes that I have given you, and with them take your freedom, and go wherever you will." Don Diego remained astonished at this, for he expected almost anything else. Upon this Ascanio together with his father besought me that I would pardon him and take him back. When I asked who it was that was speaking on his behalf, he told me that it was his father; to whom after many entreaties, I said: "And since you are his father, out of respect for you I will take him back."

## CHAPTER XX

(1537)

Cellini leaves Rome on April 2nd on his way to France.—He is accompanied by his apprentices, Girolamo of Perugia and Ascanio of Tagliacozzo.—At Padua he makes designs for a medal for Pietro Bembo, who presents him with three horses.—He journeys through Switzerland.—Strange encounter with the Florentine courier Busbacca.—Perils upon a lake between Wallenstadt and Vessa.—His escape and subsequent adventures.—In June he arrives in Paris.

HAVING resolved, as I said a short time since, to go towards France, because I perceived that the Pope did not hold me in the same estimation as before, since by means of evil tongues my great service had been befouled; and for fear lest those who could would do me worse injury, I therefore was disposed to seek another country, in order to see if I could find better fortune; and I would willingly have gone away alone. Having resolved one evening to depart next morning, I told that faithful Felice that he was to enjoy all my substance until my return; and if it chanced that I did not return, I wished that everything should be his. And since I had a Perugian apprentice,<sup>1</sup> who had assisted

<sup>1</sup> Girolamo Pascucci, who is alluded to again by CELLINI in Book II of his *Autobiography* (see also, p. 385); and in the *Ricordo*

me in the completion of those commissions for the Pope, I gave to this fellow his liberty, having paid him for his labour. He said to me that he begged me to let him come with me, and that he would come at his own expense; for if it should chance that I stayed to work with the King of France, it would be far better that I should have with me my Italian workmen, and especially some of those persons whom I knew to be capable of assisting me. This man understood so well how to entreat me that I was glad to take him with me after the manner that he had proposed. Ascanio being also present at this discussion, said half crying: "When you took me back, I said that I wanted to stay with you for life, and such it is my intention to do!" I told the said (lad) that I did not want him on any account. The poor lad got himself ready to come after me on foot. When I saw that he had formed such a resolution, I engaged a horse for him also, and putting a small trunk of mine on the crupper, I burdened myself with much more useless lumber (*hornamenti*) than I should have done; and setting

of Jan. 16th 1560, in reckoning up the monies expended on behalf of the courier Busbacca, was subsequently the principal cause of Cellini's imprisonment, by accusing him of having stolen Pope Clement VII's precious stones during the Sack of Rome. In April 1538 he and Benvenuto had a dispute, as a result of which our hero promised not to injure him, giving Felice Guadagni (and upon his not being deemed sufficient, Vincenzo Romolo) as his guarantee. This promise was renewed in the following July in the presence of the goldsmiths, Paolo, a Roman, and Antonio, a Florentine (*Fideiussio pro domino Benvenuto Io. Cellini aurifice in urbe, de non offendendo Hieronimum perusinum aurificem*): and bears date April 22 1538. Cf. BERTOLOTTI, *Arch. stor. lomb.*, 1875, pp. 144-5. This guarantee was ratified on April 24th of the same year.

out from Rome<sup>1</sup> I came to Florence, and from Florence to Bologna and from Bologna to Venice, and from Venice I went to Padua; where I was removed from the inn by that very dear friend of mine, who was called Albertaccio del Bene.<sup>2</sup> The next day after I went to kiss the hands of Misser Pietro Bembo,<sup>3</sup> who was not yet a cardinal. The said Misser Pietro showed me the most unbounded courtesies that could ever be displayed towards any human being; then he turned to Albertaccio and said: "I want Benvenuto to stay here with all his followers, even if he have a full hundred of them; therefore make up your mind that, if you also want Benvenuto, to stay here with me (yourself) for otherwise I will not give him up to you:" and thus I remained to enjoy myself with this most brilliant nobleman. He had a room set in readiness for me, which would have been too magnificent even for a cardinal, and continually desired me to eat at his lordship's side. Then he began with most modest pro-

<sup>1</sup> TASSI (*op. cit.*) informs us that Benvenuto left Rome on the second day after Easter in the year 1537, an event which fell on April 1st. See the Letter from VARCHI to BEMBO dated April 5th in that year.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. Chap. XV, p. 273, n. 1.

<sup>3</sup> Pietro Bembo was born in Venice in 1470, of a noble Venetian family, was created a cardinal by Paul III on March 23rd 1539, and died in Rome on January 18th 1547, at the age of seventy-seven. His best-known works are *Gli Ascolani*, the *Libri della Volgare Lingua*, *Le storie di Venezia* (originally written in Latin, but subsequently translated into Italian), and a vast number of *Letters*. His work is distinguished for learning and very pure diction, although his style is affected and one recognizes therein too slavish an imitation of Boccaccio. For information regarding his Life and Work cf. V. CIAN, *Un decennio della vita di m. Pietro Bembo*. Torino, Loescher, 1885; and GASPARY, *Stor. della lett. ital.*, Vol. II, pt. 2, p. 60 (Italian translation).

posals, pointing out that he had had a desire that I should make his portrait; and since I desired nothing else in the world, having prepared for myself certain very white stucco in a small box, I began my task; and the first day I worked for two hours continuously, and I sketched out that clever head with so much charm, that his lordship remained in stupefaction at it; and though that man was very great in his scholarship and in poetry to a superlative degree, of this profession of mine his lordship understood nothing in the world; wherefore it seemed to him that I should have finished in that time when I had scarcely begun: so much so that I could not make him understand that I wanted much time in which to fashion it thoroughly. At last I resolved to do the best I knew with the time that it deserved; and since he wore his beard short after the Venetian fashion (*alla venetiana*), I put myself to great trouble to make a head that should satisfy me. However, I finished it, and it seemed to me that I fashioned the most beautiful work that I had ever made as far as appertained to my art. At which I saw him amazed, for he thought that since I had completed the wax model in two hours I ought to make the steel one in ten. When he saw then that I was not able to make the wax one in two hundred hours, and that I was asking for leave to proceed towards France, at this he was much upset, and asked me that I would at least make a reverse for his medal, and this was the horse *Pegasus* (*un caval Pegaseo*)<sup>1</sup> in the midst of a wreath of myrtle. This I did in about three hours' time, imparting to it very excellent style; and he being very well satisfied said: "This horse seems

<sup>1</sup> Bembo's emblem.

to me a ten times greater matter than is the fashioning of a little head, whereon you have expended so much labour; I do not comprehend this difficulty." Nevertheless he told me and besought me that I should make it in steel, saying to me: "Of your kindness make it for me, for you will make it very quickly if you want to do so." I promised him that though I did not wish to execute it there, wherever I did settle down to work I would carry it out without fail.<sup>1</sup> Whilst we were keeping up this dis-

<sup>1</sup> With regard to the medal or medals made by Cellini for Cardinal Bembo much conjecture and discussion has arisen. GUASTI informs us that even before this date our hero had proposed to execute a medal for this distinguished personage. We learn this fact from a number of letters that passed between CELLINI, BEMBO, VARCHI and UGOLINO MARTELLI; all written within the years 1535 and 1536. But it is certain that he had no opportunity for commencing the model before 1537, when he halted at Padua on his way to France. He made a sketch, he tells us, at that time, of his host's head, with a short beard *alla veneziana*, and designed a reverse bearing the *Caval Pegaseo*, surrounded by a garland of myrtle: and he promised to complete the work in such place as he should find himself stationed to work. Since he makes no further mention of it in his *Life*, and is wholly silent regarding it in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*,—albeit it was a subject that stood very near his heart on account of the courtesies received by him at Padua, and because, not only had he given his word, but he was moreover satisfied with the result of his sketch,—it is more reasonable to suppose that, distracted by long journeys and imprisonments, he never did actually complete it, than to imagine that he finished it in 1539 with a new design for the portrait. CINELLI states that he had seen in the house of Antonio Magliabecchi "a very fine medal made by Cellini, bearing the portrait of Cardinal Bembo and on the reverse the *Cavallo Pegaseo*; both admirably executed"; a fact which is confirmed by the same MAGLIABECCHI in his *Notizie di Scrittori Fiorentini*, which is preserved in MS. in the National Library in Florence, where may be read: "The very beautiful medal of Cardinal Bembo made by



cussion I had been to bargain for three horses to proceed on our way towards France; and he (Bembo) caused me to be secretly watched, for he had very great influence in Padua; in such a way that when I went to pay for the horses, which I had bargained for at fifty ducats, the owner of those same horses said to me: "Oh, illustrious man, I make you a present of the three horses." To which I replied: "It is not you who

Benvenuto Cellini I have in my poor Museum" (now in the Museo Nazionale in Florence). This medal FRIEDLÄNDER believes to be assuredly the work of Benvenuto, and ARMAND, who possesses an example (reproduced by PLON) agrees in this supposition. Nevertheless, ARNETH attributes it to Valerio Belli, surnamed Valerio Vicentino. Belli certainly did make a medal for this prelate, as also did Leone Leoni, but both some years earlier; that is to say in 1532 and 1536 respectively; for which reason it could be *neither of these two*, since we know that they represented Bembo without a beard; and moreover the reverse is quite different. Again, both these medals were *stamped* not *cast*, as this one is: and the inscription PETRI . BEMBI . CAR . removes all doubt, since Bembo was not a cardinal during those years.

That the medal in question may be by Cellini, as the said FRIEDLÄNDER and ARMAND maintain, is, to say the least, doubtful, even if we set aside the assertion of JACOPO MORELLI in his notes to the Letter addressed by BEMBO to Carlo Gualteruzzi "that there is no foundation to go upon." Notwithstanding that PLON, in his long dissertation regarding this medal, conjectures that Benvenuto, on his release from prison, saw Bembo once more, and kept his promise, as far as the portrait of a man of sixty-nine, which was the age of the Cardinal in 1539, could represent that of a younger man with a shorter beard *alla veneziana*: keeping for the reverse the design made in Padua, minus the wreath of myrtle: the question still remains unsettled, and thus it will remain until new documents assist us to clear up the point. As far as we can say at present it is most reasonable to suppose that he never did finish it. Cf. PLON, *op. cit.*, Pl. LXI, 2 and pp. 328 *e segg.*: I. B. SUPINO, *Il medagliere Mediceo*, Firenze, 1899; and *L'Arte*



OBVERSE



REVERSE

MEDAL OF CARDINAL PIETRO BEMBO

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are presenting them to me; and from that man who is presenting them to me I do not wish (to receive) them, because I have not been able to give him any example of my labours." The good man told me that if I did not take those horses, I should not be able to find any other horses in Padua, and should be compelled to go thence on foot. Upon this I went to the illustrious Misser Pietro, who pretended that he knew nothing about it, and merely flattered me, saying that I must remain on in Padua. I, since I did not wish to do anything of the sort, and was ready to go at any cost, was forced to accept the three horses; and with them I started. I took the road through the country of Grigioni,<sup>1</sup> because the other road was not safe on account of the wars.<sup>2</sup> We passed the peaks of the Alba<sup>3</sup> and the Berlina;<sup>4</sup> it was the 8th day of May and the snow was very deep. With very great danger to our lives we passed (across) these two mountains. When we had passed them we paused in a country, which, if I remember right, they

*di Benvenuto Cellini con nuovi documenti, etc., cit., Pt. III, Plate; CELLINI, Trattati, ed. cit., p. 267 e segg., and BOTTARI, Lettere Pittoriche, p. 198.*

<sup>1</sup> The Grisons.

<sup>2</sup> War was raging in Piedmont between the Imperial troops and the French, subsequent to the celebrated retreat of Charles V from Provence; and lasted until the Treaty of Nice in November 1537.

<sup>3</sup> The Albula, a mountain in Switzerland, which forms part of the Rhetian Alps, and from whence there rises a river, called also the Albula, which falls into the Rhine at Thusis.

<sup>4</sup> The Bernina, likewise a mountain in Switzerland, forming a pass between the Upper Engadine and the Valley of Poschiavo, 2,344 metres above the sea level. It presented great difficulties, especially at that period, but was very much employed.

call Valdista:<sup>1</sup> there we lodged. That night there arrived a Florentine courier, who was named Busbacca.<sup>2</sup> I had heard mention of this courier as a man of credit and able in his profession, and I did not know that he had fallen (from this repute) through his rogueries. When he saw me at the inn, he appealed to me by name, and told me that he was going to Lyons on matters of importance, and that would I of my kindness lend him money for the journey. To this I replied that I had no money that I could lend him, but that if he liked to come along in company with me I would pay his expenses as far as Lyons. The rascal wept and made me fine excuses, telling me that, when in matters of importance for the nation a poor courier was in want of money, "a person of your standing (*un par vostro*) is bound to assist him"; and besides that, he told me that he was carrying articles of the very greatest moment belonging to Misser Filippo Strozzi;<sup>3</sup> and as he had a case for a beaker, covered with leather, he whispered in my ear, that in that case there was a silver beaker, and that in that beaker were

<sup>1</sup> Wallenstadt in the district of Sargans.

<sup>2</sup> In the *Ricordo* of January 15th 1560, CELLINI alludes again to this Florentine courier, in describing a conversation that he says he held with Lorenzo di Federigo Strozzi (*cf. postea*, p. 375, n. 4), but he does not give him any surname, wherefrom we may suppose that *Busbacca* or *Busbacco* was his nickname (from *busbo*, a cheat):—that is to say "a cheat, a swindler"—a nickname that may have been applied to him on account of his rascalities. That he was already carrying on his employment of courier as far back as 1524 appears from the *Spese minute del palazzo* (1522-1526, c. 65) still existing in the Archivio di Stato in Rome. CELLINI also mentions him elsewhere in his *Autobiography*.

<sup>3</sup> *Cf.* Chap. VII, p. 147, n. 2. He was at that period the leader of the Florentine exiles.

precious stones of the value of many thousands of ducats, and there were also letters of the very highest importance, which Misser Philipppo (*sic*) Strozzi was sending. At this I told him that he ought to let me conceal the precious stones about his own person, where they would run less risk than when carried in that beaker; and that he might leave that beaker—which might be worth about ten *scudi*—with me, and I would supply him with twenty-five. At these words the courier said, that he would come with me, being unable to do otherwise, for to leave that beaker would not be honourable to him. Thus we cut off the discussion;<sup>1</sup> and starting next morning, we arrived at a lake, which lies between Valdissate and Vassa:<sup>2</sup> this lake is fifteen miles long at the point where it reaches Vessa. When I saw the boats on this lake, I was terrified; because the said boats are of fir wood, not very large and not very substantial, and are not closely fitted together, nor even pitched; and if I had not seen four German noblemen with their four horses embarking in a similar one I would never have embarked in mine; rather would I much sooner have turned back again; but I thought to myself according to the folly (*bestialità*) that I saw them committing, that these German waters would not drown folks as do ours in Italy. Those two young men of mine, however, said to me, "Benvenuto! It is a dangerous thing to embark alone with four horses." And I replied to them: "Don't

<sup>1</sup> *Mozzare* means "to cut off." Here it has the sense of coming to terms by cutting off further discussion.

<sup>2</sup> Wallenstadt and Weesen. This lake, which lies between the Cantons of St. Gall and Glarus, is 16 kilometres long by 2 wide is surrounded by very high mountains, and is very dangerous to navigate.

you notice, cowards, that those four noblemen have embarked before us, and are going on their way laughing? If this were wine as it actually is water, I would say that they were going cheerfully to drown therein; but since it is water I know well that they have no desire to be drowned any more than we have." This lake was fifteen miles in length and about three in width; on the one hand was a very high and cavernous mountain, on the other it was flat and grassy. When we had gone about four miles upon it the said lake began to become stormy (*a far fortuna*) to such an extent that those men who were rowing begged us that we would help them to row; so we did for a while. I made signs to them, and told them that they should run us to that shore opposite; they said that it was not possible, for there was not sufficient water there to float the boat and that there are certain shallows upon which the boat would immediately go to pieces and we should all drown; but they begged us, however, that we would help them. And the boatmen shouted to one another, asking for help. When I saw them thus dismayed, having an intelligent horse I arranged the bridle upon his neck and took one end of the halter in my left hand. The horse which was, as they often are (gifted) with some instinct, seemed to have perceived what I wanted to do, for, turning his head towards the fresh grass, I wanted him swimming to draw me also with him. At this moment there arose so great a wave from the lake that it broke over the boat. Ascanio, crying out: "Mercy, my father, help me," turned to throw himself upon me; wherefore I clapped my hand to my dagger, and told them to do as I would show them, for the

horses would save their own lives so surely that I hoped that I should also escape by that means; but that if he threw himself upon me I would kill him. Thus we went forward several miles in this mortal danger. When we had gone midway down the lake we found a little tract of level ground where we could rest, and upon this level spot I saw disembarked those four German noblemen. When we wanted to disembark, the boatman would not allow it upon any account. Thereupon I said to my young men: "Now is the time to make some proof of our quality; therefore draw your swords and compel him by force to set us on shore." Thus we did with great difficulty, for they made very great resistance. However, when we were on shore it was necessary to climb two miles up that mountain, which was more difficult to climb than a ladder (*scala a piuoli*). I was fully armed in a coat of mail with big boots and with a fowling-piece in my hand, and it was raining as God alone knows how to send it. Those devils of German noblemen, with those little nags of theirs led by hand, performed miracles, for our horses were not up to this business, and we were bursting with the labour of making them climb that difficult mountain. When we were some way up, Ascanio's horse, which was a most admirable Hungarian beast, was a little ahead of the courier Busbacca, and the said Ascanio had given him his lance<sup>1</sup> that he might help him carry it; it chanced that through false steps the horse stumbled and staggered so much (*ando tanto barchellone*), that being unable to help itself, it impaled itself upon the point of the lance

<sup>1</sup> *Zagaglia*. A long kind of dart or lance, in use amongst the Moors. BARETTI.



of that rascal of a courier, who had not known how to get out of the way. When it passed right through the throat of the horse, that other shop-lad of mine being anxious to help, his horse also, which was a black horse, stumbled in the direction of the lake, and was held up by a shrub (*respo*), which was very slight. Upon this horse there was a pair of saddle-bags (*bisaccie*), in which were packed all my money together with everything that I had of value; I told the lad to save his own life and to let the horse go to destruction; the fall was more than a mile, and it went sheer down and fell into the lake.<sup>1</sup> Exactly beneath this spot were stationed those boatmen of ours; in such a way that if the horse had fallen, it would have come straight down upon them. I was in front of everybody, and we stopped to see the horse fall, for it seemed certain that he would go to destruction. At this juncture I said to my young men: "Don't think about anything: let us save ourselves, and thank God in all things; for my part I am only distressed on account of this poor man Busbacca, who has bound his beaker and his precious stones, which are to the value of several thousands of ducats, to the saddle-bow of that horse, thinking that to be the safest place; of mine there are but a few hundred *scudi*, and I have no fear of anything in the world so long as I have the favour of God." Busbacca thereupon said: "I am not sorry for my own loss, but I am very sorry for yours." I said to him: "Why do you grieve for my small loss, and not for your very great one?" Busbacca thereupon said: "I will tell you in the name of God; in these chances and in these straits in which we are, it is needful

<sup>1</sup> BIANCHI suggests that the mountain side hung precipitously over the lake.

to tell the truth. I know that your (losses) are *scudi*, and that they are so in very truth; but that case of mine for a beaker, wherein I said there were so many precious stones and so many (other) lies, is entirely filled with *caviare*." On hearing this I could not do otherwise than laugh; those young men of mine laughed also; he wept. The horse recovered himself, when we had entirely given it up. So laughing thus we regained our spirits, and set ourselves to continuing the ascent. Those four German noblemen, who had arrived before us at the summit of that steep mountain, sent some persons to us who assisted us; so that we reached that most wild lodging; where we being wet through, worn out and famished, were most kindly received, and there dried ourselves, rested ourselves, satisfied our hunger, and with certain herbs the injured horse was doctored; and the species of plant (employed thus), of which the hedges were full, was pointed out to us. And we were told that by keeping the wound continually filled with those herbs, the horse would not only be cured, but would serve us as though it had never had any ailment in the world: such (therefore) we did. Having thanked the noblemen, and being very much refreshed, we departed thence, and we went forward thanking God who had saved us from that great danger. We arrived at a district beyond Vessa; here we rested for the night, where we heard at every hour of the night a watchman, who sang in a very pleasing manner; and since all the houses of those towns are made of fir wood, the watchman said nothing else but that they should beware of fire. Busbacca, who had been terrified during the day, at every hour that this man sang out, cried out in his sleep, saying: "Ah, my God, I am

drowning;" and this was due to the fright of the past day; and besides that he was drunk that evening, because he wanted to vie in drinking that evening with all the Germans who were there; and he sometimes said "I am burning;" and sometimes "I am drowning;" at other times it seemed to him that he was being tortured in the infernal regions with that *caviare* hung to his neck. This night was so agreeable, that all our misfortunes were converted into laughter. Rising in the morning with most beautiful weather we proceeded to dine at a most charming spot called Lacca.<sup>1</sup> There we were wonderfully entertained; then we took guides, who were on their return journey to a country called Surich.<sup>2</sup> The guide who led us went up along the dyked bank of a lake, and there was no other road; and this dyke also was covered with water, in such a way that the foolish (*bestial*) guide stumbled, and his horse and himself went under the water. I who was just behind the guide, stopping my horse, waited to see the idiot come out of the water; and as if nothing had happened, he recommenced to sing, and beckoned to me that I should come along. I threw myself on the right hand side, and broke through certain hedges: thus I guided my young men and Busbacca. The guide grumbled, saying to me however, in German, that if the people of the place had seen me, they would have slaughtered me. We pressed forward and escaped that further disaster (*quell' altra furia*). We arrived at Surich, a wonderful city, polished up like a jewel. Here we rested one entire day: then one morning we left in good time, and we reached another fine city

<sup>1</sup> Lachen.<sup>2</sup> Zurich.

called Soluturno;<sup>1</sup> from there we reached Usanna,<sup>2</sup> from Usanna to Ginevra,<sup>3</sup> from Ginevra to Lyons, always singing and laughing. At Lyons I rested four days; I enjoyed myself much with certain friends of mine; I was paid for the expense that I had incurred on behalf of Busbacca.<sup>4</sup> Then at the end of four days I took the road towards Paris. This was a pleasant journey, except that when we reached Palissa<sup>5</sup> a band of adventurers wanted to assassinate us, and with no little courage we saved ourselves. Then we went as far as Paris without any disturbance in the world: (and) always singing and laughing we reached safety.

<sup>1</sup> In French *Soleure*, in German *Solothurn*.

<sup>2</sup> Lausanne.

<sup>3</sup> Geneva.

<sup>4</sup> He was repaid by Filippo di Federigo Strozzi, nicknamed *Picchio*, who was keeping Busbacca's daughter as his mistress. At the same time he begged of Cellini the loan of his coat and sleeves of mail, valued at more than 100 gold *scudi*, which armour Cellini was unable to recover, since Strozzi had gambled them away for 200 gold *scudi*, a sum for which he remained always in Cellini's debt.

<sup>5</sup> La Palice.

## CHAPTER XXI

(1537-1538)

Cellini on his arrival in Paris, goes to visit il Rosso, the painter.—He lodges with Andrea Sguazzella, a Florentine. He is received in audience by King Francis I, and accompanies the Court to Lyons. He is protected by Cardinal Ippolito d'Este. Falling sick he returns to Italy.—Adventure in the Valdivedro.—At Ferrara he is kindly received by the Duke.—Goes to Loreto, and reaches Rome in December.—He executes a commission for the wife of Girolamo Orsini; and makes a basin and ewer for the Cardinal of Ferrara.—Through the medium of the said Cardinal he is recalled to France.—But being accused of appropriating precious stones belonging to Clement VII, he is arrested and thrown into the Castel Sant' Angelo.

HAVING rested myself awhile in Paris I went to look up the painter, il Rosso,<sup>1</sup> who was in the King's service. This Rosso I thought to be the greatest friend that I had in the world, because I had done for him in Rome the greatest kindnesses that one man can possibly do for another; and since these particular kindnesses can be told in a few words I do not wish to omit mention of them to show how shameless is ingratitude. With his evil tongue, when he was in Rome, he had spoken so ill of the works of Raffaello da Urbino, that his (*i.e.*, Raffaello's) pupils wanted to kill him at any

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. V, p. 88, n. 1.

cost: from this (danger) I rescued him, guarding him day and night, with the greatest pains. Moreover, by having spoken evil of that very excellent architect Maestro Antonio da San Gallo,<sup>1</sup> he caused a commission to be taken from him that he had succeeded in getting for him from Misser Agniol de Cesi:<sup>2</sup> then he (San Gallo) began to do so much against him (Rosso) that he brought him to the verge of dying from starvation; for the which reason I lent him many tens of *scudi* to live upon. And not having yet been repaid, knowing that he was in the service of the King, I went, as I have said, to visit him: I did not think so much that he would pay me back my money, but I did think that he would give me help and countenance in order to get me into the service of that great King. When he saw me, he was immediately confused, and said to me: "Benvenuto! you have come at too great an expense on so long a journey, especially at this time, when men are attending to war, and not to such trifles

<sup>1</sup> Antonio di Bartolomeo *Cordiani*, and not *Picconi*, as VASARI (*ed. MILANESI cit.*, Vol. V, pp. 447-473 and *passim*) calls him,—commonly known as "Antonio da Sangallo the Younger," to distinguish him from his uncle of the same name,—studied architecture with his uncles, Giuliano and Antonio, in Rome, assisting Bramante as architect of the Vatican Basilica. He worked also in the Church of Sta. Maria at Loreto; at Orvieto, where, according to the directions of Pope Clement VII, he devised the famous *Pozzo di S. Patrizio*; and in other places, devoting special attention to the construction and restoration of fortresses. He eventually succeeded his uncle Giuliano in the charge of the Fabric of St. Peter's, where he worked in company with Raphael. He died in 1546 at Terni, whither he had gone to direct the course of the river Marmora. CELLINI speaks of him with much esteem in his *Treatise on the Work of the Goldsmith*, *ed. cit.*, p. 223.

<sup>2</sup> VASARI speaks of this man in his *Lives* as a protector and patron of artists.

(*baiuccole*) as we make." Thereupon I said that I had brought enough money to enable me to return to Rome in that same manner that I had come to Paris, and that this (reception) was not a return for the troubles that I had endured on his account; and I began to believe what Maestro Antonio da Sangallo had said of him. Desiring to turn the matter into a joke, since he had perceived his own vileness, I showed him a Letter of Exchange for five hundred *scudi* on Ricciardo del Bene.<sup>1</sup> This wicked fellow was then ashamed, and though he wanted to keep me almost by force I laughed at him and went away along with a painter who was there present. This man was called Sguazzella:<sup>2</sup> he also was a Florentine; I went to lodge in his house with three horses and three servants at so much a week. He treated me very well and I paid him even better. Then I sought to speak to the King, to whom a certain Misser Giuliano Buonaccorsi,<sup>3</sup> his treasurer, presented me. In this matter I was much delayed; for I did not know that Rosso employed every sort of effort that I should not speak to the King. When the said Misser Giovanni

<sup>1</sup> A member of the same family as Alessandro and Albertaccio del Bene mentioned previously (*cf.* Chap. XV, p. 273, n. 1, and Chap. XX, p. 363). He was perhaps a banker in Paris.

<sup>2</sup> Andrea Sguazzella: more probably *Chiazzella*; a pupil and imitator of Andrea del Sarto. He accompanied that painter to France, where, after the departure of the master in 1519, he remained in the service of Francis I, and earned his livelihood by copying and painting according to del Sarto's manner and methods. *Cf.* VASARI, *Vite*, ed. MILANESI *cit.*, Vol. V, p. 29.

<sup>3</sup> Perhaps this is the same Giuliano Buonaccorsi who, together with Tommaso Sestini and Roberto degli Albizzi strove vigorously at Lyons in 1530 to procure for the Florentine merchants the recovery of the debts contracted with them by King Francis I at the

became aware of this, he immediately took me to Fontana Bilio,<sup>1</sup> and set me straight in the presence of the King, with whom I had a whole hour's most agreeable audience: and since the King was in readiness to go to Lyons he told the said Misser Giovanni that he would take me with him, and that on the road we would discuss some fine works that His Majesty had it in his mind to order. So I went along after him in the train of the Court, and upon the road I paid very great service<sup>2</sup> to the Cardinal of Ferrara<sup>3</sup> (who had not yet received the Hat). And since every evening I had very long discussions with the said Cardinal, his lordship

time of the siege of Florence. Cf. VARCHI, *Stor. fior.*, ed. cit., Vol. II, p. 247.

<sup>1</sup> CELLINI'S method of spelling "Fontainebleau." He speaks constantly of this Château, more especially on his second visit to France. For a fuller description of this Royal Palace cf. V. VATONT, *Le palais de Fontainebleau, son histoire et sa description*, Paris, 1852.

<sup>2</sup> The King reached Lyons on October 6th 1537. Cf. BELLEFOREST, *Les grandes Annales et Hist. gen. de la France*, Vol. II.

*Traino*; from the French *train*, meaning "suite." It is as well to observe here once and for all that CELLINI, during and after his residences in France, uses many Italianized French words, either common to both languages, or allied to those of Italian origin; and moreover with the French signification.

<sup>3</sup> Ippolito d'Este, son of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, was appointed Archbishop of Milan at the age of fifteen, and created a Cardinal by Paul III in 1539 through the agency of the Court of France. On the death of Julius III he aspired to the Papal Chair, but was compelled to withdraw before the stubborn opposition of the Medici, and the Farnesi. He was a protector of literature and of the Arts, and he resided some time at the French Court. He built the splendid Villa d'Este at Tivoli and died at the age of sixty-three in December 1572. Cf. CIACCONIO *cit.*, Vol. III, p. 650, and MURATORI, *Antichità Estensi*, Vol. II, pp. 234-397.



told me that I must stop in Lyons at an Abbey of his, and that there I could enjoy myself until such time as the King should return from the war, for he was going in the direction of Granopoli,<sup>1</sup> and at his Abbey in Lyons I should have every comfort. When we arrived at Lyons I fell ill, and that youth of mine Ascanio contracted the quartan fever; to such an extent that I took a dislike to the French and their Court, and it seemed to me a thousand years ere I should return to Rome. When the Cardinal saw that I was anxious to return to Rome, he gave me sufficient money that I might make for him in Rome a basin and an ewer of silver.<sup>2</sup> Thus we returned towards Rome (mounted) upon very excellent horses, and coming by the mountains of the Sanpione,<sup>3</sup> and being accompanied by certain Frenchmen, with whom we came some distance, Ascanio with his quartan fever and I with an obstinate feverishness (*febbretta sorda*), which seemed never to leave me: I got my stomach into so irritated a condition, that I had passed four months during which I believe that I had not succeeded in digesting one whole loaf a week, and I greatly desired to reach Italy, anxious to die in Italy and not in France. When we had passed the mountains of the said Sanpione, we found a river near to a place called Indevetro.<sup>4</sup> This river was very wide, and very deep, and across it there was a little bridge long and narrow, without rails. Since there was that morning a very deep white frost, when I reached the bridge,—for I found myself in front

<sup>1</sup> Grenoble.

<sup>2</sup> Of these works of art we shall hear more in their proper place.

<sup>3</sup> The Simplon.

<sup>4</sup> Perhaps the river Diveria in the Val di Vedro.



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of every one—and recognizing that it was very dangerous, I ordered my young men and my servants to dismount, and lead their horses by hand. Thus I crossed the said bridge very comfortably, and I went along talking about it with one of those Frenchmen, who was a nobleman; the other was a notary, who had remained somewhat behind, and he laughed at that French nobleman and me, who out of fear of nothing at all had been willing to suffer the inconvenience of going on foot. To whom I turned on seeing that he was in the middle of the bridge, and begged him to go cautiously for he was in a very dangerous place. This man, who could not be false to his French nature, said to me in French, that I was a man of little courage, and that here there was no danger at all. Whilst he was saying these words he wanted to urge on his horse a little, whereat the horse immediately stumbled off the bridge, and with his legs towards heaven fell beside a very large rock. And since God many times is merciful to mad folks, this animal (the man) together with the other animal (his horse) fell into a very great whirlpool,<sup>1</sup> wherein both he and his horse sank. Directly I saw this, with a very great speed I set myself to gallop, and with great difficulty leapt upon that stone and hanging over from it, seized a fold of a gown that this man wore; and by that fold I drew him up, so that though he was still under water, and therefore had swallowed a great deal of water and had been within a little of being drowned, I saw that he was out of danger, and rejoiced with him that I had saved his life. Whereat he replied to me in French, and told me that I had done nothing;

<sup>1</sup> *I.e.*, a point in the river (says BIANCHI) where the water had hollowed out a great hole.

for the importance lay in his documents, which were worth many tens of *scudi*: and it seemed that he said these words to me in anger, all dripping and stuttering. Upon this I turned to certain guides that we had, and directed them to assist that animal, and that I would pay them. One of those guides, cleverly and with great labour, set to work to help him, and fished out his documents, so that he lost none of them; that other guide never turned to take any pains to assist him. When then we had arrived at that above-mentioned place, we had made up a purse, which it was my business to disburse, and when we had dined I gave certain monies out of this purse belonging to the party to that guide who had helped to drag him (the notary) from the water; upon which he told me that I must give that money out of my own pocket, for he did not intend to give him anything else but what we had agreed upon for performing the duty of guide. At this I uttered to him many opprobrious remarks. Then the other guide put himself in my way, who had taken no trouble, and wanted me to pay him also; and I therefore said: "He only deserves the reward who has borne the cross": he answered me that he would soon show me a cross at which I should weep. I said to him that I would light a taper to that cross, for the which I hoped that it would fall to him first to weep. And since this place is on the frontier between the Venetians and the Germans, this man ran off to fetch the populace, and came with them with a great spear in front of him. I, for I was mounted upon my excellent horse, lowered the barrel<sup>1</sup> of my arque-

<sup>1</sup> In ancient times the name *fucile* (or *focile*), lit. "a tinder box," was applied to the flint, which, held steady by the cock, struck

buse; and turning to my companions I said: "At the first (shot) I shall kill him; and you others do your duty, for they are highway robbers and have taken this slight occasion merely (as a pretext) for assassinating us." The landlord, where we had eaten, called to one of those leaders (*caporali*), who was an elderly man, and begged him to moderate so much disturbance, saying to him: "This is a most brave young man, and even though you cut him in pieces, he will slaughter a great many of you, and will perhaps manage to escape from your hands after having done all the harm that he is able to do." The affair quieted down, and that old leader of theirs said to me: "Go in peace, for you won't make much of a success (*non faresti una insalata*) if you had a full hundred men with you."

I, who recognized that he was telling the truth and was already prepared and fancied myself dead, when I heard no more insulting words, tossing my head said: "I would certainly have done everything in my power to show that I was a living animal and a man"; and having recommenced our journey, that evening at the first halting-place, we made up an account of that common purse, and I separated myself from that odious Frenchman, remaining great friends with the other one, who was a nobleman; and with my three horses only we came to Ferrara. When I had dismounted I went to the Court of the Duke to make my salutations to His Excellency, so that I might be able to depart in the morning on my way to Santa Maria dal (*sic*) Loreto.<sup>1</sup> I

upon the steel, and, kindling the spark, set fire to the powder in the pan.

<sup>1</sup> The celebrated shrine of La Madonna di Loreto in the Marches.

had to wait until two hours of the night, and then the Duke appeared: I kissed his hands; he gave me a warm welcome, and directed that I should be given water for my hands. For the which reason I said to him cheerfully: "Most excellent lord! it is more than four months that I have not eaten, in so much that it is (difficult) to believe that any one could be alive upon so little; wherefore having realized that I could take no pleasure out of the royal fare upon your table, I will stop thus and talk with you whilst Your Excellency sups, and you and I will at the same time have more pleasure than if I supped with you." Thus we commenced a conversation and we continued it until the fifth hour (of the night). At the fifth hour then I took my leave, and on going to my inn I found a most wonderfully prepared banquet, for the Duke had sent to present me with the perquisites of his own meal with much excellent wine; and by reason of my having in that way gone more than two hours beyond my hour for eating, I ate with very great appetite, for it was the first time after four months that I had been able to eat. Setting out the next morning, I went to Santa Maria dal Loreto, and from thence, having made my devotions, I went on to Rome;<sup>1</sup> where I found my most faithful Filice, to whom I had entrusted the shop with all its furnishings and belongings,<sup>2</sup> and I opened

<sup>1</sup> Mattio Franzesi wrote to VARCHI in Rome, under date December 19th 1537: "On Sunday there came hither from France Messer Benvenuto the goldsmith, and to-day there has reached us Mr. Raffaello da Monte Lupo." That Sunday was the 16th. See *Prose fiorentine*, Vol. I, p. iv.

<sup>2</sup> This shop with its plenishings that devoted servant Guadagni guarded faithfully up to the last days of his life. In fact, in the Will of Felice di Tommaso Guadagni, goldsmith of Florence, ex-

another much larger and more spacious, beside that of Sugherello the perfumer; and I thought that that great King Fran<sup>co</sup> had no more recollection of me. For the which reason I took up many commissions from different lords, and especially I laboured at that ewer and basin that I had undertaken to make for the Cardinal of Ferrara. I employed many workmen and did very great business in gold and silver (ware). I had entered into an agreement with that workman of mine from Perugia,<sup>1</sup> who had on his own account written down all the money that had been expended upon his behalf, which money was spent upon his clothes and on many other things; together with the expenses of the journey, it amounted to about seventy *scudi* of which we were agreed that he should pay it off at the rate of three *scudi* per month; for I enabled him to earn more than eight *scudi*. At the close of two mouths this rascal disappeared from my workshop, and left me laden with many commissions, and said that he did not intend to give me any more money. For this reason I was advised to get the better of him by legal methods (*per la via della iustitia*), for I had it in my mind to cut off his arm; and I should most certainly have done so, but that my friends told me that it was not well that I should do such a thing, for it

cuted under date August 31st 1543, whilst Benvenuto was in Paris for the second time, we read that he *legavit Jacobo filio Antonii Mannelli omnes massaritias existentes in apotecha sua aurificine aa illius usum pertinentes (exceptis illis que spectant ad magistrum Benvenutum Cellinum aurificem, cui per infrascriptam heredem suam restitui mandavit)*. The heir, or rather heiress, here mentioned is his wife Caterina, daughter of master Giacomo, the Florentine founder.

<sup>1</sup> Girolamo Pascucci, cf. Chap. XX, p. 361, n. 1.



might chance that I would lose my money and perhaps Rome a second time—for blows cannot be bound by conditions (*i colpi non si danno a patti*); and that I could with that writing that I had under his signature immediately have him arrested. I attended to their advice, but I wanted to carry out the matter with more freedom. I did in fact sue him before the Auditor of the Camera, and won the case; and by virtue of that (verdict), for which I waited several months, I then had him put in prison. I found my workshop crowded with very important commissions, and amongst others all the ornaments in gold and precious stones of the wife of the lord Gierolimo Orsino,<sup>1</sup> father of the lord Paulo, son-in-law

<sup>1</sup> Girolamo Orsini, Lord of Bracciano and a celebrated warrior, married at this period Francesca Sforza, of the family of Bosio, Count of Santa Fiora. Paolo di Giordano, his son, of not less military fame than his father, created *Duke* of Bracciano in 1560, took as his wife Isabella, daughter of Cosimo de' Medici, whom he assassinated out of jealousy in 1576. In the Inventory of the goods impounded in the shop and house of Cellini on October 23rd 1538, after his imprisonment (a document published in full by BERTOLLOTTI, *Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 265), we read of the following ornaments in gold and precious stones entrusted to him by Girolamo Orsini, which their owner hastened to recover.

*De mandato R.mi D. Gubernatoris accessimus ad domum dicti Benuenuti ad effectum ispiciendi res et jocalia eidem data per Ill.mum D. Hieronimum Orsinum, et illa sibi et suis restituenda pro ut aperta capsula reperimus de eiusdem bonis primo.*

*Uno pezo d'oro ponderis pro ut in duobus peziis plumbi, quos facto exhibuerunt dominus Laurentius et alii actores dicti Ill.mi domini, uidelicet dom. Luca Johannes Ungalitius, et dom. Benedictus eiusdem domini familiares qui mediis eorum juramentis affirmarunt et dixerunt recognoscere diamantes tres, rubinos sex, duas smeralgdes pro ut in quadam podiza quam facto exhibuerunt.*

*Item uno cameo parui momenti.—Item dictam quantitatem auri*

to-day of our Duke Cosimo. These jobs were very nearly at an end, and all the time (the number) of very important commissions was increasing. I employed eight workmen, and together with them, both for honour and convenience I laboured day and night. Whilst I so vigorously continued my undertakings there came a letter sent to me in haste by the Cardinal of Ferrara, which read to this purpose: "Benvenuto! our dear friend. In these past days this great and most Christian King recalled you to mind, saying that he desired to have you in his service. To whom I replied that you had promised me that at any time that I sent for you for His Majesty's service you would come immediately. At these words His Majesty said: 'I desire that there be sent to him the provision to enable him to come, according to what one of his like deserves': and he immediately commanded his admiral that he should cause one thousand gold *scudi* to be paid to me by the Treasurer of the Exchequer. Cardinal de' Gaddi<sup>1</sup> was present at this conversation, who immediately advanced and said to His Majesty that there was no occasion for His Majesty to give this order, because he said that he had sent you sufficient money, and that you were already on the way. Now if by chance the matter is, as I believe, quite the opposite of what Cardinal de' Gaddi has said, when you have received this letter of mine, answer immediately, for I will pick up the thread, and will cause you to

*ponderatam pro ut in duobus petiis plumbi exhibitis ut super demptis tamen in ponderatione denariis tresdecim, faciuntur scuta quatuor et unum tertium.*

Cf. SANSOVINO, *Degli uomini illustri della casa Orsina*, Lib. IV, and RATTI, *Della famiglia Sforza*, parte I, p. 226.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Chap. VII, p. 139, n. 1.

be given the money promised by this magnanimous King."

Now let the world and whosoever lives in it, take notice how much malign stars with adverse fortune can do to us human beings! I had not spoken twice in my life to this little fool (*pazzerellino*) of a Cardinal-wretch (*cardinaluccio*) de' Gaddi; and this malapertness of his he did not do in order to do me any harm in the world, but he only did it for a whim and from his ignorance, in order to show that he also had some interest in the doings of the men of talent whom the King desired to employ, just as the Cardinal of Ferrara had. But he was afterwards so silly that he never informed me of anything; for I would certainly—so as not to vituperate a foolish puppet out of love for my country—have found some excuse to cover up that silly presumption. Directly I received the letter of the Most Reverend the Cardinal of Ferrara, I answered that I knew nothing in the world of Cardinal de' Gaddi, and that if he had made any proposal of such a kind, I should not have stirred from Italy without the knowledge of His Most Reverend Lordship, and more especially because I had in Rome a greater quantity of business than I had ever had before; but that at a word from His Most Christian Majesty, given to me by so great a lord as was His Most Reverend Lordship, I would remove myself immediately, throwing aside *a traverso*) every other matter. When I had sent my letters, that traitor of a workman of mine from Perugia<sup>1</sup> thought of an act of malice, which succeeded immediately, owing to the avarice of Pope Pagolo da Farnese, and still more that of his bastard son, then

<sup>1</sup> Girolamo Pascucci. See *supra*, p. 385.

called Duke of Castro.<sup>1</sup> This said workman caused one of the secretaries of the said lord Pierluigi to hear that, since he had been with me as a workman for several years, he knew all my business; wherefore he gave his word to the said lord Pier Luigi, that I was a man worth more than eighty thousand ducats, and that of this sum I had the greater part in precious stones; which stones belonged to the Church, and that I had stolen them in Castel Sant' Agniolo at the time of the Sack of Rome, and that they must see to having me arrested immediately and secretly. I had one morning amongst others been working more than three hours before daybreak on the commissions of the above-mentioned bride,<sup>2</sup> and whilst they were opening and sweeping my shop, I had put on my cloak to take a little walk;<sup>3</sup> and having taken my way along the Strada Julia, I emerged at the corner of the Chiavica; where Chrespino, the Bargello, with all his force (*con tutta la sua sbirreria*) met me, and said to me: "You are the Pope's prisoner." To which I replied: "Chrespino! you have arrested me by mistake." "No," said Chrespino, "you are the talented Benvenuto, and I know you very well, and I have to take you to the Castel Sant' Agniolo, whither go lords and persons of talent like yourself." And because four of those corporals of his threw themselves upon me and wanted to remove with force a dagger that I wore, and certain rings that I had on my finger, the said Chrespino said to them, "Let none of you touch him: it is quite

<sup>1</sup> Pier Luigi Farnese was created Duke of Castro by his father in 1538. Cf. Bk. II, Chap. VIII.

<sup>2</sup> Isabella de' Medici. Cf. note on p. 386, n. 1, *supra*.

<sup>3</sup> *Per dare un poco di volta*, i.e., "to take a turn."

enough for you to do your duty, that he does not escape me." Then coming up to me, with civil expressions he demanded my weapons. Whilst I gave up my arms to him, I remembered that on that very spot I had slain Pompeo. From there they took me into the fortress, and in a room up in the keep they enclosed me in prison. This was the first time that I ever tasted imprisonment up to that age of mine of thirty-seven years.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> BERTOLOTTI (*Art. lomb. cit.*, Vol. I, p. 260) suggests that Benvenuto was arrested about the middle of October 1538; but we can fix the date exactly by his own statement that he was brought up for interrogation on the 24th, eight days after his arrest, which must, therefore, have taken place on the 16th. We also learn from BERTOLOTTI that this Bargello was a certain Crespino de' Boni, and that his guard consisted of fifty foot and twenty mounted men-at-arms.





